JANUARY, 1902

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Now the New Year reviving Old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires:
There the White Hand of Moses on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

Omar.

Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam, whose portrait is here given, has come very quietly and yet very definitely into public favour as a writer who possesses a sureness of touch and a distinct individuality such as are seldom found united in the work of so young a member of the guild. Humour, a keen perception of character and now and then true emotional power are all at Miss Daskam's command, and they find their best illustration respectively in *Fables for the Fair, The Imp and the Angel,* and that very remarkable poem entitled "Motherhood" which has gone all over the country and has been more widely read than anything of the sort which we have seen for a long while. Miss Daskam has had the unusual experience of never having received back her manuscripts from the different publishers to whom they were sent. Commenting upon this she remarks humorously: "Perhaps if my work had had the honour of being refused by eight publishers it might have run into the three hundred thousand stage subsequently; but as it was promptly and uneventfully accepted, I have no hope of its ever making much splash, not being great enough to be misunderstood."

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.

Miss Daskam finds her own chief title to fame in her omission to write an historical novel. Of this she says: "Being the one young American who hasn't written the American success of the season seems to me to carry a certain eventful prestige." As a matter of fact, we are relieved from the necessity of devoting any space to biographical details with regard to Miss Dasham, for she has put both

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her heart and her brain into her books, and she can be best known in the best of what she has written.

Some Inconsistencies of Sherlock Holmes.

A recent number of *The Independent* contains a paper on Sherlock Holmes, in which the claim is made that his creation is a distinct addition to English literature, and that the stories in which he appears are better than the stories by Gaboriau and Poe, with which they have been often compared. The reason for this is found in the fact that the human element enters very decidedly into the Sherlock Holmes cycle, whereas it has little to do with the narratives about M. Lecoq and M. Dupin. Gaboriau's detective stories are, indeed, mere Chinese puzzles. Poe's are mathematical problems, or perhaps we should say problems in chess. Conan Doyle, however, has made us feel an interest in Sherlock Holmes, and in Watson, and in Gregson and Lestrade and Mycroft Holmes as human beings with very distinct and definite characteristics.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON. THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNWELCOME MRS. HATCH."

(See "Drama of the Month.")

There is one little inconsistency in the portraiture of Holmes which we are surprised that no one yet has mentioned. In *A Study in Scarlet* Watson catalogues Holmes's limitations, and among other things says that his knowledge of literature was *nil*. "Of contemporary literature, philosophy and politics he appeared to know next to nothing. Upon my quoting Thomas Carlyle, he inquired in the naïvest way who he might be and what he had done." This is pretty specific as a statement, and therefore one is naturally surprised to find in the very next book (*The Sign of the Four*) Sherlock Holmes recommending Watson to study Winwood Reade's *Martyrdom of Man* (page 26), citing French aphorisms (page 74), quoting Goethe in the original German (page 77), referring to Jean Paul in relation to Carlyle! (page 92), reverting once more to Winwood Reade (page 136), and winding up at last with another bit of Goethe (page 193). Elsewhere he shows a familiarity with George Sand, and in "A Case of Identity" gets in both Horace and Hafiz in a single sentence. Indeed, in the matter of quotations and allusions, we think that the later Sherlock Holmes could run Mr. Mabie pretty hard.

We believe that the interest of the reading public in Sherlock Holmes is increasing rather than diminishing as time goes on. One proof of this is found in the fact that Dr. Doyle has been absolutely forced to write another Holmes story, and that the serial publication of it in the *Strand* has made the issues of that magazine jump to thirty thousand copies beyond its normal circulation. We are reading *The Hound of the Baskervilles* ourselves, and it is the first story that we have read in serial form for more than ten years. We should like to publish some guesses here as to how it is going to turn

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out, but we prudently abstain. The thing indeed is growing so fearfully complex as to seem scarcely to admit of any solution whatever; yet experience has shown that when the explanation does come, it will be so absurdly simple as to make one fairly gasp at not having seen it from the beginning. The *Strand,* by the way, is publishing the best short stories that we have lately come across. The Christmas number alone contained two gems, and we recommend everybody to buy it and to read "Battery Fifteen" and "The Meeting-place of the Three Friends." The latter contains a theme which, from the time of Count Fathom's adventure down to ten years ago, was unfailing in its interest, but which of late has been lost sight of—the lonely inn where travellers are murdered.

Mr. Davis in a New Field.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *In the Fog* has been widely advertised as a detective story, but in reality it is nothing of the kind. If one has enjoyed Mr. Davis's stories in the past, one will certainly enjoy this, but it is far from being a success. In the first place, it is almost impossible to construct a real horror story which is founded upon a hoax; and added to this Mr. Davis lets you suspect all along the truth—that the incidents and the people are all make-believe, and that the yarn is spun along for the sole purpose of keeping the interested Great Man away from the House of Commons. Had the plot of *In the Fog* been given to the average writer to elaborate, it would have been positively flat. Mr. Davis, however, has handled it with all his usual directness and cleverness, with the result that though you may criticise it severely and with perfect justice, you are bound to be entertained while reading it. The first few pages, which describe the Grill Club, the club most difficult of access in the world, which enjoyed the distinction of having blackballed, without political prejudice, a Prime Minister of each party, are particularly happy. It is at the table of the grill-room of this club that the American tells the story of his gruesome discovery of the murdered man and woman in the house into which he has wandered to seek refuge from the London fog; the Queen's Messenger continues the narrative with an account of an adventure which he once had with the murdered woman, and the young lawyer takes up the threads and throws a weird light on the stories of the other two.

An Idea of Unusual Ingenuity.

From Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Richard Harding Davis to the detective stories of Anna Katharine Green is considerable of a step downward. Yet in Mrs. Rohlfs's latest

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL. THE RECENTLY ARRIVED ENGLISH ACTRESS.

(See "Drama of the Month.")

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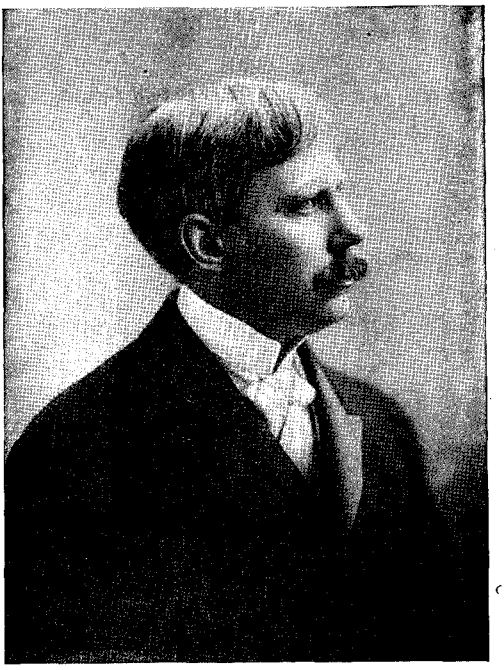
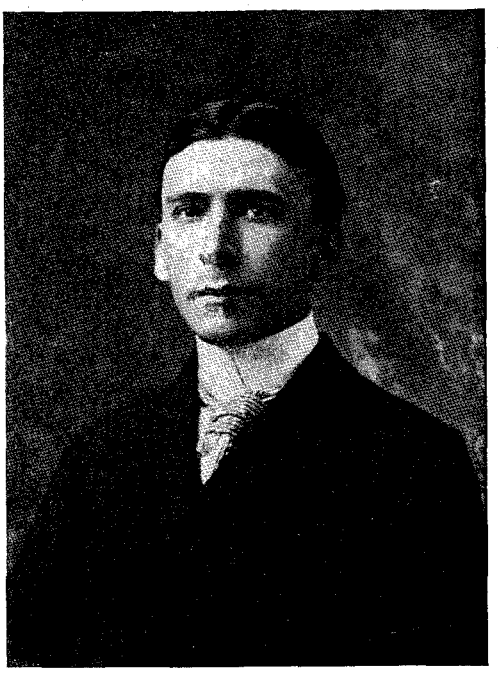


IRVING BACHELLER. THE AUTHOR OF "EBEN HOLDEN."

(See "Drama of the Month.")



BOOTH TARKINGTON. THE AUTHOR OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE."

(See "Drama of the Month.")

story, *One of My Sons,* there is a chapter which deserves more than passing attention. For the last few years people who read widely in what may be called "railroad fiction" have been in the habit of saying: "Oh, well, when you have read one of Anna Katharine Green's stories you have read them all." It is not surprising that *One of My Sons* is open to this criticism. There is the usual tragedy in the usual "stately mansion on Fifth Avenue," the usual beautiful ward, the usual leading off on the conventional false clues, and the usual introduction of Mr. Gryce and his young assistant. But, as we have said, there is one chapter which strikes us as being tremendously ingenious. The railroad magnate, about whose murder by the means of prussic acid the story is built up, had three sons, each of whom had led a dissolute or an unfortunate life. A little while before his death he had had forced upon him the conclusion that one of these sons was attempting his life, but which son he was unable to say. While the fatal dose of poison is doing its work and he comes to know who the assassin is, he struggles to the typewriter and leaves on the paper the following baffling message: " one of my sons, he " The final death scene is witnessed by a stranger, who is called in from the street by the murdered man's grandchild, and who notifies the household, of which the characters prominent in the story are the three sons, the ward, and the butler, Hewson. In the chapter to which we have referred, Gryce's young assistant clears away the mystery by experimenting with the typewriter by which the dead man had tried to send his last message. In the death struggle the victim's fingers had become covered with paste from an overturned bottle, and from the blurring of the keys which have been struck, Sweetwater follows the course of the incomplete message. Of a sudden he springs to his feet, as the solution flashes across his mind. The face of the shift key, which is used to make capitals, is also obscured by the paste, and yet in the line there is no capital. A capital has been used, and there is only one capital which fits. Sweetwater adds this capital, and fills out the last word of the message, so that it reads: "None of my sons, hewson."

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AUGUSTUS THOMAS. THE AUTHOR OF "COLORADO."

(See "Drama of the Month.")

CLYDE FITCH. THE AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF THE WORLD."

(See "Drama of the Month.")

Suspended Syntax.

Is syntax going out of fashion? We are beginning to think so after perusing the editorial pages of some of our newspapers. The *Sun* of this city in particular, which used to be a violent enemy of the Retained Object and of such phrases as "in our midst," has lately itself been stumbling over much slighter obstacles. Here, for instance, is the concluding sentence of a "ringing editorial" from the issue of that paper of November 1:

> The election of Seth Low and William Travers Jerome *are* profoundly necessary to the decency and safety of the city's homes.

And here is the initial sentence of another "ringing editorial," published on December 5:

> Is it proper for a Judge to scold a Grand Jury from the bench for refusing to indict a person *whom* the Judge thinks *ought to be* indicted?

We wonder what the elder Dana would say if he were to return to earth and find his bright young men perpetrating such sentences as these. Then, too, the *Evening Post* recently celebrated its hundredth birthday, and printed in honour of that event a great many sweet and succulent tributes to itself. Out of them all, the following stanza from a poem by our old friend Hezekiah Butterworth of the *Youth's Companion* is the one that is going to abide the longest with us because of the syntactical curio which embellishes the third line:

> An hundred years? An hundred years?
> To count thy years were vain,
> For thine *has* been the thoughts that make
> The years that live again.

"Sweet Hour of Prayer."

The Methodist Hymnal Revision Committee has decided to drop the popular hymn, "Sweet Hour of Prayer." The reason for this is said to be an objection to the following stanza:

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This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

We must confess that a disembodied spirit ought not to go shouting around. A shouting soul somehow doesn't seem to be quite the thing. But we should think that some literary Methodist could have rewritten this line, and thereby saved the hymn, which in other respects deserves to be retained.

Last month we noted briefly the resemblance in point of title between Egerton and Agnes Castle's *The Secret Orchard* and Marcel Prevost's *Le Jardin Secret* and Mr. Clyde Fitch's use of the old Congrave title for a play dealing with contemporary life, now running in one of the New York Theatres. These coincidences or imitations, conscious or unconscious, are continually cropping up. Casually we may call attention to a book which is being advertised called *The Derelict,* by Mr. Cutliffe Hyne, whose portrait we present below. Mr. Richard Harding Davis used this title for a very clever short story of the Spanish-American War that appeared a few months ago in one of our leading magazines. Miss Caroline Duer very felicitously called her collection of short stories, published recently, *The Unconscious Comedians.* Somehow the title has a very familiar ring about it. Did not Balzac once write a story entitled *Les Comédiens sans le Savoir?*

London Literary Street Names.

Apropos of something we wrote two years ago on the subject of naming streets after a city's literary men and associations, some of the new streets in London are of interest. According to London *Literature,* the city, finding it increasingly harder to think of new names, has apparently decided to take some of its literary landmarks into account. Recently a Smollett Street was announced, and the County Council has given the name of "Little Dorrit's Playground" to the new open space in Southwark, hard by what remains of the old Marshalsea Prison. Two or three years ago it seemed probable that the remnants of Dickens's Marshalsea, which includes the whole of the debtors' portion—the portion which the novelist knew from personal experiences in the bitter days of his youth, and which he afterward immortalised in *Little Dorrit*—were about to be improved off the face of the earth.

MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNE IN HIS STUDY AT OAKVALE, NEAR BRADFORD, ENGLAND.

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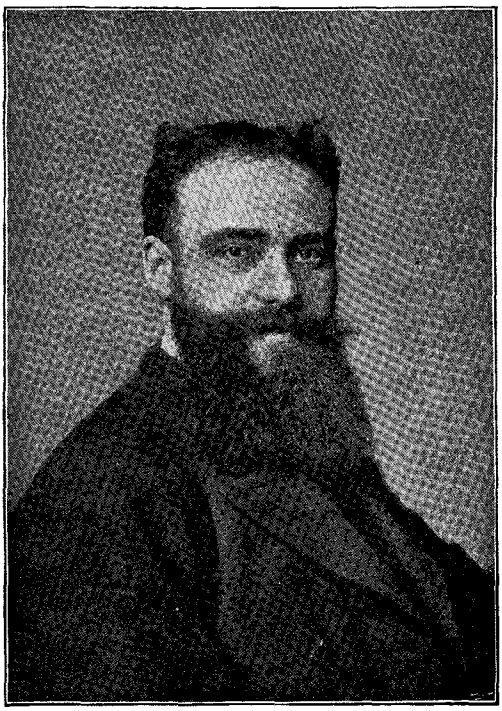

HERMAN SUDERMANN.

(See "Drama of the Month.")

That danger passed by, however, and we believe it is still possible to trace Dickens's footsteps as he went over to the Borough—so Forster tells us in writing of *Little Dorrit*—"to see what traces were left of the prison, of which his first impression was taken in his boyhood, which had played so important a part in this his latest novel, and every brick and stone of which he had been able to rebuild in his book by the mere vividness of his marvellous memory." It is still possible to climb the stairs to the "top story but one," which in all probability included the very room occupied by Dickens's father and family; and Little Dorrit's garret can be found without any difficulty.

The portrait of Mr. Markham on the next page has an interest quite beyond the usual photographic reproduction. In the first place, Mr. Markham never "posed" for it. It is the work of Arnold Genthe, Ph.D., of San Francisco. Dr. Genthe took his degree at Heidelberg, but he translates it as signifying "Photographic Dabbler." He photographs landscapes and people, and selects his subjects in each field on the principle that he must see something worth picturing before he will try to make a picture out of it. Mr. Markham spent a half hour in Dr. Genthe's studio, talking with his host and looking at his interesting possessions, and in the meantime, with no conscious co-operation on his part, many negatives had been made by exceedingly

"COLORADO."

(See "Drama of the Month.")

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unobtrusive pressures on bolt or button. The portrait shown here was among the number.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

Probably back in the days of the literary movement of 1830, when Murger was a boy of eight, people were telling each other that the Quartier Latin was not what it had been a few years before. Indeed, we might go back some centuries and say that there were carpers at the reality of the Bohemia of François Villon's day. At any rate, we cannot remember the time when people were not comparing pathetically the Latin Quarter of the moment with the Latin Quarter that had pleased them so much only a few years before. Yet, despite the vandals of commerce and of architecture, the strip of land running from the *rive gauche* of the Seine to the Mount of St. Genevieve will always retain something that shall exercise a peculiar fascination upon the young and ardent mind. Two years ago, when readers and publishers were looking forward to the Paris Exposition, we had occasion to say something about several books treating of Paris in several different ways. There was one on Bohemian Paris by Mr. W. C. Morrow, which was, in its way, exceedingly clever. However, it always reminded us of the Englishman in Paris, that extraordinarily brilliant and amusing but suspicious individual, who always happened to be turning the corner at the exact minute that an *émeute* was beginning or an assassination taking place in the next street. There

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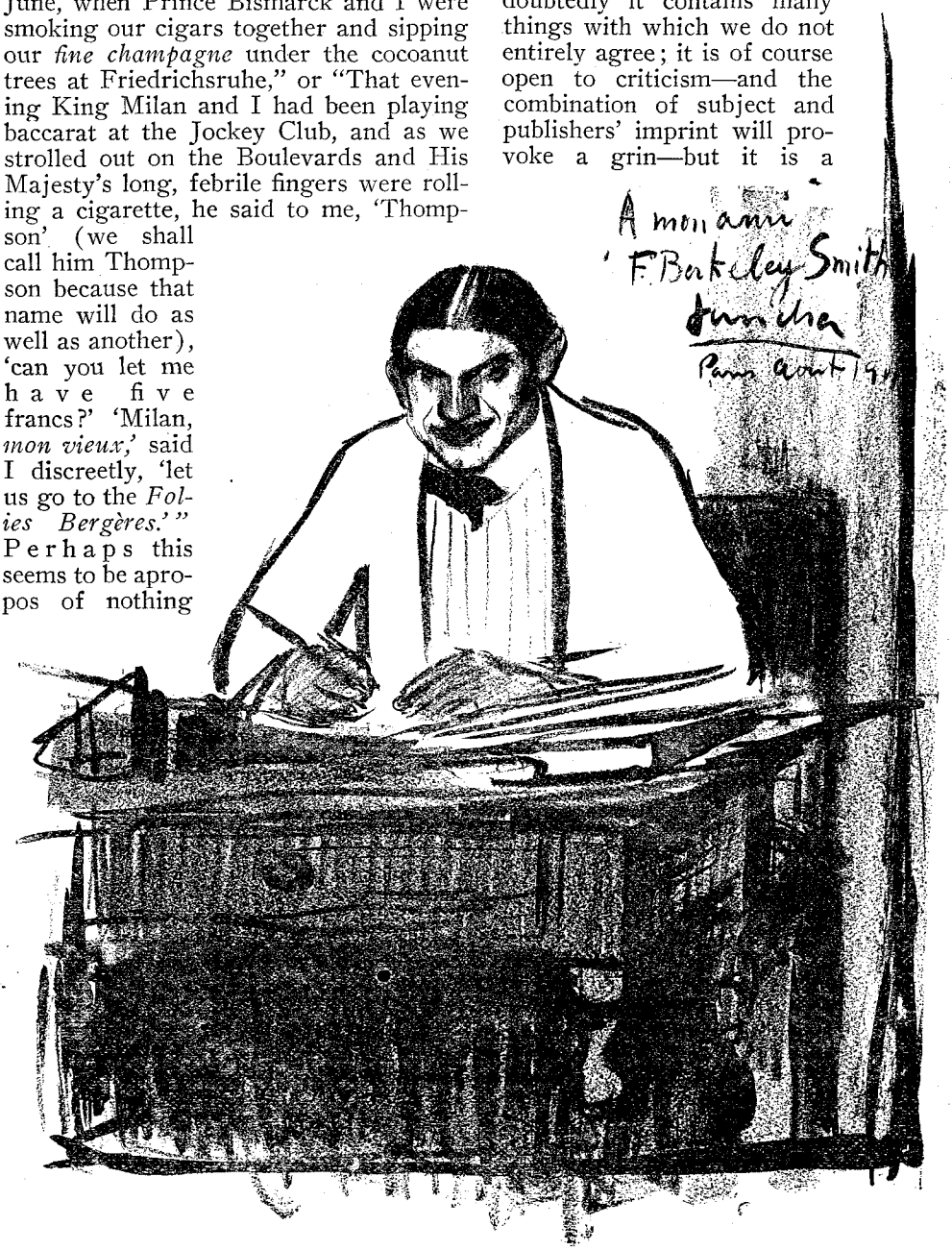
is a clever American journalist who in his salad days, when employed as the "star" writer of a certain New York afternoon paper, used to astonish the credulous by the wealth and variety of his literary and diplomatic information. Did his managing editor suggest to him a special article on the political situation in Berlin, he would repair to his desk and begin something like: "One evening last June, when Prince Bismarck and I were smoking our cigars together and sipping our *fine champagne* under the cocoanut trees at Friedrichsruhe," or "That evening King Milan and I had been playing baccarat at the Jockey Club, and as we strolled out on the Boulevards and His Majesty's long, febrile fingers were rolling a cigarette, he said to me, 'Thompson' (we shall call him Thompson because that name will do as well as another), 'can you let me have five francs?' 'Milan, *mon vieux*,' said I discreetly, 'let us go to the *Folies Bergères*.'" Perhaps this seems to be apropos of nothing in particular, only we unconsciously remember it when we happen to be reading some of the books which deal with the Latin Quarter.

There has just been published a new book called *The Real Latin Quarter*, which seems to be rather exceptional in a good many respects—in its freshness, its brightness, and its buoyancy. Undoubtedly it contains many things with which we do not entirely agree; it is of course open to criticism—and the combination of subject and publishers' imprint will provoke a grin—but it is a



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book which one interested in the subject cannot help liking. The writer, Mr. F. Berkeley Smith, is introduced by his father, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, in a very happy foreword. In *The Real Latin Quarter,* Mr. Smith (*fils*) has perhaps contributed nothing to the didactic literature of the subject, but he has done admirably what very few writers are able to do—he has caught the atmosphere. The book is simply a series of pictures and impressions. He takes you to the Bal Bullier or over the river to the Bal des Quat 'z' Arts; you breakfast with him at Lavenue's, stroll through the Luxembourg Garden, come back by way of the Rue Vaugirard, and then march down the Boul' Mich' toward the river, with a stop at the Taverne, another at the Source, another at the D'Harcourt, to sip a mild *apéritif* and listen to the gossip of the Quarter.

Popular Fiction of 1901.

In our January number of a year ago we wrote several paragraphs about the contrasts and features of the popular fiction of 1900. The gist of what we said was that, although there had appeared during that year a great many very clever and admirable stories, there had been, on the whole, nothing particularly astonishing. With certain reservations the statement might do quite as well for 1901. Summing up the past year, however, is a matter of personal opinion. Take, for instance, Mr. Kipling's *Kim.* There are those who think that *Kim* is not only a great book, but one of the very greatest books of the last thirty years. There are others who think nothing of the kind. Some readers profess to find in Lucas Malet's *The History of Sir Richard Calmady* qualities of scope and style that raise the book to a place among the great works of fiction. Mr. Gilbert Parker's *The Right of Way* is another book which is by many deemed extraordinary. Very few people would venture to call Mr. Winston Churchill's *The Crisis* a great novel, but several hundred thousand appreciative readers have found it excellent and entertaining. And in this manner we might go through the entire list.

The last number of THE BOOKMAN for 1900 showed in its reports from the various booksellers that Miss Corelli's *The Master Christian* had enjoyed the greatest popularity during the preceding month. This book was followed in order by Mr. Irving Bacheller's *Eben Holden,* Mr. Barrie's *Tommy and Grizel,* Mr. Goss's *The Redemption of David Corson,* Mr. James Lane Allen's *Reign of Law,* and Mr. Thompson's *Alice of Old Vincennes.* In the first report of the new year Mr. Allen's book and Mr. Goss's had dropped from the list, while *Alice of Old Vincennes* was in the first place, closely followed by *Eben Holden.* The lists throughout the year have been as follows:

JANUARY.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes.
2. Eben Holden.
3. In the Palace of the King.
4. Eleanor.
5. Tommy and Grizel.
6. The Master Christian.

FEBRUARY.

1. { Eben Holden. / Alice of Old Vincennes.
3. Eleanor.
4. In the Palace of the King.
5. Wanted—A Matchmaker.
6. Stringtown on the Pike.

MARCH.

1. { Eben Holden. / Alice of Old Vincennes.
3. Eleanor.
4. In the Palace of the King.
5. L'Aiglon.
6. { Stringtown on the Pike. / Richard Yea-and-Nay.

APRIL.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes.
2. Eben Holden.
3. Richard Yea-and-Nay.
4. Eleanor.
5. An Englishwoman's Love-Letters.
6. L'Aiglon.

MAY.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes.
2. Eben Holden.
3. Richard Yea-and-Nay.
4. The Visits of Elizabeth.
5. Quincy Adams Sawyer.
6. In the Name of a Woman.

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JUNE.

1. Alice of Old Vincennes.
2. The Visits of Elizabeth.
3. Eben Holden.
4. Richard Yea-and Nay.
5. Like Another Helen.
6. { The Turn of the Road. / Truth Dexter.

JULY.

1. The Helmet of Navarre.
2. The Crisis.
3. Alice of Old Vincennes.
4. The Visits of Elizabeth.
5. The Puppet Crown.
6. The Octopus.

AUGUST.

1. The Crisis.
2. The Helmet of Navarre.
3. The Puppet Crown.
4. The Visits of Elizabeth.
5. Alice of Old Vincennes.
6. Graustark.

SEPTEMBER.

1. The Crisis.
2. The Helmet of Navarre.
3. The Puppet Crown.
4. Graustark.
5. Truth Dexter.
6. The Visits of Elizabeth.

OCTOBER.

1. The Crisis.
2. The Helmet of Navarre.
3. The Puppet Crown.
4. Tarry Thou Till I Come.
5. Graustark.
6. D'ri and I.

NOVEMBER.

1. The Crisis.
2. D'ri and I.
3. The Eternal City.
4. The Right of Way.
5. Blennerhassett.
6. Graustark.

DECEMBER.

1. The Right of Way.
2. The Crisis.
3. The Eternal City.
4. D'ri and I.
5. Kim.
6. Lazarre.

Comparisons from the above tables result as follows:

Eight Times Mentioned.

Alice of Old Vincennes.

Six Times Mentioned.

Eben Holden, The Crisis.

Five Times Mentioned.

The Visits of Elizabeth.

Four Times Mentioned.

Eleanor, The Helmet of Navarre, The Puppet Crown, Graustark, Richard Yea-and-Nay.

Three Times Mentioned.

In the Palace of the King, D'ri and I.

Twice Mentioned.

The Right of Way, Stringtown on the Pike, L'Aiglon, The Eternal City, Truth Dexter.

Once Mentioned.

Lazarre, Kim, Blennerhassett, The Octopus, Tommy and Grizel, The Master Christian, Tarry Thou Till I Come, Wanted—A Matchmaker, An Englishwoman's Love-Letters, Quincy Adams Sawyer, In the Name of a Woman, Like Another Helen, The Turn of the Road.

In these tables there are mentioned twenty-nine different books, of which nineteen are the work of American writers. Eight of the others are by English writers, while *The Right of Way* and *L'Aiglon* were written respectively by a Canadian and a Frenchman. Of the twenty-nine books, twenty-one are the work of men, six of women, while the authors of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* and of *Truth Dexter* have never positively been identified. Many think that Sidney McCall is a woman, while *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* is generally supposed to have been written by Mr. Laurence Housman. It is interesting to note that nine of these books may be classed as historical novels. Two more are of the *Prisoner of Zenda* type, and two belong to the "B'gosh school." Into four of the novels some kind of a religious element is strongly introduced.

The Year in England.

The literature of the year in England is discussed comprehensively by the London *Academy* in an article entitled "Ten Months of Fiction." "Artistically," says the *Academy*, "the year, if not dazzlingly brilliant,

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has been far less dull than the circumstances would have excused. We cannot count either Mr. Meredith or Mr. Hardy as regularly active, and we have almost ceased to expect them to produce. Mr. Blackmore is dead, with a noble record behind him. In default of the Three, whom do we look to for serious effort in the art of fiction? We look (in alphabetical order) to Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, 'John Oliver Hobbes,' Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. George Moore, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. H. G. Wells, and 'Zack.' Of these, all but Mrs. Ward and Mr. Wells have furnished something during the year, though the productions of Mr. Conrad, Mr. Hewlett, and Mr. Phillpotts have not been of major importance. And in the secondary rank of those who mirror the time with power and ingenuity, but without that poetic poignancy or that natural humour which differentiates fine art from clever craft, we have had *Tristram of Blent* and *Sir Richard Calmady*."

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

(An English View of the Literary Husband.)

NOVELIST: "My dear, before you go out, do you remember which is the unlucky month for marriage?"

NOVELIST'S *Wife (drearily)*: "I don't know, but *we* were married in November!"

The *Academy* selects the following as being, in its opinion, the best twelve novels of the year:

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling.
Sister Teresa. By George Moore.
Our Friend the Charlatan. By George Gissing.
The Serious Wooing. By "John Oliver Hobbes."
The White Cottage. By "Zack."
The History of Sir Richard Calmady. By "Lucas Malet."
Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope.
The Column. By Charles Marriott.
The Lost Land. By Julia M. Crottie.
Casting of Nets. By Richard Bagot.
The Lord of the Sea. By M. P. Shiel.
The House with the Green Shutters. By "George Douglas."

To these is added a small group of short stories:

Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs.
The Striking Hours. By Eden Phillpotts.
New Canterbury Tales. By Maurice Hewlett.
Tales of Dunstable Weir. By "Zack."

It is of interest to note that of the above sixteen books but one, Mr. Kipling's *Kim*, is to be found among the "six best" of any month as deduced from the American reports. In a detailed explanation of the selection, the *Academy* says very happily: "Our quarrel with the generality of serious novels is that they are like a page of an atlas—they picture in detail a given part of the earth's surface and show the surrounding parts white, uninhabited."

The Editor's Side of the Case.

To those who read between the lines, a recent paper in the *British Weekly* is of more than passing importance and interest. The paper dealt with "The Popular Notion of an Editor," and was signed Claudius Clear. We do not think that it is any violation of confidence to explain that Claudius Clear signs some of his other articles

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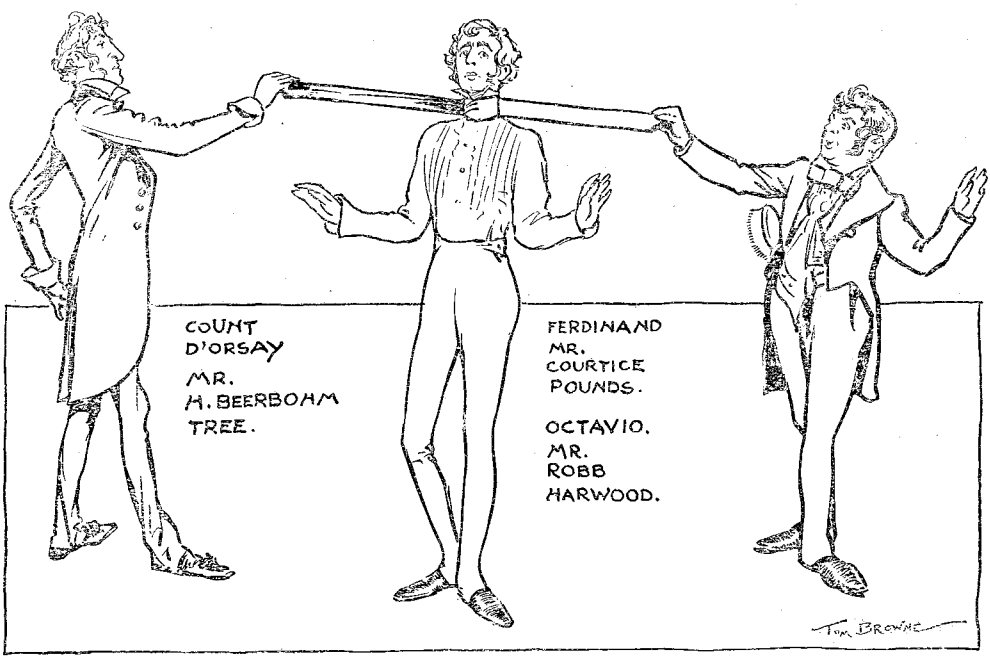
"O. O.," that he also writes over the signature "A Man of Kent," and that in real life he is Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, the well-known scholar and critic, who has been humorously classed with Mr. Andrew Lang as a type of the modern "literary centipede, wielding an industrious pen with each of his many tentacles." Perhaps in the case of neither Mr. Lang nor Dr. Nicoll is the exaggeration entirely unhappy or unjust. At any rate, Dr. Nicoll has been connected editorially with so many different literary enterprises, that what he has to say about the popular notion of an editor cannot be criticised on the ground that his judgments have been formed by contact with any one particular class of contributors, subscribers and readers. Then again he seems to be writing more in sorrow than in anger, and with a keen sense of the humorous side of the whole matter.

In writing of the absurd and yet very general belief that an editor has at least something to do with the management of the sale of the journal with which he is connected, Dr. Nicoll talks of the people who write to an editor in this way: "Dear Sir: Some years ago an article appeared in your paper on Seat Rents (or some such subject). Would you kindly send me a copy of the paper by return, as I need it for a special purpose, and I will forward stamps." In a multitude of cases they specify the papers they want and enclose stamps. All these correspondents must credit an editor with an infallible recollection of every article that has appeared in his journal. All of them must believe that he is in the habit of sitting at his desk and selling his paper, and making up copies and addressing them to those who want them. Perhaps they think also that he personally carries the numbers to the post-office.

"Not a few people," suggests Dr. Nicoll, "appear to think that the editor writes every paragraph, and ought to be blamed for every slip. If you describe Mr. John Smith as Mr. James Smith, he may write to you denouncing you for your foolish and culpable mistake, and informing you that the error has fatally harmed the reputation of your paper in his town. Of course, the editor is fully responsible for all that he writes, and for all that appears editorially, and he is responsible for seeing that what he prints



A SCENE FROM CLYDE FITCH'S "THE LAST OF THE DANDIES."

"D'Orsay gets into his stock with the aid of his two valets."—From *London Sketch.*

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conforms to the general tone and principles of his journal, but beyond that I cannot see that he is answerable. His task would be simple if it were accomplished with the scissors, as it was, apparently, in the experience of Artemus Ward, who touchingly relates: 'In the Ortum of 18—, my friend, the editor of the Baldinsville Bugle, was obleged to leave perfeshernal dooties and go and dig his taters, and he axed me to edit for him doorin his absence. Accordingly I ground up his Shears and commenced. It didn't take a grate while to slash out copy enuff from the Xchanges for one issoo, and I thawt I'd ride up to the next town on a little Jaunt, to rest my Branes, which had bin severely rackt by my mental efforts. (This is sorter Ironical.)' Nowadays, however, a paper cannot thrive which does not contain a good deal of original matter, and the editor's brains are often sufficiently tired.

"One might suppose that a man who personally managed the sale of the paper, who also practically wrote it, might justly be considered a hard worker with scant leisure. This, however, is by no means generally admitted. There is a widely spread conviction that it is the duty of an editor to be always accessible to any one who calls upon him. He ought to be at his office every day and all day, and any one has a right to an interview. It is astonishing that even the late Sir Walter Besant, who regarded editors with almost as much distrust as he regarded publishers, was of this opinion. He persuaded himself that in America editing was conducted in this manner. [It isn't.] The editor was supposed to have unbounded leisure, leisure at the command of humanity in general. But if an editor writes much in his paper, if he attends carefully to its arrangement and details, he has very little leisure. He cannot possibly see the authors of rejected manuscripts and explain to them why they are rejected. Editors in my experience are so far human that they do not like to say no. They do not care to speak disagreeable truths to authors about their writings. A friend of mine who is an editor received lately a large manuscript from a lady. He examined it and returned it as unsuitable. The lady at once repaired to his office and asked to see him. She was informed that he was engaged, but was not to be daunted. 'Take a message to him,' she said, 'saying that I wish to speak to him about the manuscript that was returned, and to know why it was returned.' She was told that it was returned because it was unsuitable. 'That is no answer,' she said. 'I wish to have explained to me why it was unsuitable.' Now if an editor were in the habit of receiving, say, one manuscript a week, he might be willing to write letters and give interviews about rejected manuscripts. Alas! the state of things is far different. Every day brings its pile of manuscripts to any fully occupied editor, and it is as much as he can do to go through them in any decent manner and make up his mind upon them. To enter into a correspondence about each would soon drive him into the madhouse.

"It is in a way gratifying, though oppressively gratifying, to know that the editor is generally regarded as omniscient. This omniscience is not supposed to extend to his own writings, but it is believed that he can answer any question. I have thought sometimes of putting together all the questions I am asked in a week. Many of them are about the sources of quotations. Thus a correspondent will ask, 'Who wrote the poem containing these lines:

" 'Grandfather's hair is white,
Grandmother's hair is grey?

Could you kindly quote the whole poem in your next issue, or send it to me in the enclosed stamped envelope?' Another will write, *'I am most anxious* to find a poem beginning:

" 'If to yourself you would be true,
Plod along, plod along.
Skies are above you fair to view,
Plod along, plod along.'

"The most wonderful thing about these quotations is that they are very often doggerel of the grossest kind, and yet I do not know that it is so wonderful when one thinks of the quotations used in obituary notices and on tombstones. Many people will ask half-a-dozen questions, questions of such a nature that to answer them properly one would have to spend at least two days in the British Museum

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Library. I was asked the other day to give a complete set of references to essays on the political economy of Ricardo. I put this down simply because it is fresh in my mind. It is by no means the most difficult question I have been asked. Editors as a rule are more than willing to do their best to help, but I am afraid it must be admitted that they are not omniscient. The most common form of request is this: 'I have undertaken to read a paper on (let us say Malthusianism). Will you send by return a list of essays on the subject?'

"Another quality attributed to an editor is that of omnipotence. There are more people than might be believed who imagine that he can if he chooses find for them situations directly. A good many wish for situations on his own staff, and they seem to think that there is always a vacancy. Editors as a rule are not willing to part with those who serve them well, who have fallen into their ways, and to whom they are used. Further, no editor if he can help it will undertake to train a beginner. Most aspirants to journalism imagine they need no training, but, then, that is just the trouble. As for getting situations for strangers outside his own profession, what can an editor do? If a man of fifty writes to you that through the continued folly of employers he has never got his due, and that he looks to you to find a place worthy of him, you are inclined to think it likely that his failure is his own fault. I do think that the man who recommends for a situation a person whose capabilities he does not know undertakes a very serious responsibility, and I have in a previous letter complained against those who introduce friends who are candidates for work when they have no evidence to show that these friends are fit for the work they want.

"Editors," continues Dr. Nicoll pathetically, "are almost universally supposed to be particularly fond of poetry. Versifiers are so numerous and so exceedingly persistent that some editors have been compelled to say that they will neither read, nor consider, nor return verses sent to them. You may do this; you may put the announcement in every copy of your paper, and still you receive a stream of verses. You will often have letters referring jocularly to your intimation, and going on: 'But I am sure in *my* case you will make an exception.' You will receive stern epistles: 'On the 10th of January, 1898, I sent you a poem entitled "Darling's Toys." Since then I have had no word from you. Please inform me immediately whether my poem has been accepted or not. I enclose stamped envelope for reply.' I suppose the only thing to do is to stick to your rule through everything. There is nothing stranger than the passion for writing verses, and the notion that money can be made out of them. A brother editor received some time ago the manuscript of a volume of verses. He put it aside to examine at the first opportunity, and got in the interval a letter from the clergyman of the author's parish, warning him against publishing the book, on the ground that the author could not write verses and had no money to pay for their publication. My friend then looked at the manuscript, found it worthless, and returned it. Shortly after he had a letter from a lady who said she was the widow of the poet, who had died suddenly. She was in great straits, and would be content to take a small sum for the poems—£10. The editor, who is a kind-hearted man, wrote a sympathetic letter explaining that the poems were not suitable for publication. She kept on writing, reducing her terms in each letter, until at last she offered to take ten shillings for them. Amazed at this persistency, the editor made inquiries into the history of the pair. It turned out that both of them had been confined in the same lunatic asylum. They left it at the same time, and at the railway station they fell into conversation. They went by the same train, and arranged on the journey to get married, and married they were."

We wish to express our very hearty thanks to Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll. Also to assure him of a sympathy that is not entirely unselfish.

The following appeared in the New York *Times* of November 22:

The most important event of the year is not the coronation of a King, with all its attendant

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pomp and circumstance, with its gathering of Dukes and Earls and all that is significant of power and glory, but that which took place when in a private house, without pomp and ceremony, and surrounded only by a few friends, Theodore Roosevelt took his simple bath to defend and carry out our Constitution. That transfer of power—greater than any power which exists on earth, and accepted without a murmur by eighty millions of people—is a vindication of the principle of self-government.

The most amusing feature of the aobve is due to an English newspaper which quoted the paragraph, did not recognise the misprint and went on to comment upon it with perfect seriousness.

The Alleged Richardson Revival.

In England they are talking and writing a great deal about what they call the Richardson revival. But we have seen and heard so much in the last few years about these revivals that we are not inclined to greet this new one with any extraordinary excitement or enthusiasm. When we hear that Richardson is being revived, it probably means that one or two or three firms of publishers have each brought out new editions of his works. Many people will buy sets of these editions, especially as the bindings are very attractive, and add them to their bookshelves. Some of the readers will, perhaps, conscientiously labour through *Pamela* or *Clarissa,* but, with a few exceptions, in their hearts they will all be wishing all the time that it was Mr. Anthony Hope or Dr. Conan Doyle. Richardson is undoubtedly one of the greatest names in the history of English literature in the eighteenth century; a novelist who possessed tenderness and sympathy to a marvellous degree; who, in short, knew the human heart and wrote of it in a manner that won the unstinted admiration of his day; and yet, to be quite honest, we consider all this talk of a Richardson revival utter bosh.

Among the many appreciations of Richardson which this so-called revival has called forth, there is one in the London *Academy* which we have read with particular interest. Richardson, according to the writer, is not dead; he never will be. On the other hand, he is not alive, as De Foe and Fielding are kickingly alive. He is in the intermediate and unsatisfactory state of being "taken for granted." The reason for this the writer ascribes partly to time and partly to Richardson himself, who belonged so intimately to his own century that no other century could hope to possess him fully. "In the days when it was a case of Homer and Richardson (with Shakespeare somewhere at the foot of this dual throne), Richardson's novels were read aloud in the family circle. At the pathetic passages the hearers would retire to their rooms to weep, and the reading was continued after they had regained command of themselves. We laugh at that; we must. We laugh also when we remember that Richardson, after fifty years of respectable and lucrative trading, began to write *Pamela,* not in the least at the bidding of a creative impulse, but upon the suggestion of two enterprising booksellers, who wanted 'a volume of familiar letters as patterns for illiterate country writers.'"

After contrasting Richardson with Maupassant, with De Foe and Fielding, and arguing that Flaubert's *Madame Bovary,* which was accepted as something quite new in the art of fiction, was in reality as old as *Clarissa,* the writer goes on to picture humorously the courageous attack about to be made on Richardson by the average cultured reader. "That reader will choose *Clarissa,* of course, and, braced and firm, he will commence the perusal. In the first fifty pages he will probably be beaten off with great loss. But he will return to the charge and have his reward. He will be amazed and delighted by the truth, the power, and the beauty of this new author. Occasional *longueurs* will not terrify him. He will discover Richardson to his friends, and preach it abroad that Richardson was the greatest novelist that ever lived. . . . And then, perhaps about the fiftieth letter, he will stop suddenly and meditate, like a boy in the middle of a feast of unlimited cake. The *longueurs* will seem to be more frequent, though they are not so. The monotony, the narrow view, the appalling unity of theme, the unremitting pietism, the vast masses of triviality, will present themselves to

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him in a sinister and dreadful light. He will perceive that he has journeyed through one-eighth of the entire work. His fancy will conjure up an awful vision of the remaining seven-eighths. He will put the first volume down, and for some weeks will feel ashamed at his cowardice in not taking up the second. At length he will recover his good opinion of himself, and will jauntily remark, as he glances at a certain shelf, 'No! Life is too short!' "

Campaign Poetry.

Speaking of poetry reminds us that the late municipal campaign in New York City inspired two very striking bits of verse, both of which are worthy of preservation for very different reasons. The first appeared in the *Sun*, and is supposed to be a soliloquy uttered by Deputy Commissioner Devery. As an effective expression of brutal, savage insolence it is remarkable, and the Dialect Society will find it a perfect thesaurus of East Side slang. The one line,

I'll smash in de chops of de citizens or cops

is superb. It is epic. *En effet, c'est assommant.* Here is the whole poem:

BIG BILL'S DEFIANCE.

Say, what is all dem guys gassin' so about?
Hez dey got de cheek ter t'ink dey can put me out?
I don't care a damn fer Shepard or fer Low,
Fer I'll stay w'ere I am an' work fer de dough.
Work fer de dough, and t'ell wid Low!
T'ell wid Shepard if he t'inks I got ter go!
I'll smash in de chops of de citizens or cops
Dat dares ter t'ink dey'll lose me w'ile I'm workin' fer de dough.

Huh! Bounce Devery? Dey's nutty. Bounce Big Bill?
W'y I'm de whole shebang. See? Youse fellers make me ill.
Sure all de gang is wid me. Dey's workin' fer de stuff,
An' dis talk of firin' Devery's de weakes' kind of guff.
So work fer de dough, an' t'ell wid Low!
T'ell wid Shepard if he t'inks I got ter go!
I'll smash in de chops of de citizens or cops
Dat dares ter t'ink dey'll lose me w'ile I'm workin' fer de dough.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON, WHO HAS WRITTEN THE LATEST LIFE OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

Huh! Ed Shepard, he ain't nuttin'; he's only our flash roll,
De con man dat steers de come-ons up ter de poll;
He don't amount ter nuttin' but a good glad-hand galoot;
If he dared ter say he'd fire me I'd clump him in der snoot.
So work fer de dough, an' t'ell wid Low!
T'ell wid Shepard if he t'inks I got ter go!
I'll smash in de chops of de citizens or cops
Dat dares ter t'ink dey'll lose me w'ile I'm workin' fer de dough.

Huh! I'm in de Constitooshun; an' yooz kin jest ask Ed!
An' dere ain't no way w'atever fer cuttin' off my head;
So t'ump, t'ugs, t'ump, an' grafters, use yer chance,
But don't youse never let de stuff be found inside your pants.

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So work fer de dough, an' t'ell wid Low!
T'ell wid Eddie if he t'inks I got ter go!
I'll smash in de chops of de citizens or cops
Dat dares ter t'ink dey'll lose me w'ile I'm workin' fer de dough.

Huh! Dat man Jerome, he is de wildest ever seen;
Slanderin' our fair city w'ere we're workin' fer de green.
I'll punch de dude unless he cuts his cheap and nasty talk,
Defamin' all we statesmen that purifies New York.
So work fer de dough, an' t'ell wid Low!
T'ell wid Jerome who says I got ter go!
Dey makes me mad ter kill aspersin' of Big Bill
An' all de udders of de gang dat's workin' fer de dough.

The other poem appeared without a signature in an obscure corner of the *Evening Post* on the night before election. We wish that we knew the author's name, for the lines exhibit a high degree of literary quality.

TIGER!

Ho, all ye men of the city, that love your children and wives!
Come with your guns and your torches, oh, come with your skinning-knives!
The morn of a mighty Hunting is red in God's clean east;
Roll out like a flood to the place of blood, like a tide to the lair of the Beast!
Tiger! Hunt the Tiger!

The Tiger is golden-tawny, and sleek is his striped skin;
He has washed the stain and the slaver from the silvery frill of his chin;
Regard not his evil beauty, nor shrink at his snarling yell;
From the pit of death is the reek of his breath, and his eyes are coals of hell!
Tiger! Hunt the Tiger!

The weak ewe-lambs he has stolen, and the lean kine of the poor;
He has given us law with the crunch of his jaw, in the lust of his heart secure;
He is fat with the bodies of women, he is fat with the honour of men,
And the bones of the little children are white in the dark of his den.
Tiger! Hunt the Tiger!

Come, every man but the coward, or the slave that is chained to sin,
Make one in the mighty Hunting, and one in the bringing in;
And when the day of the doom of God red in the west has died,
Ye shall nail to the gates of the city the pride of his painted hide.
Tiger! Hunt the Tiger!

W. E. Henley on Stevenson.

The latest literary sensation in England seems to be Mr. W. E. Henley's attack on the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, embodied in an article in the December number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* about Mr. Balfour's *Life*. Mr. Henley's paper has already won him an unenviable popularity. The biography, suggests Mr. Henley, is the sort of biography R. L. S. would have liked written of himself, because he was always posing. He was so vain that he could not pass a mirror in a room without grimacing to it; he was the Shorter Catechism incarnate, ever ready to give moral lectures to other people—and indulgences to himself; and so on. As for his writings, they never commended themselves to Mr. Henley, who can occupy any spare time he has for reading fiction with better authors. This, interspersed with jottings regarding student days, and joint adventures in which he shared with "Lewis," constitutes the indictment.

The Anachronisms in "The Crisis."

Last month we called attention to what we regarded as several anachronisms in *The Crisis*. Our remarks have called forth a number of letters from correspondents, who defend Mr. Churchill so far as "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," are concerned. It is pointed out that Newman wrote "Lead, Kindly Light," as far back as 1833, and hence it might well have been a favourite hymn of Virginia Carvel's mother. Yes; but the reference in *The Crisis* is obviously to the music, and not to the words, and the music was not composed until 1861. As to "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," we must admit ourselves to have been in error. A correspondent says that he has a song-book

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printed in 1848, and containing the air of "The Red, White and Blue," and words that are in the main like those which were sung during the Civil War, though probably not quite the same. Another correspondent thinks that the air is of British origin, like that of "The Star-Spangled Banner." He has heard that it was composed during the Crimean War; but this theory is contradicted by the fact set forth by correspondent number one. By the way, Professor Beers, of Yale, in the December *Atlantic,* notes an anachronism that had escaped us in reading the book. This is the use of the word "nickel" for a five-cent piece, though nickel five-cent pieces were not coined until after the Civil War.

Owing to lack of space, we are obliged to postpone the publication of the first installment of "Literary, Artistic and Bohemian London," which was announced in our December number to begin in this issue, until next month.

ENGLAND'S NOVELISTS IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Mr. Bernard Shaw has lately been saying that photography is a complete improvement upon manual art, and for the sake of his own amusement let us hope that there are some people who can bring themselves to believe that he thinks so. It is, however, very much by a comparison between portrait painting and photography that the essential qualities of portrait painting can best be seen. The thing which photography produces is a thing that is often called truth. With this absolute truth of things men have no possible concern. They could never discover it, and it would not interest them if they could. To the amateur photographer most probably Mr. Bernard Shaw is a bearded man in an ugly attitude, with the shadow of the bough of a tree coming immediately across his nose. Just in the same way to the chemist Mr. Bernard Shaw is a compilation of gases with Greek names. Nobody sees Mr. Shaw as a pile of gases, and nobody sees him as he is to be seen in a photograph. The self as it impresses another man, the superficial self, as it is called, is the only one of any interest to art or ethics; it is the only one that can fight, or teach, or rule, or curse, or bless. And of this self there are innumerable versions and modifications, one for every human being who looks at us. There are more than a thousand Bernard Shaws in existence, a reflection which is none the less true because it is alarming. Some of these images of Mr. Shaw are accurate and sympathetic, some of them are shallow and fantastic, but none of them so shallow and fantastic as the portrait which is painted by the sun.

The portraits of the novelists in the National Portrait Gallery offer in a rather subtle way a very good opportunity of testing the nature of portrait painting, because they are, as it were, the portraits of portrait painters. Two elements of imitative art are involved: the truth of the novelist to life and the truth of the painter to the novelist. In dealing, for example, with the two portraits of Stevenson in the Gallery we have to deal not only with two impressions of his actual physical appearance, but with two versions of his whole type and spirit. Therefore the sagacity and keenness of the novelist is involved, as well as that of the painter. To the deep and intuitive artist a portrait of Stevenson should not only be a portrait of Stevenson; it should be, as it were, a composite photograph of Long John Silver and David Balfour, of Weir of Hermiston and Prince Florizel of Bohemia, of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

We speak of allegorical art, but all art, without any exception, is allegorical. The only distinction that exists is be-

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tween two kinds of allegorical art, the lower allegorical art, in which certain figures or images represent certain qualities already named and classified, in which faith is called a knight and temptation a dragon, and the higher allegorical art, in which certain images express dark beauties that have never been investigated, and wild truths that have never been tamed. No portrait painter can paint a complete portrait. Even if he plies his brush and studies his sitter for ten years he can only produce the memorandum of an inspiring glimpse. Like the novelist himself, he can only work through dark and clumsy and only faintly translucent symbols. It may be said that the portrait painter at least copies something which is before him, while the novelist is wholly creative; but the objection is of little value. If novelists did study direct from life, if every one of their figures were a public personage mentioned by name, the twist and colour of their own personalities would remain the same. Of all the innumerable imbecilities that have been uttered about art, surely the most ridiculous is the statement that a man should keep his own personality out of a work of art. We might as well tell him not to touch it with his own paint brush or write it in his own language. Suppose that some well-known man, let us say Mr. Balfour, were treated by five great novelists—by George Meredith, by Émile Zola, by Ouida, by Jacobs, by Anthony Hope—does any one imagine that the portraits would resemble each other much more than Corèze resembles Vernon Whitford? Can we not fancy the superb Prince Arthur of Ouida blazing with every accomplishment, and the weary Monsieur Balfoure of Zola riddled with every hereditary and patrician weakness? Mr. Meredith's Balfour would be courtly and intellectual, Mr. Anthony Hope's a little more courtly and a little less intellectual, Mr. Jacobs's Balfour is a conception so wild and irreverent that the mind would prefer to dwell upon it in secret, and these fainter differences would be more bewildering and misleading than romantic and realistic caricatures. In short, there would be innumerable Balfours, one for each novelist, and in this we find the kinship between the novelist and the portrait painter complete.

For nothing is more striking when we study the portraits of novelists in the Gallery than the profoundly significant fact that whenever there are two portraits of the same man, they might easily, as far as type and spirit go, be two portraits of two different men. Let me take one of the most remarkable examples of this, which is also almost the first that comes to hand. There are two portraits of Dickens in the Gallery, one by Maclise,* the other by Ary Scheffer. It is no exaggeration to say that these two pictures are subtle and relentless sketches made in the spiritual world of the good and bad angel of Dickens. Maclise's portrait represents a languid, fashionable, and rather underbred young man, with repulsively long hair, looking out of window at the moon. It is a most careful and powerful picture of the refuse of the soul of Dickens; whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are vulgar, whatsoever things are blatant and selfish, whatsoever things are of evil report in that great and genial spirit, are carefully extracted and perfectly reproduced in this portrait. This is the portrait of the man who wrote the repentance of Dombey and the death of Little Nell, not the man who wrote of Todger's boarding-house and Bob Sawyer's party. When we turn from this sentimental portrait to the Dickens of Ary Scheffer, we seem to rediscover a great man. Ary Scheffer's portrait is not especially valuable from an artistic point of view, but it is quite sufficient to remind us of what Dickens really was. A brisk, vivid-looking man is before us, with the open and almost hungry eyes of the natural humourist, and the firm-set, almost insolent mouth and chin which mark the self-made man who is something better than a gentleman. One of the curses of current moral judgment is the idea that a vice destroys not only its own opposing virtue, but also every other virtue that a man can have. It is considered impossible that greatness can co-exist with certain vices, especially with sentimentalism and vulgarity. The second portrait of Dickens reminds us that no defect can destroy a virtue, that a man may be sentimental and vulgar, and at the same time great and brilliant, and magnanimous and inspired. In the first picture we see Dickens as perhaps he

*See Bookman for March, 1901.

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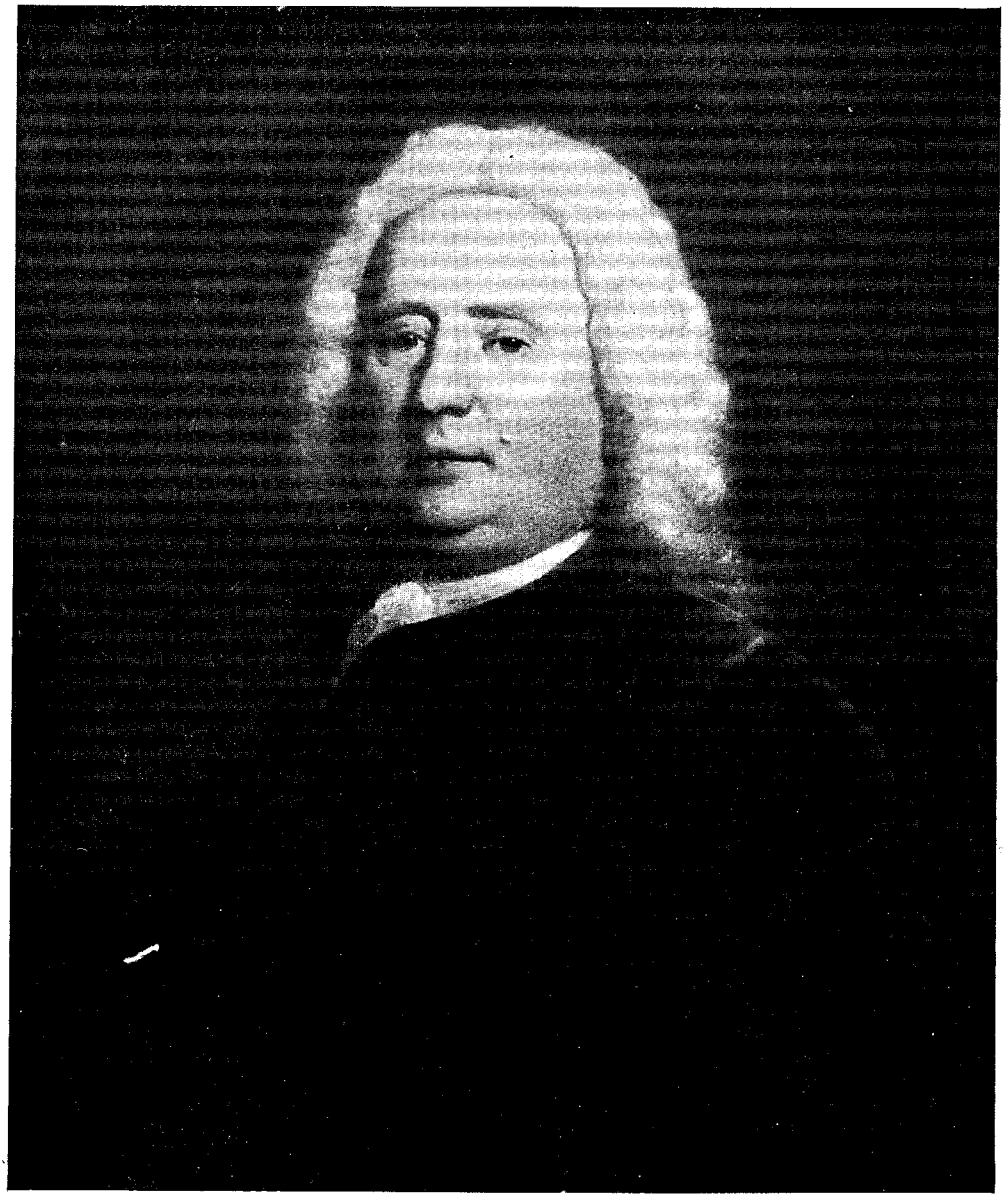
saw himself in his vainer and falser moments. In the second we see him as mankind in its truer moments will always behold him.

I take the case of Dickens first because in it we find the most glaring example of the conflicting versions of a man. But, as I have suggested, the differences are almost more perplexing where the standpoint is only slightly altered than when it is obviously distinct. The portrait of Scott by Sir William Allan, for example, gives much the same version of his actual person and physiognomy as that by Sir Edwin Landseer, yet we feel that an element of difference, a personal point of view, has tinged them both. The Scott of Sir William Allan sits with scholarly dignity in a room loaded with the memorials of human history. The sword of



SAMUEL RICHARDSON, 1689-1761.
Painted in 1750 by Joseph Highmore.

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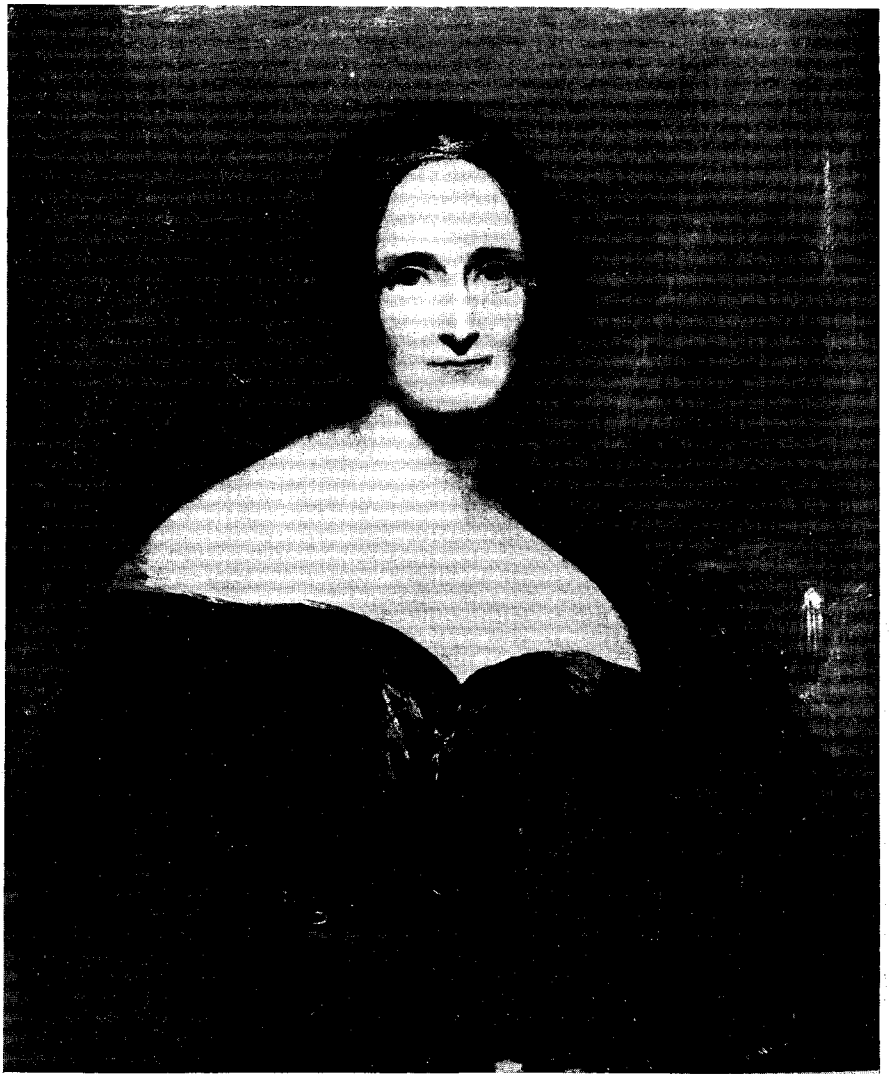
Montrose is beside him, the sporran of Rob Roy is above his head. The pistol that hangs upon the wall was once the property of Claverhouse, the vase in the background was a gift from Lord Byron. But in the midst of all these symbols the figure of Scott is impersonal and even shadowy, almost as shadowy as his own last minstrel. Sir William Allan conceives him only as the custodian of the great museum of the past, as a sort of sublimated keeper of an old curiosity shop. But Sir Edwin Landseer, either because he was a sportsman, or because he knew Scotland, or because he shared with Scott many primitive and outdoor virtues, conceives him in a manner startlingly different, as the rude, red-faced, humorous country gentleman, contriving somehow to be at once as crabbed as Oldbuck and as genial as Dandy Dinmont. This is not the "Great Enchanter," as Scott was foolishly called, but the great "Story-teller," the man out of whom the longest and wildest romances flowed as easily and sociably as the anecdote of any old gentleman after dinner. This is the man who was so healthy that horrors and



MARY WOLLSTONE CRAFT SHELLEY, 1797-1851.
Painted in 1841 by Richard Rothwell, R.H.A.

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superstitions were his diet, and whose very nightmares were wholesome. Yet in the two pictures the physical details are scarcely different, the white hair, the curious conical head, the bushy eyebrows, the blunt and burly features. The difference is that Sir William Allan depicts Scott as a saint in Gothic art is depicted, by an array of symbols, the pistol, the sporran, and the sword. Sir Edwin Landseer asks no other symbols than the eye, the forehead and the jaw. Both pictures are allegorical, but the second more profoundly allegorical, since every man's face in the street is a dark and perplexing allegory.

* * * * * * *

Throughout the Gallery we might find innumerable examples of the same thing, the great fact that the various characters given to a man are always different, since they are mixed in some degree with the character of the giver. The rich and almost sombre crimson of Browning's brain doubtless dominates both of his portraits, but the tint is different accordingly as it is mixed with the courtly gold of Mr. Rudolph Leh-

ELIZABETH INCHBALD, 1753-1821.
Drawn in 1794 by George Dance, R.A.

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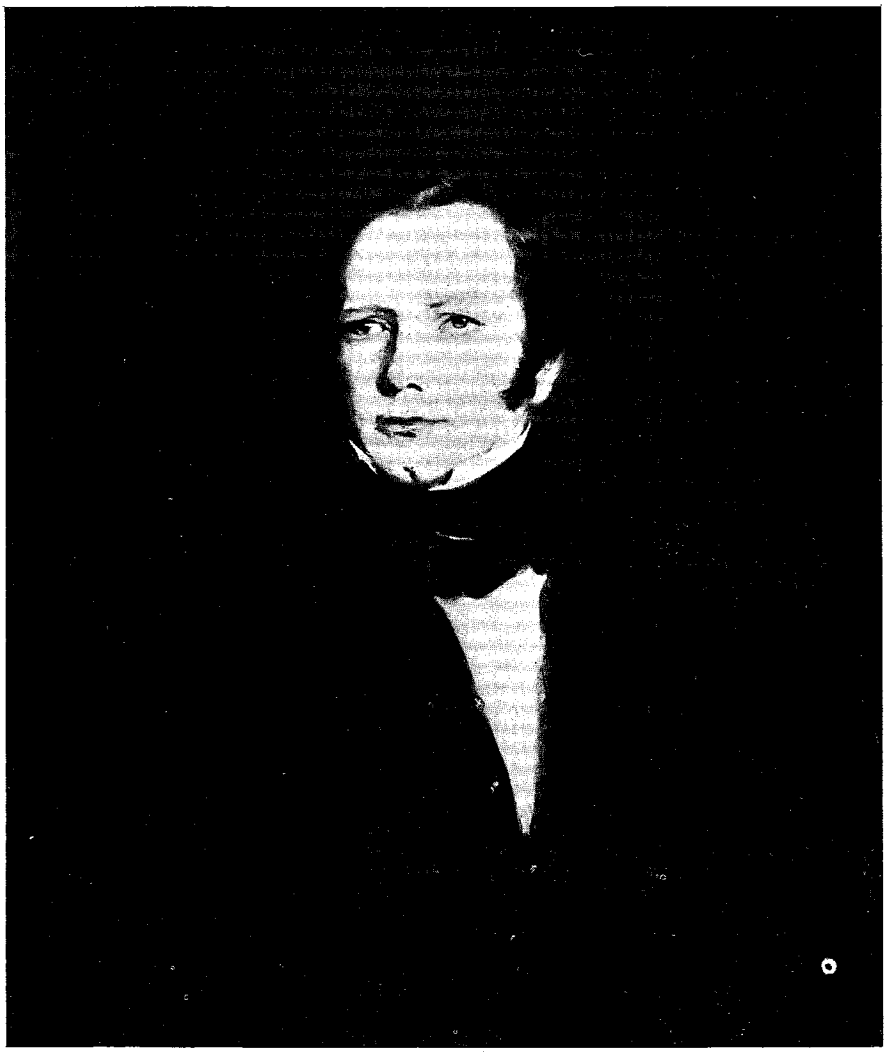
mann or the abyssmal blue of the spirit of G. F. Watts. In portrait painting men's souls are mixed like paints on a palette, and produce such colours as were never seen in the most sensational sunset. Everywhere we find the traces not only of a different style and handling, but of a different mental conception. The Thackeray of Samuel Lawrence is the stately and scholarly gentleman with white hair that recalls the powder of a more mellow and patrician age. The Thackeray of Boehm's statuette is the Bohemian, the lounger, the cynic, his hands thrust in his pockets with insolent unconventionality, his spectacled eyes glaring with the almost ogre-like receptiveness of the omnivorous satirist.

The Stevenson of Sir W. B. Richmond is the long-haired and long-cloaked Stevenson, the wisest of fools, the most companionable of coxcombs, the mystic whose humility it was to make himself ridiculous, the caricaturist who wrought and prepared himself as his own most finished caricature. The picture is so good and so true, as far as it goes, that in gazing at it we can almost believe it com-



FREDERICK MARRYAT, R.N., C.B., 1792-1868.

Painted by John Simpson.

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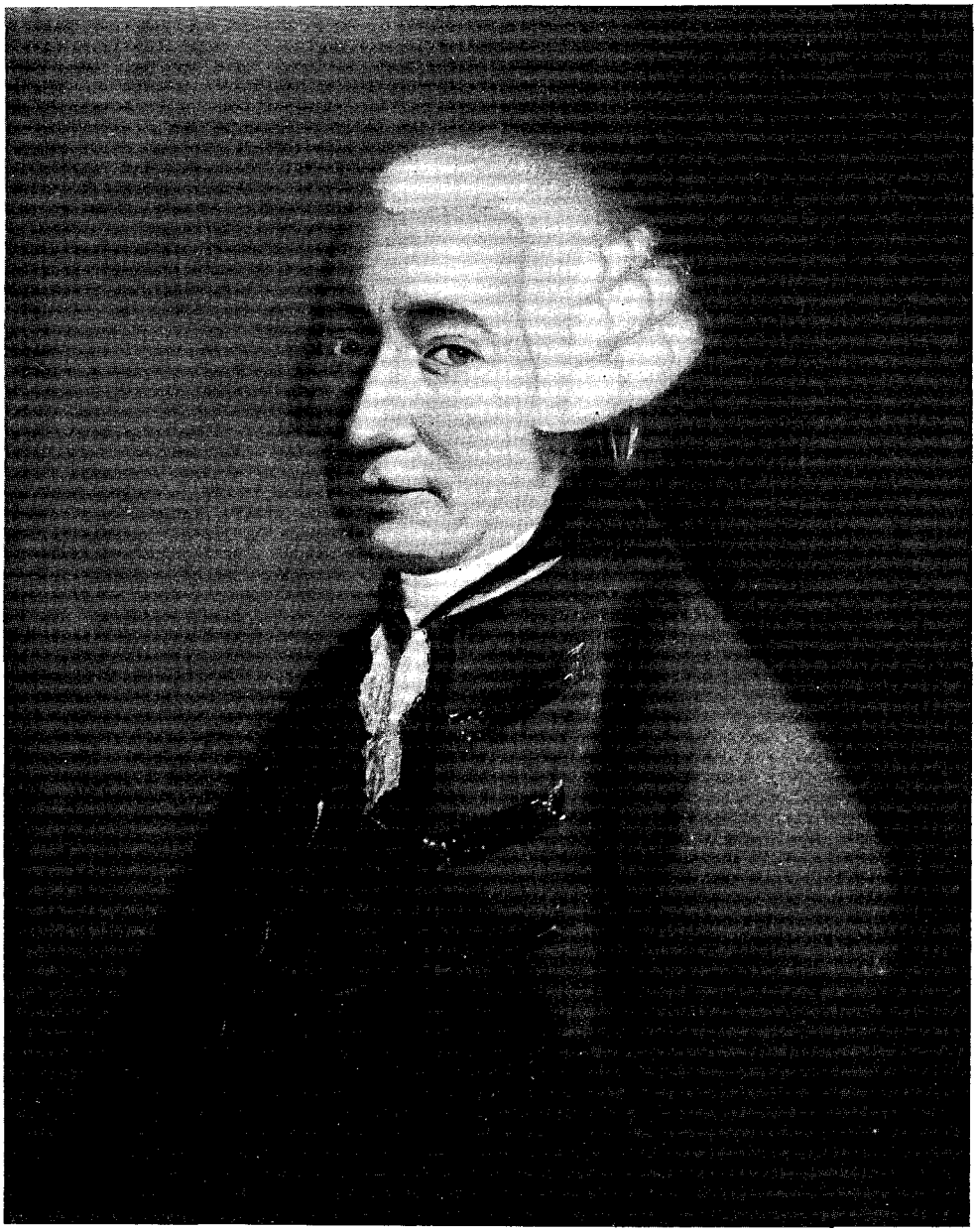
plete. But a little pencil sketch hanging in a corner, scrawled by Percy S. F. Spence in Samoa, suddenly recalls to us what continents of Stevenson's character Sir William Richmond had been obliged to ignore in order to obtain that unity, how imperfect he had to be to gain that appearance of perfection. The sketch is small and trifling, and of no extraordinary merit. But here we have the Stevenson whom savage heroes looked up to like a king, the moralist whose ungovernable conscience urged him on the darkest and most insane errands of



TOBIAS SMOLLETT, 1721-1771.

Painted at Pisa about 1770 by an Italian artist.

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EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER, FIRST BARON LYTTON, 1805-1873.
Painted by Pickersgill.

mercy, the friend of Mataafa, the champion of Father Damien, the man wasted alike with joy and sorrow, who had taken every degree in the schools of agony, and all the roses of whose garland had grown upon a crown of thorns. Here is indeed a contradiction, and yet the great fact stands that in this and all the other cases, not only were both versions apparent and natural, but both versions were true. The project of analysing life by logic becomes wilder than any superstition when we consider how every man's peculiar personality comes from the blending not only of divers qualities, but of opposite and inconsistent qualities. Dickens was at once the most robust and the most sickly of authors. Scott was at once a square pile of practical veracities and a Walpurgis night of old wives' fables. Thackeray was at once the most fastidious of scholars and gentlemen and the most open-minded of Bohemians. Stevenson was in every thread of the texture of his soul at once an æsthete and a Puritan. Nature alone can harmoniously mingle opposites, as she mingles the red and green upon an apple.

These considerations must lead us to look with an interest, not unmixed with suspicion, at all the portraits of novelists in the national collection which are placed on the principle of one man, one picture. Sir Joshua Reynolds's admirable portrait of Goldsmith, for example, gives a sufficiently vivid impression of the novelist as he appeared in history. The extraordinary projection of the whole of the upper part of the face over the lower, the prominent forehead, the prominent nose, the prominent upper lip, all express the character which common consent gives to Goldsmith, the character of an inspired idiot. He seems to be one of those who conquer by a colossal innocence, who become despotic through be-

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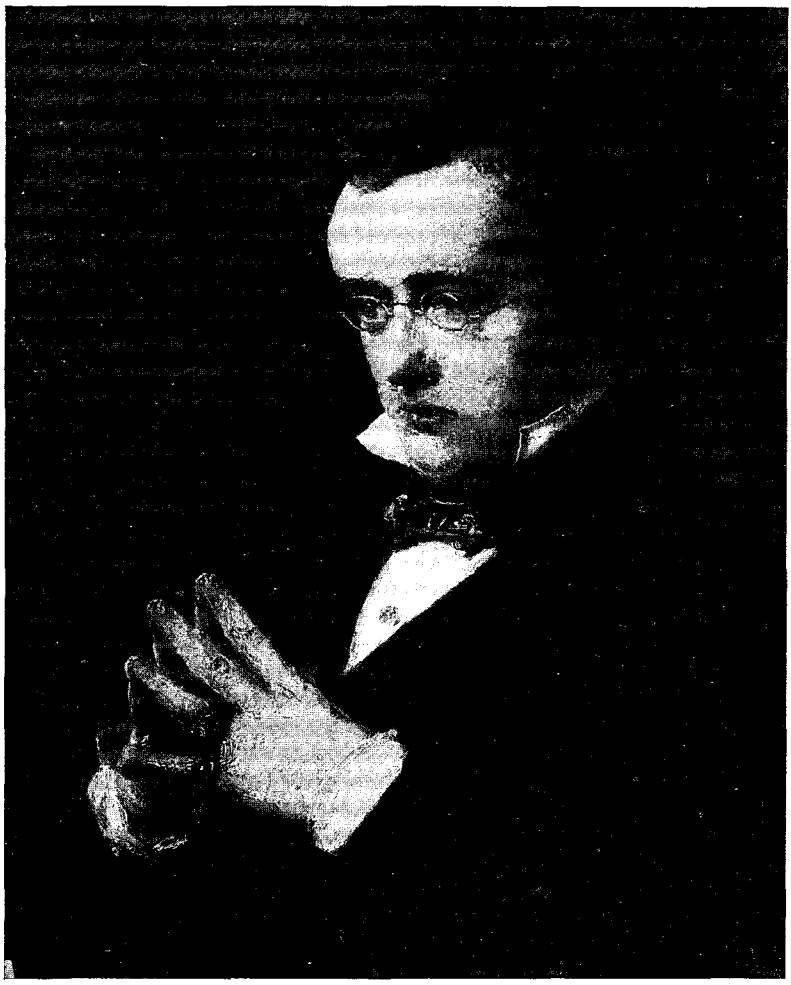

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS, 1825-1889.

Painted by Sir John Everett Millais, Bart., P.R.A.

ing deaf and blind and defenceless. But the spectator taught by previous experience will have his doubts about the completeness of this portrait of Goldsmith. He will wonder darkly whether there has not perished on some rubbish heap another portrait of Goldsmith, which would have let the cat out of the bag, which would have caught that innocent creature in an instantaneous wink, in which at least some wrinkle of the mouth or nostril would have betrayed the internal conviction that he was not such a fool as he looked. He may have laughed at the whole brilliant society which imagined itself to be laughing at him; by consenting to make a fool of himself he may have made a fool of the universe. There may be this secret buried with Goldsmith, and the facial record of it may have been thrown into a waste-paper basket with corrected proofs and defaced book-plates. Wilkie Collins may have sometimes looked as he looks in a brisk and curious little sketch by Sir John Millais, but he may not always have looked like it. Occasionally he must have removed the tips of his fingers from each other and ceased to wear an expression of Napoleonic absorption, which looks like an imitation of Count Fosco. And the moment that his face changed at a ring at the bell or the arrival of a cup of tea he was another Wilkie Collins, a Wilkie Collins of whom the nation has preserved no record. Captain Marryat,

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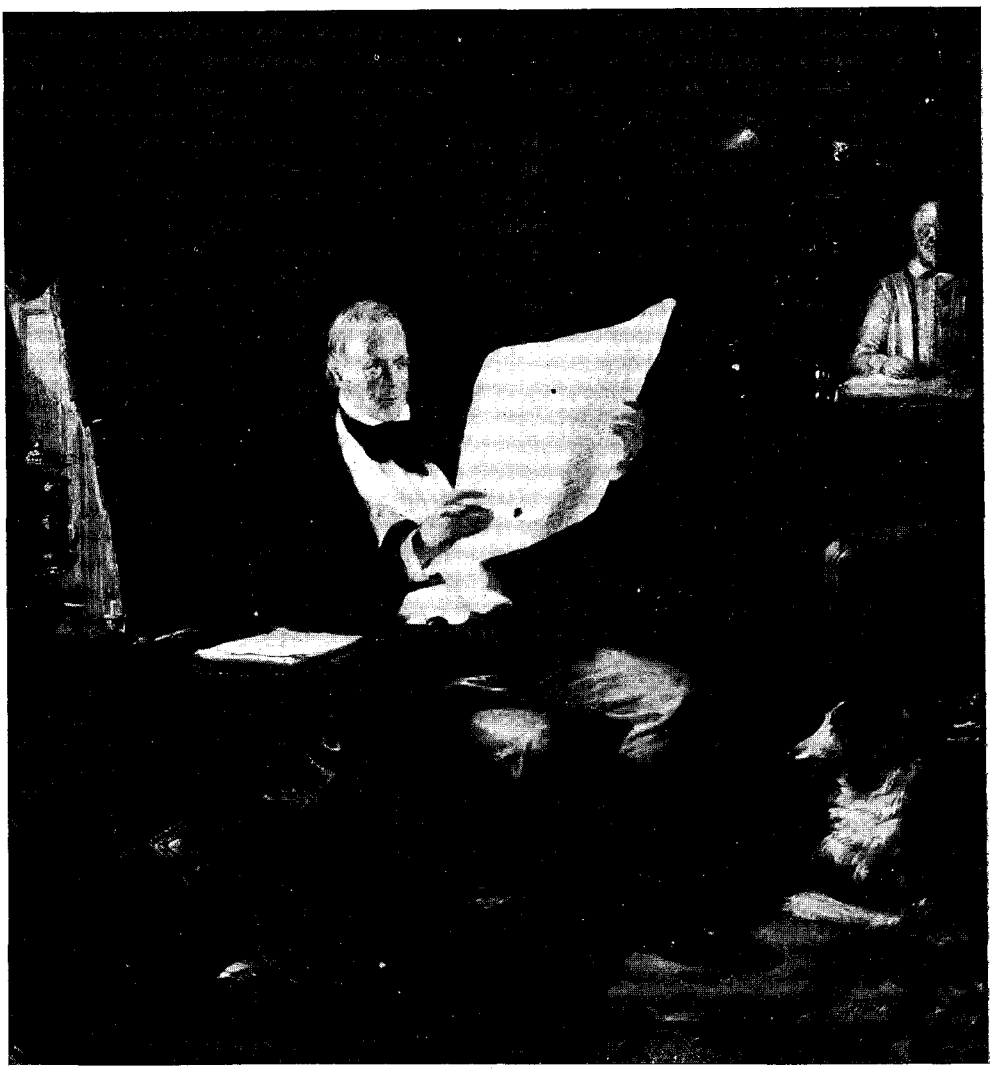
in Mr. John Simpson's picture, looks as if he had suddenly composed his features after telling an irreverent story, and this alone is tantalising. Samuel Richardson, as rendered by Joseph Highmore, looks as if he had composed his features systematically all his life to such an extent that normal human nature might strongly be tempted to discompose them with a brickbat. But here, too, in another form, we have the same feeling, the feeling that we do not know all. In the portrait of Smollett we certainly do not know all. There is a look in his eye which would seem to indicate that he will take particularly good care that we shall not.

In the case of the portraits of the lady novelists the question is more difficult to decide. In the portraits of Mrs. Shelley, Mrs. Inchbald, Miss Mitford, and Miss Jane Porter, the humanity is, at the first glance, curiously swathed and wrapped in the garments of a conventional elegance. This, in a sense, makes them more interesting, for a more delicate and penetrating perception is needed to see the lines of individuality swell or sink,



SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771-1832.

In his study at Abbotsford reading the proclamation of Mary Queen of Scots previous to her marriage with Darnley. Painted in 1832 by Sir William Allan, R.A.

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however they are curbed and straitened by a severe academic ideal. The women are clearly treated in a different artistic manner to the men. Each man in these old portraits is a man; but each woman is Woman. Hence at the first glance we feel a certain alienation. We seem, as it were, to be looking at the members of some other race; we think all the women were alike, just as we think all Chinamen are alike. But just as familiarity with a Chinese family would teach us at last that one Chinaman was no more like another than Sir William Harcourt is like Lord Roberts, so a longer study sees in these quaint, quiet little pictures many lines of that secret and almost disquieting humour, which through many ages of imposture and misunderstanding has kept the soul of woman alive.

The portraits of Lord Lytton afford another example of the principle, and an example which includes an interesting development of it. The large and serious portrait by Pickersgill does not give us the full flavour of that outrageous and yet impressive personality. It represents Lytton as what he was in no small degree, a serious artist, but it misses one whole aspect of him. It misses the fact that he was something which is many times more serious than an artist, something which is indeed, with the exception of a baby, the most serious thing in the world—a man of fashion. Any one who has looked honestly at the faces of the heavily dressed young gentlemen in Bond Street will have noticed that the conduct of an entirely frivolous life appears to require above all things a sanctimonious and deadly gravity. A man like Lytton could not easily be a complete artist for the simple reason that being a dandy his time was occupied in being a complete work of art. The artist must be unconscious of himself in order that he may give himself away without any idea that he is parting with anything valuable. Lytton was always giving away little pictures of himself, his true self was never given to him, to say nothing of other people. Consequently, we feel that Pickersgill's portrait sins by its very merits of intellectual dignity and respect. It includes all Lytton's imagination and ability, it misses out exactly that part of a man, that very actual and essential part which can only be found in the caricatures of him. The other portrait of Lytton is an insignificant water-colour sketch by Chalon. It represents Lord Lytton wearing that remarkable costume which was invented for the use of troubadours some five hundred years after they had ceased to exist—a costume covered with incredible puffs and slashes, and out of the centre of which Lord Lytton is beaming with absolute and undisguised gratification. A single glance at the sketch suggests an illuminating thought. Lord Lytton is obviously so completely at home in this romantic dress, that he begins suddenly to bloom and glow like a tropical plant taken out of the air into a hothouse. Would not a great many modern men realise themselves far better for the purposes of the portrait painter if they could be painted in a dress which is akin to their internal instead of to their external life? If Stevenson had been painted as a pirate, or Dickens as an ostler, they would have fallen naturally into a pose or attitude which would have been as transfiguring and explanatory as a whole page of criticism. Björnsen would be depicted as a Viking, Mr. W. B. Yeats as an ancient Gaelic minstrel, Mr. Bernard Shaw in the costume of a consistent and insane republic which will exist some centuries hence.

Portrait painting, therefore, particularly when taken in conjunction with several portraits of the same man, does appear to me not only to be true, but to tell truths that cannot be told in any other medium. This, indeed, is the characteristic and the justification of every form of art. There are hopes unwritten in any prophecy which can only be uttered by blowing wind through a row of perforated pipes. There are virtues unchronicled of any saint which only exist in sepia and chrome yellow. All art tells not only truth, but new truth, no art so much as portrait painting, no portrait painting so much as the portrait painting of the literary portrait painters. But one essential condition and warning must be mentioned. No truth will be achieved in portrait painting if portrait painters believe in that evil conception which may ruin the arts as it has ruined so much philosophy, the conception of the "search after truth." Truth is not an intellectual secret, the answer to a

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crpytogram. Truth is a moral state, and if the artist is in that state he will see the truth about a man, so far as he can ever see it, the first moment that he looks at him. He will see it without thinking about the matter, by essential rectitude and simplicity, by the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. But if the painter, or the novelist, or the philosopher, fall into the idea that truth is a thing to be sought for, instead of a thing to be kept pure, if they fancy that they can discover a man's character by transcribing conversations or listening at keyholes, or copying carpet patterns, or that they can find the purposes of the universe by splitting a smaller seed or a tinier animalcule, then they fall into the great fallacy of realism which runs from one end of history to the other, and is called "the search after truth."

The more, therefore, that we consider such portraits, the more we come back to the conviction that portrait painting and novel writing are alike in that they are the very hastiest and most conventional sketches of the most continuous and the most mutable scenes. Fiction presents a momentary picture of a society that is more unresting than the sea. Portrait painting gives us an instantaneous photograph of a man who is never the same man for two minutes together. But the aim of both is to make the picture a sufficient symbol of the truths behind. Both can only work by visible forms, and yet the concern of both is with the invisible, and with the invisible alone. It is strange that men should have attempted to separate art from the spiritual element in life when, if it were not for the spiritual element, art itself would suddenly fall to pieces. If there were no great laws driving these objects to and fro, their antics would be more uninteresting than any whirl of dust in a deserted room. A portrait is of no interest in itself. Why should anybody be interested in a handful of dead hairs screwed into a moustache, or an ugly peninsula of bone and cartilage that is called a nose? Interest in such things would be no more intelligent than interest in so much mud or old iron. The value of these things is that they are the proclamations, the vague and distorted proclamations of the presence of a man. In all the chronicles of earthly history no one has ever seen a man; the nose and the moustache are not a man, they are merely the signals that there is a man somewhere behind. In the centre of all sits the soul, still virgin after a thousand centuries of coarse definition and discussion. Even the most shining and transparent faces do injustice to the spirit which they are sent forth to declare. Even the living eyes, the most central and sacred objects in creation, are only two coloured railway signals set up to announce that a great spiritual locomotive is roaring upon its road.

G. K. Chesterton.

CAROLS OF COOKERY

In one of the preliminary epistles contained in the opening pages of a poem on "The Art of Cookery," published in London in 1709, the author presents historic instances to support the lofty eminence upon which he establishes the art he is going immediately to eulogise in several hundred heroic couplets. "Indeed, Cookery," so he declares solemnly, "has an Influence upon Men's Actions even in the highest Stations of human Life. The great Philosopher Pythagoras, in his *Golden Verses,* shews himself to be extremely nice in Eating, when he makes it one of his chief Principles of Morality to abstain from *Beans.* The noblest Foundations of Honour, Justice and Integrity were found to lye hid in Turnips, as appears in that great *Dictator, Cincinnatus,* who went from the Plough to the Command of the *Roman Army;* and having brought home Victory, retir'd to his Cottage: For when the Samnite Ambassadors came thither to him, with a large Bribe, and found him dressing *Turnips* for his Repast, they immediately return'd with this Sentence, 'That it was impossible to prevail upon him that could be contented with such a Supper.' In short, there are no honorary Appelations but what may be made use of to *Cooks;* for I find throughout the whole Reign of

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Charlemain, that the *Great Cook* of the *Palace* was one of the prime Ministers of State, and Conductor of Armies."

This metrical "Art of Cookery" is avowedly modelled upon the "Art of Poetry" of Horace. This bard of the buttery, this lyrist of the larder, this songster of the serving-room, tells us that

A Prince who in a Forest rides astray,
And weary to some Cottage finds the way,
Talks of no Pyramids of Fowl or Bisks of Fish,
But hungry sups his Cream serv'd up in Earthen Dish:
Quenches his Thirst with Ale in nut-brown Bowls,
And takes the hasty Rasher from the Coals:
Pleas'd as King *Henry* with the Miller free,
Who thought himself as good a Man as He.

The poet is abundant in advice, and he bids

You that from pliant Paste wou'd Fabricks raise,
Expecting thence to gain immortal Praise,
Your Knuckles try, and let your Sinews know
Their Power to knead, and give the Form to Dough,
Chuse your Materials right, your seas'ning fix,
And with your Fruit resplendent Sugar mix;
From thence of course the Figure will arise,
And Elegance adorn the Surface of your Pies.

He is apt in axiom, and he declares that

If you wou'd have me merry with your Cheer,
Be so yourself, or so at least appear.

And he asks pertinently:

Unless some Sweetness at the Bottom lye,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the Pye?

But even in pastry he is against undue extravagance:

Next let Discretion moderate your Cost,
And when you treat, three Courses be the most.
Let never fresh Machines your Pastry try,
Unless Grandees or Magistrates are by,
Then you may put a Dwarf into a Pye.
Of if you'd fright an Alderman and Mayor,
Within a Pasty lodge a living Hare;
Then midst their gravest Furs shall Mirth arise,
And all the Guild pursue with joyful Cries.

Perhaps the most characteristic passage in the whole poem is that wherein Horace himself is invoked, and wherein the likeness of the poet to the pastry-cook is formally established:

Were *Horace,* that great Master, now alive,
A Feast with Wit and Judgment he'd contrive.
As thus—supposing that you wou'd rehearse
A labour'd Work, and every Dish a Verse.
He'd say, *mend this,* and *t'other Line,* and this;
If after Tryal it were still amiss,
He'd bid you give it a new Turn of Face,
Or set some Dish more curious in its Place,
If you persist he wou'd not strive to move
A Passion so delightful as Self-love.

We shou'd submit our Treats to Criticks View,
And ev'ry prudent Cook shou'd read *Bossu.*
Judgment provides the Meat in Season fit,
Which by the Genius drest, its Sauce is Wit.
Good Beef for Men, Pudding for Youth and Age,
Come up to the Decorum of the Stage.
The Critick strikes out all that is not just,
And 'tis ev'n so the Butler chips his Crust.
Poets and Pastry-Cooks will be the same,
Since both of them their Images must frame.
Chimera's form the Poet's Fancy show,
The Cook contrives his Shapes in real Dough.

Thus wrote a British imitator of the Roman songster of society in the early part of the eighteenth century; and in the later part of the nineteenth century an American imitator of Horace, the late Eugene Field, seems to have been moved by a like impulse. Without going so far as to identify poet and pastry-cook, he felt called upon to hymn the praise of "Rare Roast Beef," and of "Gosling Stew" and of "Apple Pie and Cheese." Of these three lilting lyrics, each with a culinary ecstasy of its own, the third is by far the best worth quoting here. It has the flavour of New England, beyond all question; it is not without a gusto of its own; and the writer evidently revelled in his adroit alternation of double and single rhymes:

APPLE PIE AND CHEESE.

Full many a sinful notion
  Conceived of foreign powers
Has come across the ocean
  To harm this land of ours;
And heresies called fashions
  Have modesty effaced,

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And baleful, morbid passions
  Corrupt our native taste.
O tempora! O mores!
  What profanations these
That seek to dim the glories
  Of apple pie and cheese!

* * * * *

De gustibus, 'tis stated,
  Non disputandum est.
Which meaneth, when translated,
  That all is for the best.
So let the foolish choose 'em
  The vapid sweets of sin,
I will not disabuse 'em
  Of the heresy they're in;
But I, when I undress me
  Each night, upon my knees
Will ask the Lord to bless me
  With apple pie and cheese!

It must be admitted, however, that the British imitator of Horace and the American are not the only poets who have spoken highly of the doubtful dish which the one spells *Pye* and the other *pie*. Emerson, a loftier man than either of the others, beyond all question, penned no ode to pastry, it is true; what he had to say in its praise was said in prose, no doubt, and yet what more magnificent eulogy could he have bestowed than his simple query, addressed to those who sat at table with him and who had rejected his proffer of a wedge of pie, "But what is pie for?"

And Dr. Holmes, quoting this anecdote, asks permission to declare "that pie, often foolishly abused, is a good creature, at the right time and in angles of thirty or forty degrees," although "in semicircles and quadrants it may sometimes prove too much for delicate stomachs."

One of the writers who contributed to the Liber Scriptorum, the Book of the Authors' Club of New York, has therein ventured an explanation of the strange anomaly to which Dr. Holmes draws attention, that Emerson, an abandoned pie-eater as he was, never complained of dyspepsia, whereas Carlyle, although he was fed on the wholesome oatmeal of his native land, was forever at war with his stomach and "lived with half his self-consciousness habitually centred beneath his diaphragm." The explanation proffered by the member of the Authors' Club is as simple as it is alluring; there was so total and complete a sympathy between the American sage and the Scotch humourist that for the first time in recorded history we can behold the phenomenon of the Transfusion of Indigestion. In other words, Emerson ate the pie and Carlyle had the dyspepsia!

Of all the pies that are prevalent throughout the great American Pie-Belt, it may be admitted at once that the mince is, perhaps, the most deadly, but it cannot be denied that the pumpkin is the most characteristically American, if not also the most popular. Twice have simple lyrists lifted up their voices to carol forth the proper praise of this delightful dish. The first of these is anonymous; and it was in 1818 that he contributed to the Boston *Sentinel* these stanzas inspired by sincere enthusiasm:

THE PUMPKIN PYE.

The bards of the Hudson may sing of the melon,
  Its smooth, jetty seeds and its ripe, ruddy core,
And the feast of the reaper with ecstasy dwell on,
  Reclining at noon on the cool, breezy shore;
For me, the rich soil of New England produces
  An offering more dear to the taste and the eye,
The bright yellow pumpkin—how mellow its juices,
  When temper'd with ginger, and bak'd into pye.

* * * * * * *

Then hail to the Muse of the pumpkin and onion!
  The Frenchman may laugh and the Englishman sneer
At the land of the Bible, and psalm book, and Bunyan,
  Still, still to my bosom her green hills are dear;
Her daughters are pure as her bright crystal fountains,
  And Hymen, if ever thy blessings I try,
O! give me the girl of my own native mountains,
  Who knows how to temper the sweet pumpkin pye.

The second was no less a poet than John Greenleaf Whittier, the laureate of New England, the singer who has given voice to the homely sentiments of his section more satisfactorily than any other. Perhaps it may be objected that he deals

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with the fruit wherefrom the pie is compounded than with the pie itself; but this objection is too trivial for discussion. Here is a stanza of Whittier's autumnal dithyramb on the pumpkin:

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest;
When the grey-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored;
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before;
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie?

An earlier American poet than either of these has sung of an American dish more primitive than apple pie or pumpkin. When Joel Barlow—the maker of that great gun of poesy, "The Columbiad," now spiked in silence and rusting in oblivion—was at Chambéry in Savoy in January, 1793, his thoughts turned homeward to his native land and to the toothsome simplicity of homely hasty-pudding. He was moved to prepare three cantos in commendation of

The sweets of Hasty-Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul,
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingle, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.

A little later the poet's strain rises with the occasion, and he seeks to ascertain the lofty origin of the grateful dish he was decking with chaplets of couplets gathered in his distant exile:

Assist me first with pious toil to trace
Through wrecks of time, thy lineage and thy race;
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,
(The great Columbus sought thy native shore)
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learned with stones to crack the well-dried maize,
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour;
The yellow flour, bestrewed and stirred with haste,
Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim,
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass her true consistence takes.

Even over in Europe, on the confines of France and Italy, he found the Indian corn transplanted and doing its duty nobly though in a foreign clime:

But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,
In different realms to give thee different names.
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polenta call, the French, of course, *Polente.*
E'en in thy native regions, now I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush!*
On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawn.*
All spurious appellations, void of truth;
I've better known thee from my earliest youth—
Thy name is *Hasty-Pudding!* thus my sire
Was won't to greet thee fuming from his fire.

A curious comparison next invites us to set beside this epic praise of one of the ways of serving the products of our national plant, the maize, with a lighter lyric, wherein a negro balladist has sung the joys that accompany another form, in which Indian-meal may be prepared for the tempting of our palates. Here are two stanzas of Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar's poem:

WHEN THE CO'N-PONE'S HOT.

Dey is times in life when Nature
Seems to slip a cog an' go,
Jes' a-rattlin' down creation,
Lak an ocean's overflow;
When the worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'
Lak a pickaninny's top,
An' yo' cup o' joy is brimmin'
Twell it seems about to slop.
An' you feel jes' lak a racah
Dat is trainin' fu' to trot—
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n-pone's hot.

* * * * * * *

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I have heerd o' lots o' sermons,
An' I've heerd o' lots o' prayers,
An' I've listened to some singin'
Dat has tuk me up de stairs
Of de Glory-Lan' an' set me
Jes' below de Mahster's th'one,
An' have lef' my hawt singin'
In a happy aftahtone,
But dem wu'ds so sweetly murmured
Seems to tech de softes' spot,
When my mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n-pone's hot.

Hasty-pudding and corn-pone, nourishing as they are and estimable in every way, lack distinction a little; they smack of the log cabin and of the negro quarters; they would not appeal to the Little Brothers of the Rich. For them rather does the miserable goose fatten his unhealthy liver; for them the canvasback seeks out the wild celery; for them the terrapin fulfils the end of his existence. Mr. Herman Oelrichs has rhymed for us his regret that the Roman epicures had to depart this life without having tasted the terrapin; and it is evident that the sympathetic poet believes their lives to have been wasted, and worse than wasted, since they failed of the bliss they were most capable of appreciating.

And if terrapin would be a dish worthy of Horace, what would Thackeray have thought of it? Thackeray penned "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse," and lent to that unsavoury and unsatisfactory mess —there is no other word for it than that! —the incomparable aroma of his playful pathos:

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
Or hotpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

The sentimental visitors to Marseilles who seek out a proper place to try to like that untempting dish, are rarely honest enough with themselves to admit that it is not the dish itself they have enjoyed, but the tenderness of Thackeray's touching verses:

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

The learned Dr. Gross is a professor in the University of Freiburg, and he is the author of a most interesting and most instructive treatise on "The Beginnings of Art," in the pages of which he discusses not only sculpture and architecture and painting, but also music and the dance, the drama and poetry. And some of the readers of this paper who may have supposed that it was only in a sophisticated period of high development and abundant leisure that man could spare time to rhyme recipes and to chant the charm of cookery, will be surprised to learn that this was rather a habit of that primitive man. "The lyric poetry of hunting tribes," so Dr. Gross assures us, "very rarely soars to a higher flight; it rather abides with unmistakable preference in the lower regions of sensuality. The coarsest material pleasures occupy a very large space in primitive verse; and we do these poets no wrong when we say that their lyric inspiration is quite as often of the stomach as of the heart. It must indeed appear a real sacrilege to an ideal æsthete that we presume to pass off the eating and drinking songs of the Australians and Botocudos, especially as poetical productions. They are, nevertheless, such, as they are truly expressions of feeling in verbal rhythmic form. No feeling is in and of itself poetic; and there is no feeling which cannot be made poetical if it is expressed in an æsthetic form for an æsthetic purpose. It may, moreover, soften the indignation that arises against the use that it is made here of the name of poetry, if we recollect that even the tenderest lyric poets of civilisation occasionally do not consider it unworthy of them to extol the pleasures of the table."

Arthur Penn.

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BALZAC AND MADAME HANSKA*

From the original documents in M. de Lovenjoul's possession. Translated from the French of the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul by Bradford Colt de Wolf.

I.

The 28th of February, 1832, was, perhaps, the most decisive day of Balzac's life.

But before relating one of the least known episodes of his existence, it is necessary to glance at his situation on the date just mentioned.

After long years of struggle, of rebuffs of every description, and attempts of every kind to make a name for himself, the novelist had, at last, been tasting, for nearly two years, the joys of success, while looking forward to the day of his complete triumph. But this he was destined never to reach, and his grave alone obtained that ray of glory so appropriately termed by him "the sunshine of the dead."

Like every dawn, the first caresses of Fortune are possessed with a power of seduction and a charm which the best established reputation can never bring back. So Balzac, until then scoffed at and despised, was enjoying, to his heart's content, these tardy smiles of Destiny. His vanity had at last received something besides wounds, and the immense self-conceit with which he was always consumed became more apparent than ever. While *The Last Chouan* had already drawn to him the attention of the public and of the critics, the publication of *The Physiology of Marriage* was, in reality the first signal for the change of fortune in his favour. Published anonymously in December, 1829, this work had given rise to much discussion. The book, however, was not of a kind, it must be acknowledged, to win Balzac the approbation and support of women, one of the principal objects of his ambition. The cynicism of thought, apparent throughout the book, is hardly veiled under a form which is almost constantly ironical. Two women, however, both of them well advanced in years, in 1829, Madame Hamelin and Madame Sophie Gay, are supposed to have inspired the work, and even to have dictated, so to speak, some of the least flattering anecdotes it contains for their sex.

*This book was crowned by the French Academy.

II.

The great outcry which soon arose against the book was in no way detrimental to its success. Then, in order to win back the approbation of the feminine readers, who were henceforth to be the stoutest champions of his writings, Balzac hastened to publish the *Scenes of Private Life,* the purest work of inspiration, perhaps, which he produced. It was not, be it understood, the *Scenes of Private Life* such as they are contained to-day in *The Human Comedy.* For the two volumes, published in April, 1830, under the title which he afterward gave to the entire first book of his *Studies of Manners and Customs,* contained only "The Vendetta," the "Dangers of Misconduct," "The Ball of Sceaux; or, The Peer of France," "Glory and Misfortune," "The Virtuous Woman" and "Peace in the Household." This time Balzac at once conquered the feminine element of the reading public. No writer had until then expressed with such a delicacy of feeling certain exclusively womanly sentiments, and this only four months after having published a work which the majority of his feminine readers had derided and declared to be quite unworthy of his previous productions. The success of the *Scenes of Private Life* proved a turning-point in Balzac's life; for from that time he received numerous demands for "copy" from newspaper and magazine editors. His financial difficulties were such at this time that he was obliged immediately to accept all these offers, whether they came from the champions or the adversaries of his political opinions. Henceforth, therefore, he contributed to publications of the most diverse description. A monarchist in his articles written for *La Mode,* he was a merciless satirist of royalty in his contributions to *La Carica-*

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ture and *La Silhouette*. At the same time he wrote articles for *Le Voleur*, under the head of *Parisian Letters*, and for the *Revue de Paris*, while working on the *Peau de Chagrin*, which he published in August, 1831.

This last-named work, so entirely different from any of the novelist's preceding publications, was received with no less surprise, and visited with bitter attack and enthusiastic praise. Balzac was far from being displeased at the controversy which his book stirred up, for it was owing to these very discussions that his renown spread rapidly. But it was from this period that the critics of the Parisian newspapers almost without exception inveighed against him, and this fact, which at first gave him but slight concern, ended by causing him numberless wounds and much bitterness of mind.

III.

There was still to be found, at that time throughout Europe, an intellectual feminine aristocracy, of which there is hardly any equivalent to-day. Since then everything has tended to make it disappear, and modern society, without leisure and devoid of culture, with none but material aims, has succeeded only too well in destroying this *élite*.

In Russia, especially in that France of the north where the study of the French language and of French art had, more than elsewhere, been kept up, Balzac's works had awakened strong sympathies and great interest. How many idle women of the Russian aristocracy, living far away from the world, buried alive on their immense estates, in those splendid princely châteaux of the Ukraine or of Volhynia, removed from all intercourse with their fellow beings—how many among them found in the first works of the great novelist moral help and even consolation! In France, moreover, the impression was the same, and many a feminine reader, whose interest had been aroused by the author of those books, so new and so varied, did not hesitate to write to him anonymously, and to question him while concealing her identity under a more or less well-contrived disguise. The Marchioness de Castries was thus one of the first of Balzac's anonymous correspondents. His answer, published to-day in the *Correspondence*, easily lets it be understood of what nature were the questions put to him. Madame de Castries, moreover, soon made herself known to her correspondent, and her relations with the young author continued henceforth to be quite open.

This could not be the case with a feminine admirer, who was nearly always confined in her husband's château in a remote part of Russia, and with no means to send a letter secretly to France. Such was, in 1831, the situation of the woman whom, nineteen years afterward, Balzac was to marry, after having reached the last stages of the disease which was to carry him off four months later, and who, by this tardy marriage, was to bring him the last happiness of his life.

IV.

The descendant of a great Polish noble family, Countess Evelina Rzewuska, was born in her parents' château, called Pohrebyszcze, in the government of Kief, according to some on December 25, 1803 (January 6, 1804), and according to others, two years later, December 25, 1805 (January 6, 1806). As Balzac was born on May 20, 1799, she was, therefore, either three or five years and a few months the younger of the two. Moreover, owing to the difference of twelve days between the Russian and the Gregorian calendar, Madame Hanska was always easily able to make herself out a year younger than her real age.

She was brought up among a numerous family, consisting of her three sisters and three brothers, nearly all of whom played important parts either in Russia or in France. Caroline, Madame Hanska's best known sister, after having first become Madame Lobanski and then Madame Schirkoff, married as her third husband M. Jules Lacroix, the translator of Sophocles and of Shakespeare. Some people even affirm that she was married four times, and that her fourth husband was General de Witt.

The second sister, Pauline, married general Baron Jean Riznitch. She lived at a relatively short distance—the extent of the country being taken into consideration—from M. de Hanski's property. One of her two daughters, Countess

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Keller, famed under the Second Empire for her beauty and her wit, afterward married the Marquis de Saint-Yoes. She died a few years ago. The other, as beautiful and as clever as her sister, married Count Ciechanowiecki in 1863, when he was Marshal of the Polish Nobility, while his father-in-law was Minister of the Interior. Countess Ciechanowiecka died some fifteen years ago. She was better known in St. Petersburg than in Paris. Madame Hanska's third sister, Madame Stanislas Moniusko, left two daughters, Madame Vankowicz and Madame Martini.

Of Madame Hanska's three brothers

HOUSE AT TOURS IN WHICH BALZAC WAS BORN.

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—Count Henry, Count Ernest and Count Adam Rzewuski—the first was one of the most popular of Polish writers. He had two daughters: Countess Czapska and Madame Kiecierzka. One of Countess Czapska's daughters, Madame Kolemine, was married, morganatically, under the name of Countess de Romrod, to the reigning Grand Duke Louis of Hessé.

Madame Hanska's second brother was in the army and reached the rank of colonel. The third, who was a general and aide-de-camp to the Czar, died in his château of Wierzchownia—where Balzac had so often visited—leaving several children, among them the Princess William Radziwill, who published several novels in Paris under the *nom-de-plume* of "A Great Russian Lady," and Count Stanislas Rzewuski, well known to the reading public by his literary works in French and Polish. His beautiful drama, *Faustine,* was played, it will be remembered, at the Porte Saint-Martin, with Madame Jane Hading in the title-rôle. This nephew by marriage of Balzac really does him honour. His brothers, Count Léonce and Adam Rzewuski, are both of them officers in the Russian army.

V.

Reverses of fortune had compelled young Evelina's parents to seek a rich husband for her. This they found in the person of M. Venceslas de Hanski, who married her in 1818 according to some, in 1822 according to others, bringing her no other advantage, it must be stated, excepting wealth. Twenty-five years older than his wife—he was born in 1778—and of an unsociable disposition, although he had been educated at Vienna in the most refined society of the time, M. de Hanski spent the greater part of the year in his château of Wierzchownia, in the Ukraine, surrounded by his immense fields of wheat, which, notwithstanding their marvellous fertility, were, owing to the lack of roads and of markets, almost profitless.

Let the reader be reminded here, as a matter of curiosity, that in 1834 Balzac, who was always delighted at the opportunity to bring into his writings some trace of reality, as soon as he became acquainted with the name of Wierzchownia, gave it to the Polish nobleman in the French service, who is one of the characters of his beautiful work, *The Search for the Absolute.* M. de Wierzchownia, who is spending a night with Balthasar Claës, at Douai, explains to him his own theory of the absolute, and thus becomes the involuntary cause of all the misfortunes which afterward befall the entire family of the French inventor. Balzac, on the other hand, had already, in 1833, in *The Country Doctor,* given the name of Evelina to the heroine of the tragedy, the results of which decided M. Benassis to leave the world and retire to a poor village, where he becomes the benefactor of the inhabitants.

Between 1824 and 1831, the birth of five children to Madame Hanska—her name is nearly invariably quoted in this manner, although, as will be seen, her husband signed his letters Venceslas *de* Hanski—brought her a succession of sorrows. Of these five children, born at short intervals during a period of ten years, but one, a girl called Anna, lived. The other four, of whom three were boys, died in infancy. The young mother from that time bestowed all her affection on the only heiress of M. de Hanski's property. She never left her a single day from the hour of her birth until the moment of her marriage to Count George Muiszech, October 13, 1846, while lavishing upon this beloved child unceasing proofs of the most devoted maternal affection. Beautiful, intelligent, cultured and remarkably gifted from an intellectual point of view, the Countess Eva, as she was always called after her marriage, sought and found in reading a supreme resource against the tediousness of her empty and monotonous life.

It may easily be imagined what a deep impression the first works of Balzac made upon a woman with such a temperament. She devoured all of Balzac's novels, from *The Last Chouan* to the *Peau de Chagrin,* with ever-increasing interest. But this last book, notwithstanding its many attractive features, did not seem to her to be the work she had hoped for after the *Scenes of Private Life.* Imbued as she was by her education, like most of her countrywomen, with great religious fervour, she had looked forward to, as a sequel to Balzac's

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first publications, a series of productions with even more delicacy of feeling, and bearing the imprint of that poetical mysticism with which the women of her race are endowed.

As this hope of hers had not been realised, the disappointment which followed left such a trace in her mind that she soon conceived the idea of informing Balzac himself of the fact.

VI.

But how could she, from the remote spot in which she lived, carry out her design without arousing the attention and the suspicions of those around her? Unless we are greatly mistaken, Madame Hanska solved this problem, thanks to her daughter's governess, Mademoiselle Henriette Borel, whose home was in Neuchâtel, Switzerland, where Balzac and his correspondent were afterward to meet for the first time. Mademoiselle Borel was, doubtless, the secretary who wrote the letter destined for the great writer and who undertook to send it to France. Everything certainly makes us believe that this supposition is the correct one.

Nevertheless, it may be that this first missive was written by a relative of Madame Hanska, Mademoiselle Dénise Wylezynska, who, together with her sister, Séverine, lived for many years with the owners of Wierzchownia. In this manner may be explained the dedication: To D[enise] W[ylezynska], inscribed by Balzac (or by his widow?) at the head of the last edition of *La Grenadière*, a dedication written in red pencil, and forming one of the posthumous corrections on the author's personal copy of *The Human Comedy*. This replaced the preceding dedication, "To Caroline," addressed in reality to Madame Marbouty (Claire Brunne), as we have stated elsewhere. (See *Autour de Honoré de Balzac.*)

Let it be said incidentally that the Wylezynski family consisted of a brother, called Thaddeus, who died in 1844, and of six sisters. We have already mentioned two of these: Denise, who died in 1883, and Séverine, who died in October, 1889. The third, Madame Abramowcz, bore the name of Marie; the fourth, that of Constance; she died in 1879; the fifth was called Pauline, and the sixth Octavia. This last mentioned married the Baron de Lowenthal. Her two daughters are well known in Parisian society: one is the Dowager Duchess Decazes, and the other the Marquise de Beauvoir.

VII.

The letter in question, signed "l'Etrangère," and bearing the stamp of the Odessa post-office, was, therefore, addressed to Balzac in care of the editor of *Peau de Chagrin*, the publisher Gosselin, at Paris. On finding it there, exactly on this date of February 28, 1832, which we have already mentioned, the great writer little suspected what influence the contents of this fragile envelope would have upon his future, or the place which this small sheet of paper—so similar in appearance to the flood of idle letters with which all celebrities are importuned—was henceforth to hold in his life!

This first proof of an interest the nature of which was soon to change has, unfortunately, not been found so far. Perhaps the letter was destroyed in 1847, when, as the result of a dramatic incident, Balzac burned all the letters he had received from Madame Hanska, or, perhaps, did he, by repeatedly reading it over, involuntarily destroy it himself? We are unable to make a definite statement in the matter. In any case we have not found it among the portion of his papers which are in our possession. This we greatly regret, for the letter in question must have been very remarkable to have made such a strong impression on the future author of *The Human Comedy*.

It seems that after having given him most enthusiastic praise for the *Scenes of Private Life*, "l'Etrangère" reproached him for having forgotten, in *La Peau de Chagrin*, what had made the success of his previous works—that is to say, the delicacy of feeling and the refinement of his feminine characters—and thus to have shaken the pedestal on which he had never ceased to place them in the *Scenes*. She then begged him to make a return to the highest sources of his previous inspirations, by relinquishing his ironical or sceptical portrait paintings, which have as their starting-point the lowering of woman or the denial of the

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noble and pure rôle that is hers when she understands the mission which the Almighty has given her to fulfil on earth.

Balzac was greatly impressed with this advice, and much interested concerning the identity of "l'Etrangère." He was then just about to publish the first volume of his *Droll Stories,* which had been finished in March, 1832, and the coincidence of this publication of so Rabelaisian a book, following upon the reception of Madame Hanska's letter, caused him considerable annoyance. This last production of his pen could not, he felt, please his correspondent, who, by concealing her name, prevented him from

PORTRAIT OF BALZAC IN THE MUSEUM AT TOURS.

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explaining himself and from giving a response to so sincere and disinterested a proof of her regard for him. Nevertheless, his strong desire to let his distant correspondent know that her letter had reached him safely made him contrive a means to achieve his purpose, which we will speak of later on, an exceedingly ingenious method, although it remained without result.

Notwithstanding his extreme cautiousness in such matters, Balzac could not this time resist the temptation to relate the fact and to show to some of his friends (among them Madame Zulma Carraud) this letter, which, coming from such a distance, tickled in a most delightful manner his insatiable vanity. But after a period of exuberant expansiveness to these friends, Balzac suddenly became completely reserved toward them concerning his northern admirer. He made a return all at once to the habits of discretion which were habitual with him when women were in question, and became as circumspect as he had at first been expansive when, owing to the remoteness of his correspondent, he deemed it impossible for any one to discover her identity. This change of attitude was the result of another letter from the same person and sent in the same manner which had recently reached him.

How many letters did Balzac receive in this manner? No one knows. But we* own two of them, neither of which is in Madame Hanska's handwriting. The first of these, it must be acknowledged, hardly seems to us to justify the impression made upon Balzac's mind by the letter which has been lost. Expressed in somewhat obscure language, nothing even indicates in the letter that it is not the first one of the correspondence between Balzac and Madame Hanska. One thing only, it will be noticed, is cleverly concealed by the writer: her surroundings and real position in life. The second letter, much more precise, seems to have been written under a different inspiration, and if the style, the paper and the handwriting did not prove their common origin, it might almost be believed that they had been composed by two entirely different persons.

*M. de Lovenjoul.

VIII.

Following is the first of these letters. The date alone allows one to suppose that, since February 28, 1832, other letters from the same source had reached Balzac:

NOVEMBER 7, 1832.

SIR: Being a foreigner, it would not be surprising if I should make use of expressions which might not seem to you to be strictly in accordance with French rules of grammar, but, nevertheless, I feel that I must write you and express to you, with all the enthusiasm I am capable of, the great admiration which your works have called forth in me.

Your soul seems to have been in existence for centuries, sir; your philosophical conceptions can only be the result of years of long study; and yet I am told that you are still young. I should like to become acquainted with you, though I think it is hardly necessary; an instinct of my soul tells me what you are; I picture you to myself and I would exclaim, There he is! were I to see you.

Your exterior personality does not, I feel certain, indicate how vivid is your imagination; it is necessary to arouse you to awaken in you the sacred fire of genius which then enables one to see you as you really are; and you are what I feel you to be: a man with a superior knowledge of the human heart!

A thrill went through me as I read your books; you elevate woman to her proper position; love with her is a heavenly virtue, a divine production; I admire in you that admirable sensibility of soul which has made you understand this.

You must love and be loved in return; an ideal union of hearts must thus have been effected; your soul must experience unknown felicities; "l'Etrangère" loves you both and wishes to be your friend; she, likewise, knew how to love, but that is all. Oh! you will understand me! . . .

Your career is a brilliant one, strewn with sweet and perfumed flowers; you must be happy and will ever be so.

At the time when I was reading your works I became identified with you, with your genius; your soul appeared to me to be full of light. I followed you step by step, proud of the praise which was lavished on you, or overcome with sorrow when bitter criticism poured its poisoned gall upon you. Several criticisms, nevertheless, seemed to me to be just, and notwithstanding my predilection for you I trembled.

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I should like to unveil to you **all** the sincerity of my attachment for you, and prove it by telling you the naked truth.

But would you care for *truth* from a person unknown to you, but who loves you and does not hesitate to say so?

Your genius appears to me to be sublime, but it must become divine; truth alone must make you attain this end; I see you as one soul does another; that is my only merit! Your genius is capable of everything; pure, colossal, its source is divine, its outpourings sacred. I should like to wrap you up in it, that you might live without succumbing to any of the numerous temptations which must surround your person, your talents and your genius!

For you I am l'Etrangère" and will remain so all my life; you will never know me! . . .

As for myself, I think I understand your soul, which, with all its celestial emanations, may be discerned in your works. You know what love is and describe it with an angel's spirit. Oh! if you closely study the sacred enthusiasm which animates you, then most certainly will you produce works which will be handed down to posterity, and will throw great light upon the highest sum of real happiness attainable by man!

I wish to write to you occasionally and relate to you my thoughts and reflections; do not look upon me as a fanatical being, enthusiastic over exalted ideas; no, I am truthful and plain in my language, but timid and apprehensive; I am of such a retiring disposition that I am barely noticed by people as a rule; I have no force, no energy, no courage excepting for what seems to me to be connected with the sentiment which animates me—love! I knew how to love, and I still love; no one has been able to understand the soul of fire which consumed all my being; you will understand me, you; you will feel as I do, that I was destined to love once, just once, and if I were not understood, to vegetate and die! . . . I have given my heart, my soul, and no return! . . .

My life will have been a sorrowful dream of deceived hope, and yet I should not be willing to lose the remembrance of such a love! It is man's ideal conception of the Infinite which can produce everything; it is more than I can describe, it is to understand God!

Your writings have filled me with a feeling of deep enthusiasm; you are a luminous meteor which is destined to give direction and life to a new sense, but beware of reefs! . . . They surround you, I feel it! . . . I have neither talent nor genius, but a profound longing for truth permeates me. I would like to be an angel of light and protect you from all danger; the fire of your intelligence animates me; I can neither depict nor describe it, like you, with burning touches, but my entire being breathes it, and wishes to see you attain, without blemish, the end of a career which appears to me to be more closely connected with God than with other men.

In other words, you have possession of all my being; I admire your talent, I render homage to your soul; I would like to be your sister! . . .

I might show you some errors in your works, but never any untruth; I am whole-souled, and have but one virtue: to love, and I love for eternity! . . . How often have I wished myself near you when you have been wrapped up in those profound thoughts which you describe so well, when alone in silence with your powerful personality, alone with your brilliant imagination, when your every thought is a marvel of moral force, of almost supernatural forethought, and which, nevertheless, makes us feel so well that man's power of comprehension is almost without limit. Every night you thus give birth to some new idea; when everything around you is asleep your genius remains awake to bring us a superabundance of power, of harmony and of love!

At a distance of a thousand leagues from you I see you as you are; I seem to live in your life, with your thoughts, but I can only feel them, not describe them. I should like to argue with you over your books, to express to you my enthusiasm or my blame; with you alone, and for you alone, to be your judge, your moral counsellor and your conscience.

An eternal truth animates me—I feel it; it inflames me; you alone can understand this and describe these sacred throbs of pure love, that make me love to live and live to love, and, with a calm and resigned enthusiasm enable me to look forward to a future which, I feel, will be one of happiness and joy for man if he can seize the electric spark that seems to me to be eternal truth, and which, uniting nature, love and truth, must reveal to man his harmonic existence, and say to him: *"See what you are, see what you should be!"* A word from you, in *La Quotidienne,* will let me know if you have received my letter and that I can write you without fear. Sign it: *A l'E. B.*

L'ETRANGÈRE.

(To be continued.)

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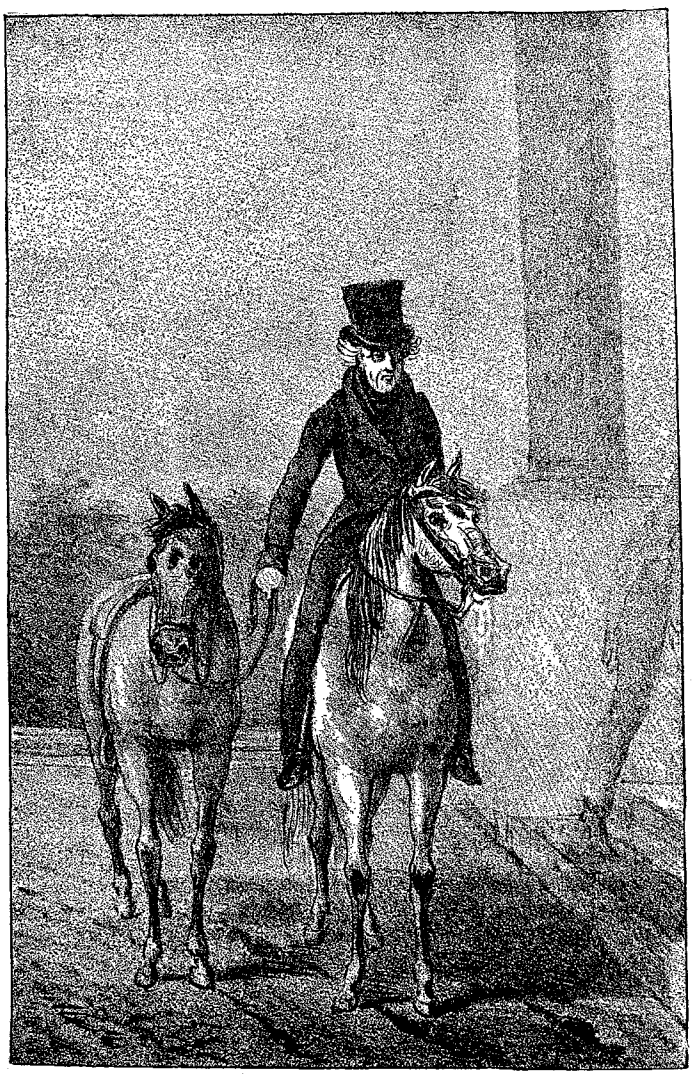
MRS. TROLLOPE'S BOOK ON THE AMERICANS*

Anthony Trollope, in the second chapter of his *Autobiography,* devotes two short paragraphs to his mother's first and most famous book:

In 1827 she went to America, having been partly instigated by the social and communistic ideas of a lady whom I well remember—a certain Miss Wright—who was, I think, the first of the American female lecturers. Her chief desire, however, was to establish my brother Henry; and perhaps joined with that was the additional object of breaking up her English home without pleading broken fortunes to all the world. At Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, she built a bazaar, and I fancy lost all the money which may have been embarked in that speculation. It could not have been much, and I think others also must have suffered; but she looked about her, at her American cousins, and resolved to write a book about them. This book she brought back with her in 1831, and published it early in 1832. When she did this she was already fifty. When doing this she was aware that unless she could so succeed in making money, there was no money for any

*This paper forms in part the Introduction to a reprint of Mrs. Trollope's *Domestic Manners of the Americans.* New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.



"THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES" (ANDREW JACKSON).

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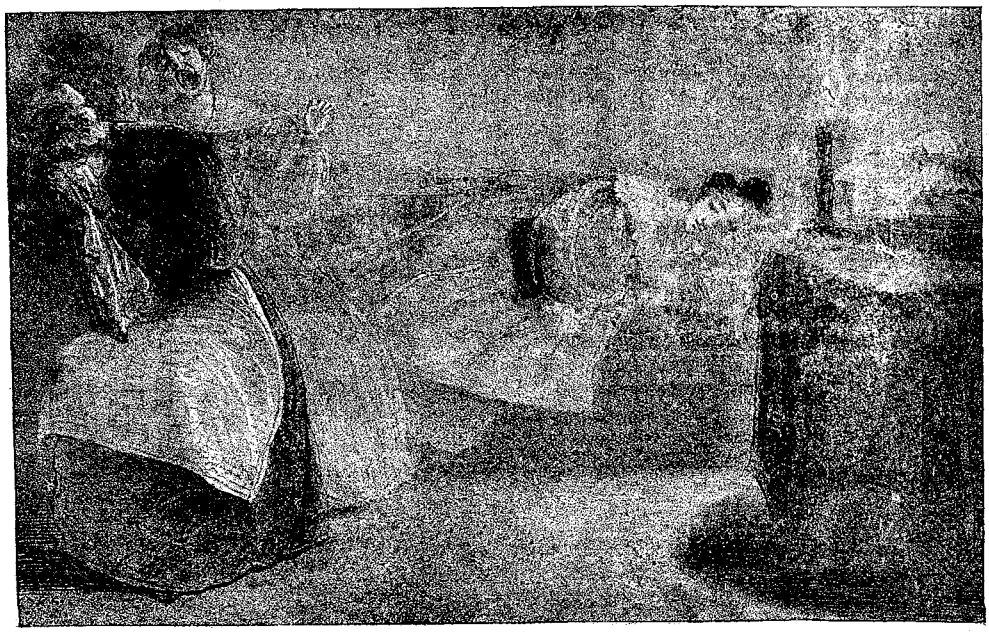
of the family. She had never before earned a shilling. She almost immediately received a considerable sum from the publishers—if I remember rightly—amounting to two sums of £400 each within a few months; and from that moment till nearly the time of her death, at any rate, for more than twenty years, she was in the receipt of a considerable income from her writings. It was a late age at which to begin such a career.

The *Domestic Manners of the Americans* was the first of a series of books of travels, of which it was probably the best, and certainly the best known. It will not be too much to say of it that it had a material effect upon the manners of the Americans of the day, and that this effect has been fully appreciated by them. No observer was certainly ever less qualified to judge of the prospects, or even of the happiness, of a young people. No one could have been worse adapted by nature for the task of learning whether a nation was in a way to thrive. Whatever she saw she judged, as most women do, from her own standing-point. If a thing was ugly in her eyes, it ought to be ugly to all eyes—and if ugly, it must be bad. What though people have plenty to eat and clothes to wear, if they put their feet upon the tables and do not reverence their betters? The Americans were to her rough, uncouth and vulgar—and she told them so. Those communistic and social ideas which had been so pretty in a drawing-room were scattered to the winds. Her volumes were very bitter; but they were very clever, and they saved the family from ruin.

Mr. Trollope was mistaken in thinking his mother's book the first of those written by English travellers on America. There had been others before it, such as those of Mr. Fawkes and Mr. Fearon, and notably Captain Basil Hall's *Travels in North America,* which had appeared in 1829, and to whose reception in the United States Mrs. Trollope herself devotes an entire chapter; but he is entirely justified in regarding it (from a literary standpoint) as the best. It is superior to the work of Captain Hall, just mentioned. It is superior to Miss Martineau's and to Captain Marryat's, both of which followed it within a few years. It is even superior to the *American Notes* of Dickens, in spite of the pains which that author bestowed upon the record of his travels. And the reasons of this superiority are not far to seek. Mrs. Trollope's knowledge of the country was gained by residence and by personal contact. She had spent almost as many years in the United States as the other writers had spent months; and she had become intimately familiar with phases



"EVENING AT A BOARDING-HOUSE."

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of American life of which they knew absolutely nothing. She was not a literary lion like Miss Martineau, and for her, therefore, the people whom she met were not her entertainers; and the society that she found was not consciously on show. Equally important is the fact that in her narrative she made no attempt to pass upon the government, the laws, the institutions, or the politics of the country, but kept strictly to the theme that gives the title to her book—the domestic manners of the Americans. These she pictured with all a woman's passion for detail, with all a woman's keen appreciation of personal description, and with a

"ANCIENT AND MODERN REPUBLIC."

wealth of anecdote and illustration, carefully garnered in the daily intercourse of nearly four years.

It has almost always been taken for granted that Mrs. Trollope's deliberate purpose in writing her book was to vilify and caricature everything American. Of such a purpose, however, the book itself gives absolutely not a single indication. The whole drift of what she wrote is, of course, distinctly unfavourable; but it is evidently set down with a distinctly honest purpose. Mrs. Trollope herself, as her son has told us, had come to America with a strong desire to be pleased with what she was to find, being something of a radical in her politics at home and imbued with notions verging even upon communism. That with this friendly predisposition she wrote so bitter a book, is to be attributed partly to the peculiarly feminine cast of her mind, as set forth in the paragraphs just quoted, but more largely to the circumstances of her stay. She spent but little time in the older and more settled portions of the country, passing through them only on her journey home. The New England States she never visited at all. Her first and most lasting impressions were formed in the course of her three years' residence in Cincinnati.

In 1827, Cincinnati was a little town of some twenty thousand inhabitants, lying on the extreme western limits of our civilisation. Its real growth had begun only eleven years before, with the opening of the Ohio to steam navigation. It was still removed very far from the centres of wealth and cultivation; it was difficult of access, rude in appearance, and with a population whose character was the logical outcome of its environment. A refined and luxury-loving woman, fond of social pleasures, the friend of Mathias, Milman and Miss Landon, was suddenly transferred from a London drawing-room to this little, raw back-

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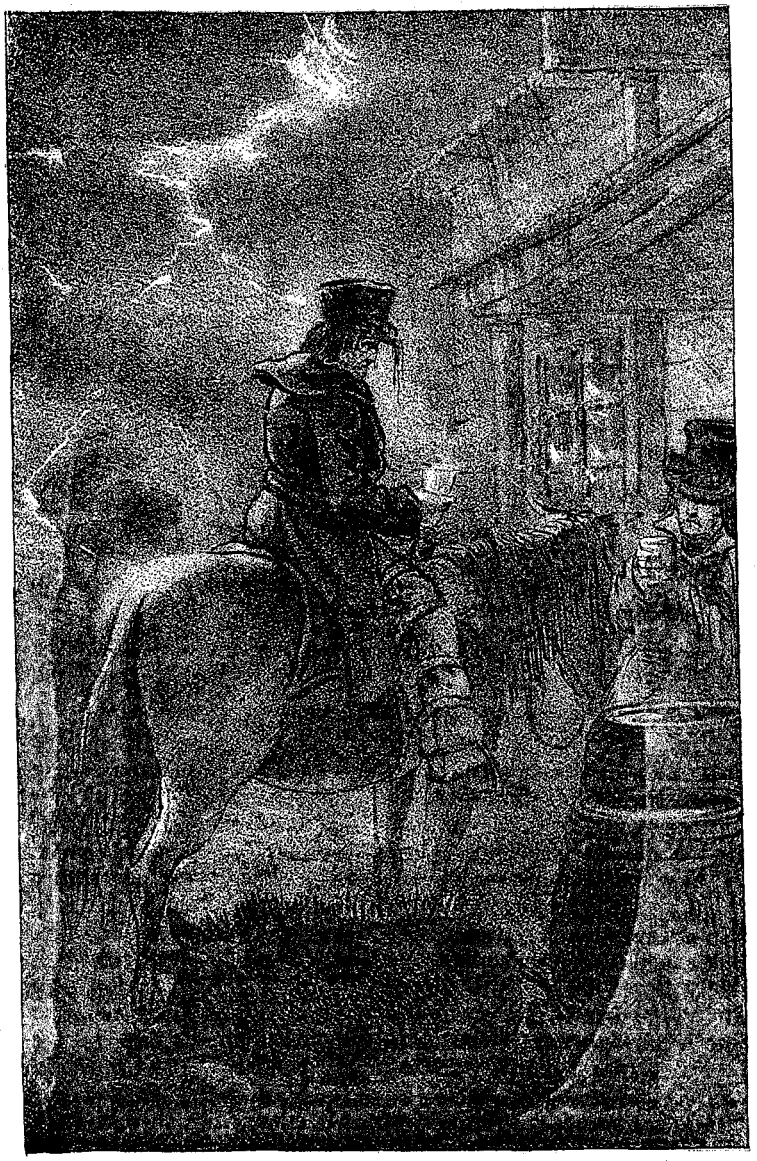
woods settlement, the Ultima Thule of civilisation, whose very name as yet was scarcely known in Europe; and there she was forced by circumstances to seek a living among men who drank whiskey, chewed tobacco, and kept their hats on in her parlour, and among women who entered her house uninvited, and who habitually spoke of her as "the English old woman." She could not see that this roughness was only an incident of the early stages of the social evolution of the West, and was destined soon to pass away. She could not recognise and admire the battle with nature that was going on around her, the onward sweep of material progress preparing the way for the graces of life that would soon inevitably follow. She was simply a woman who found everything about her extremely uncongenial and repulsive, and who saw only what was actually before her eyes. The awkward manners, the high-pitched voices, the hard, unlovely faces, the pig-killing, the whiskey-drinking, the endless electioneering, the



"'HERE'S TO YOU, COLONEL.' 'SAD WEATHER, MAJOR.'"

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greed for gain, the worship of "smartness," the uneasy self-consciousness that half suspected its own crudity, the ignorance, the bragging—all these things she saw, and with a woman's fondness for generalisation she let them stand to her as the necessary outcome of democracy. To her they meant America.

Hence it is that while her picture is unfavourable, it is, so far as it goes, a truthful picture. She wrote of what she saw, and if she saw only one side of the shield, it is because she was no political or social philosopher, but only a woman, with the keenest vision for what lay upon the surface, with a clever pen, and with a thoroughly feminine mind. That she was willing to admire as well as to condemn there are many passages in her book to show. She continually dwells upon the beauty of the natural scenery. She finds much to praise in the Eastern towns, especially New York and Baltimore. She greatly admires the National Capitol, and even sees something to commend in Trumbull's paintings. There are frequent notes of pleasure in speaking of the friendships that she made among Americans. She utters no cant upon the subject of slavery, as so many English writers of the day saw fit to do. In fact, whatever she writes *sincere sonat;* and the inherent truth of her description is unconsciously corroborated

"THE TOILET."

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by the far more friendly and more philosophical narrative of Harriet Martineau ten years later. Such bits of exaggeration as are to be detected are readily separable from their context, and are purely literary in their motive; as in her anecdote of the patriotic gentleman who took out a graduated pencil-case in order to prove to her by actual measurements on the map that England was smaller than one of our least important States. This the reader is willing to accept as a possible occurrence; but when she goes on to say that having completed his demonstration, this person triumphantly replaced his pencil-case, and with his feet upon the chimney-piece whistled Yankee Doodle—*c'est un peu trop fort,* and we are probably justified in setting it down as a bit of literary colour.

It is interesting to note the coincidence in many places between Mrs. Trollope's narrative and certain famous passages of *Martin Chuzzlewit;* though, so far as we are aware, this coincidence has never been made the subject of comment. One might almost fancy that Mrs. Trollope's descriptions are the material from

"BOX AT THE THEATRE."

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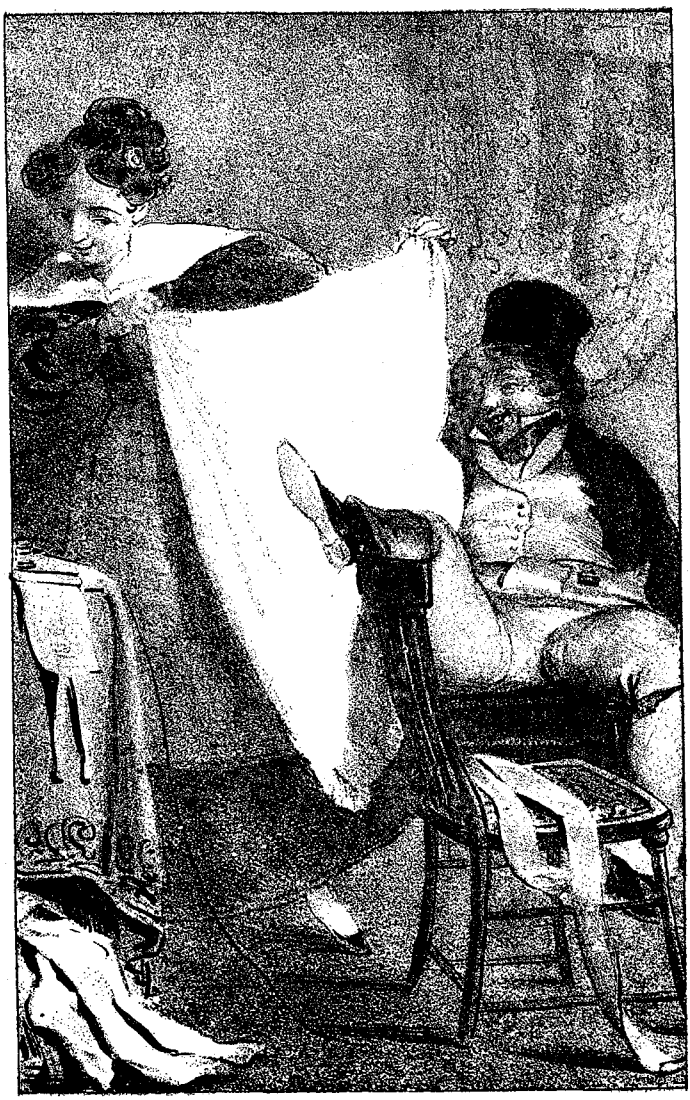
which the more highly coloured pictures of Dickens were elaborated. Thus, the gentleman of Vernon who expressed his disgust for law may stand as a dim archetype of the great Elijah Pogram in his noble contempt for table manners. The literary lady who wrote "sat-heres" irresistibly suggests the immortal Mrs. Hominy, the Mother of the Modern Gracchi. The sociable milkman of Cincinnati, whose conversation is described at some length, is a milder and less belligerent Hannibal Chollop. Mark Tapley's "military officers" meet us early in the book. The poetical shoemaker in Chapter IX. is probably a first cousin to Putnam Smif; the hotel proprietor at Memphis is doubtless Captain Kedgick; and the Watertoast Sympathisers described in *Martin Chuzzlewit* are to be found as individuals scattered throughout Mrs. Trollope's book.

These are the lighter and more amusing passages of the volumes. There are others of great suggestiveness and power. Such, for instance, is the account of the camp-meeting scene at midnight, which is absolutely truthful and is told with a realism that is almost painful. Equal in interest are the revival scenes;



"MISS CLARISSA AND MR. SMITH."

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the description of the religious debate between Alexander Campbell (founder of the Campbellites) and Robert Dale Owen; the account of the reception of President Jackson at Cincinnati; the writer's impressions of slavery; her picture of the city of Washington in 1830; her view of life in a Philadelphia boarding-house; and her survey of contemporary American literature. All of these chapters are written with sobriety and good sense, enlivened by a singularly vivacious and pungent style; and with innumerable anecdotes drawn from Mrs. Trollope's own experiences, they possess no slight historical value for the student of our social conditions in the days when, to borrow an expression of Mr. Henry James, American society was not only provincial, but parochial.

A word should be said about the illustrations which were contributed to the original edition of the book by Auguste Hervieu, an illustrator and painter of French extraction, who enjoyed some vogue in London from 1830 to 1850. His sketches are quite remarkable for the way in which they have caught the spirit of Mrs. Trollope's most malicious moods, and have given to the eye those American types which are delineated with such graphic power in the text itself. Mr. Hervieu's Americans are absolutely the Americans whom Englishmen at that time wished to see. They are sharp-featured, ineffably conceited, ignorant, suspicious and narrow, and the beaver hats which they wear are in themselves creations of genius. It is possible that these pictures rasped the nerves of our countrymen even more than did Mrs. Trollope's text; for in the contemporaneous American reprints of the book only eight of them were given, though in the English edition of 1832 there were twenty-four. We are glad that the handsome reprint which is now before us contains reproductions of all the original lithographs, since these are really an essential and inseparable part of a work which has in a way become historic.

The reception which was given in this country to the book when it first appeared in 1832 is almost indescribable. The frenzied denunciation of it surpassed even the denunciation which was bestowed upon a like narrative written by Captain Basil Hall of the British Navy three years before. So violently was Captain Hall's book denounced that Mrs. Trollope herself has devoted a chapter to its reception in this country. She tells us that she had a good deal of difficulty in securing a copy of it, because the bookseller to whom she applied told her that as soon as he discovered the outrageous character of the work he had resolved not to sell it to any one. "Other persons of his profession must, however, have been less scrupulous; for the book was read in city, town, village and hamlet, steamboat and stage-coach, and a sort of war-whoop was sent forth perfectly unprecedented in my recollection upon any occasion whatever. . . . In fact, it was a sort of moral earthquake, and the vibration it occasioned through the nerves of the Republic from one corner of the Union to the other was by no means over when I left the country a couple of years after the shock." The expression of American feeling on the subject of Captain Hall's *Travels in North America* was, however, a gentle zephyr compared with the furious blast of passionate vituperation which greeted Mrs. Trollope's volumes. It was thought unpatriotic to publish them at all without suppressing some of the illustrations and prefixing to the text an elaborately sarcastic preface, written by some American patriot who did not, however, sign his name to what he wrote. A few extracts from this preface are of interest as showing how seriously Mrs. Trollope's animadversions were taken and how deeply her criticisms rankled. The tone of the American editor is one of an assumed jocularity, pitched, however, in a falsetto which betrays the quiver of a fierce resentment. Here is an example of what was intended for biting sarcasm:

> Had the author cherished the least spark of ill-will toward the good people of this country, instead of contenting herself with merely making every man in the United States a chewer of tobacco and spitter of tobacco-juice in people's faces, she might with almost equal truth have extended the practice to women and children, the latter of whom, from a feeling of friendly commiseration, she has neglected to tell her readers, begin to use tobacco by the time they are a week old, and some of them still earlier. The good-natured author has also

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neglected to apprize the English public that it is the universal practice in the United States for gentlemen, as soon as they have finished their dinner, to call for a pitchfork or a chestnut-rail, wherewith to pick their teeth. Some prefer one, some the other; but, on the whole, the pitchfork is the favourite. We might instance various other particulars in which the spirit of Christian moderation appears with such lustre in the work; but the omission to notice practices so unseemly as those just specified, and so notorious to all, will, I think, be quite sufficient evidence of the character of the writer.

The American editor pays his respects to Mr. Hervieu in the following passage:

An English lady, doubtless, would scarcely descend to that singular minutiæ of painting in which our author so frequently indulges herself. I allude to the stories of the "bugs;" the curious description and innuendoes of the camp-meeting scene; the episode of the amorous parson; the dialogue between Miss Clarissa and Mr. Smith, illustrated so happily by the accompanying plate; and, above all, the representation of the scene at the theatre, and the young lady half dressed at her toilet. It will be seen that this last is sketched by a Mr. Hervieu, who, of course, must have been present in the lady's dressing-room while the operation was going on, or, like another peeping Tom, looked through the keyhole. The English ladies are not what I believe them to be if they, or any one of them, would so far forget what was due to themselves and the character of their country, as to lend their name and sanction to a gross violation of the common decorums of life, and an exposure in itself not only treacherous, but indecent. No lady, I will venture to say, of any nation, would stand godmother to a book *embellished* with such illustrations as accompany the *Domestic Manners of the Americans;* and I owe it to the publishers to state that they had some scruples about perpetuating these gross and indelicate caricatures, but were at length induced to waive their modesty on the occasion, from a desire to initiate their American readers into an idea of the refinement and delicacy of this travelling lady.

The following paragraph concludes the preface. It is intended as a tremendous climax of scathing satire:

Some persons, of no contemptible sagacity, have hinted to me the possibility of Captain 'All being Mrs. Trollope, instead of Mrs. Trollope being Captain 'All. The idea is feasible, and deserves a passing examination, although the result is of little or no consequence to us; for whether the Captain is Mrs. Trollope, or Mrs. Trollope the Captain, concerns only the English ladies, who will doubtless be grateful to me for attempting this vindication of their manners and character. That they are one and the same is certain, but I confess there is some difficulty in ascertaining the sex of these twin gossips. When I listen to the garrulous foppery of the Captain, I feel irresistibly inclined to pronounce him to be Mrs. Trollope, or some such ugly old woman in the disguise of a man; but when I ponder over the coarse delineations, the indelicate allusions, and bug and spitting stories of Mrs. Trollope, I am as irresistibly drawn to the conviction that it is some conceited, ignorant Jack-tar, breaking his forecastle jests, with a quid of tobacco in his mouth, and his canvas hat knowingly adjusted on one side of his head. Thus am I again brought back to the region of doubt, and thus am I obliged to leave the subject to the industry of some future inquirer. Enough, I trust, however, hath been said to prove to the satisfaction of every impartial reader either that Captain Basil 'All is Mrs. Trollope in breeches, or that Mrs. Trollope is Captain Basil 'All in petticoats.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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TWELVE BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

Mr. Balfour's "Life of Stevenson."*

Mr. Graham Balfour's *Life of Stevenson* is a book to be received with respect and gratitude, if scarcely with enthusiasm. It is written from an official point of view, but with honesty and frankness. Though it is not without fresh information, little or nothing is added to our understanding of Stevenson, and whoever reads his letters practically knows all. What Mr. Graham Balfour has done is to put together the autobiographical passages in Stevenson's books, to place them in their setting, and to supplement them by personal recollection and the reminiscences of friends. All this is done carefully and sufficiently. Not a word is said to wound any one's feelings, and on some points there is an evident and intelligible reserve, a reserve always to be respected, even when it tantalises. Mr. Balfour does not pretend to great literary or critical power. Had the life been written by Mr. Colvin, it would no doubt have been a much more important contribution to literature. But Mr. Balfour has the advantage of knowing Scotland and Scottish life, and of having lived with Stevenson in his Samoan home. The biography, though apparently lengthy, is not really so. There are only some 450 pages in all, though the thick paper and large margin might possibly mislead the reader.

A few notes may be made. We learn that it was from his nurse, Alison Cunningham, that Stevenson first heard of the writings of the Covenanters, who so greatly influenced his mind and style. A special favourite was an old copy of *A Cloud of Witnesses,* which had belonged to his nurse's grandmother, and it was from her that he learned to love McCheyne, a Presbyterian writer of the strictest orthodoxy, but with a true touch of poetry. Isaac Williams was among the High Anglicans who read McCheyne, as may be seen from his biography of the young priest Suckling. Like many others in her station, Alison Cunningham read Cassell's *Family Paper.* It is worth while recalling that this journal contains some of Mayne Reid's best work, including *The Maroon,* and that in its pages was published anonymously R. D. Blackmore's first novel, *Clara Vaughan,* by no means the worst of his productions. It would be interesting to know whether Stevenson came across *Clara Vaughan.* One curious point is that when Stevenson was a mere child he spent five months abroad with his uncle, visiting Rome and Venice. To this journey he made no allusion in his writings, and even in discussing Venice with Mr. Horatio Brown he never even said that he had once set foot in Italy. German he scarcely knew, but he made himself a fair French scholar. The *Saturday Review* declined his essay on "Roads," which was afterward accepted by Hamerton. Hamerton became afterward, though this is not mentioned, one of the first appreciative reviewers of Stevenson, predicting great things for him in the *Academy.*

The details of his co-operation with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne are given by Mr. Balfour. It is very surprising to hear that in *The Wrecker* that excellent character Pinkerton, who was drawn from a well-known American publisher, was Mr. Osbourne's "to a large degree." Stevenson's hard work may be estimated by the fact that his prose works run to nearly 8,000 pages of the Edinburgh edition, 300 words on a page. That makes 2,400,000 words, equal to about twenty-four ordinary novels. He was in the habit of writing and re-writing, so that his final copy sometimes involved ten times the actual quantity of writing. It is more clear than ever that style to him was a matter of life or death. Whether of life or of death, future generations must decide. The essential note of his character appears very plainly. He was full of generosity, mercy and compassion. He found it very hard to keep up any quarrel. Above all —and this ought to be insisted on—he avoided the attitude of contempt or disdain. It would be difficult to find any passage in his writings written with the purpose of giving pain to others. Mr. Balfour says with much discernment that "he was the only man I have ever known who possessed charm in a high degree

*The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. By Graham Balfour. Two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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whose character did not suffer from the possession." It is pleasant to read of his delight in the companionship of J. A. Symonds. We are not told what he really thought of Symonds's way of writing.

The story of Stevenson's life is by no means completely told as yet. There is very much manuscript material, to our knowledge, of which no use has been made. There are friends who survive who have noted and remembered a great deal, but have not been asked for their recollections. Yet we have enough for years at least. Some day, no doubt, the whole theme will be taken up again and discussed as it cannot be discussed now. Meanwhile we are grateful to Mr. Balfour for his pious labour, and to the publishers for these seemly volumes.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

II.—III.

President Hadley's "The Education of the American Citizen."

Jacob A. Riis's "The Making of an American."

Good men are more frequent than good citizens. Many a man who is kind, fair and honest with his fellow-men in his direct dealings with them is thoroughly corrupt commercially and politically. The common "heeler" is often an upright, kind-hearted and honourable man, as far as he can see, but he doesn't see far enough to be honest in business, and especially in politics. This well-recognised truth is stated by President Hadley in his new book, stated impressively and intelligently from several different points of view. The reason for this condition and its remedy also receives varied statements in this volume of papers and addresses. The reason is that, while the conscience of the community has become developed in regard to private morality, it has not become correspondingly aroused in public morality. "Get there" is about an only dictum of public ethics in business—believed in by men who have a sensitive conscience in matters of ordinary morality. The individual takes his morality from the community, from the public opinion of his set. He finds public opinion keen as to his private acts, but dull as to his public acts; and so he acts accordingly. The remedy, of course, is again the well-known and much-agitated one, the arousing of public sentiment, and President Hadley points out in serious, economic, abstract language the need of an unselfish public sentiment, and considers the means by which the public is to be educated for this purpose. The details, the specific remedies, given in the book are few, academic, and not particularly vital or instructive. The value lies in the clear and economic statement of the central principle.

Jacob Riis's book is one of far greater vitality. President Hadley points out the evil and states what ought to be. Mr. Riis writes an absorbing autobiography, in which he shows concretely how one man has become an American citizen, and a good citizen. He simply tells the tale of his own life, but that life is typical as well as peculiar. It is at once the story of a poor foreign boy who by hard work, strong will and persevering cheerfulness becomes a respected member of the community—the story of the "self-made" man, so typical of our day and country—and, at the same time, the story of an exceptional man, exceptional in his *public* activity, in doing his share, practically, toward the formation of that public spirit of which President Hadley speaks.

Mr. Riis was himself the victim of municipal evils which are the result of a lack of a sensitive public opinion. Hungry and cold, he one night was under most brutal circumstances driven out of a filthy police lodging station. From that time he set himself the task of doing away with that municipal nuisance, and as he went on in his life in the big city other nuisances came under his eye, and he tried to get rid of them, too. Shocking Mulberry Bend, largely through Mr. Riis's efforts, has been made into a salubrious park, and the effective impulse for many small parks in the city is traceable to the Police-Headquarters' reporter.

And he accomplished these things by working at and improving public opinion. Through the columns of his newspaper he for many years agitated for practical reform in these things, exposed the conditions; not merely that, but he took photographs of diseased conditions

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in tenements, inspired public officials to do what he as a reporter could not officially do, prodded, urged, fought and gave full expression, or as much as was possible, in his newspaper to what was going on. Working as a nameless reporter, he was a real power behind the machinery of reform; and partly through his efforts the public has to-day higher standards of public health for the East Side than it had when he began his work. No wonder, then, that Jacob Riis is proud of being a reporter.

"Some one had to tell the facts," he writes, "and that is one reason why I became a reporter. . . . It seemed to me that a reporter's was the highest and noblest of all callings; no one could sift wrong from right as he and punish the wrong. In that I was right. I have not changed my opinion in that point one whit, and I would rather die a good reporter than a millionaire. The power of fact is the mightiest lever of this or of any day. The reporter has his hand upon it, and it is his grievous fault if he does not use it well."

Mr. Riis made good use of his opportunity to tell the facts, and everything in his latest volume suggesting his public work is consequently of more than personal interest. Aside from this, however, the book is full of charm. Although Mr. Riis possesses no peculiar qualities of style, he uses his pen well enough to make a picture of his life and his personality. His life has been a varied and picturesque one, full of absorbing incidents—full of suffering, of work, of love, of buoyant hope and occasional, easily conquered despair. The salient thing in his personality, as revealed in this autobiography, is the full-blooded optimism, faith in human nature and untired activity for good. His emotions are expressed so fully that there is a constant touch of sentimentality, which in a less vigorous man would be displeasing. Even as it is, the never-failing optimism, combined with the emotional love for virtue, makes us feel that Mr. Riis does not always know a fact when he sees it—if that fact is a fact of human nature and other than a good fact. He refuses to see anything very wrong in the human protoplasm. But this personal eccentricity does not greatly interfere with the value or interest of Mr. Riis's work and book. *Hutchins Hapgood.*

IV.

William Archer's "Poets."*

In this comprehensive survey of the poetic achievement of the latter half of the century just closed, Mr. Archer has ingeniously safeguarded himself against the vindictiveness of that large section of the irritable race who have not been included in his bulky volume. No one need be told that the poetic resources of these islands are inadequately represented by the fortunate thirty-three who make up his list of poets; or, rather, I should say, by the five or six and twenty, for seven at least of his thirty-three belong to overseas. Mark Mr. Archer's delightful canniness. He carefully excludes the definite article from his title—"Poets"—not The Poets, "of the Younger Generation." He includes only those born since 1850, though he has "not looked very closely into birth certificates." He has dealt only with poets "who still seemed to be more or less on probation," though since the book was completed (in 1899) several of these "are now on probation no longer." He cheerfully acknowledges that there are probably poets he has never heard of—more's the pity!—and that there are poets whom he has regretfully omitted "for no better reason than that their work did not happen to chime with his idiosyncrasy." Who, in these circumstances, can possibly feel slighted or aggrieved, either by omission or inclusion? Finally, with a charming frankness, he presents his credentials in a little autobiographical sketch, which, it is to be hoped, will not make mirth among the Philistines. One trembles to think, however, of the new terror to criticism were each of us called on for a similar vindication of our pretensions to sit in judgment.

Mr. Archer's likes and dislikes, his aptitudes and limitations, are entertaining enough in their way, and possibly his extreme sensibility to certain musical cadences, coupled with the fact that his emotion is the same whether they are "reeled off on a barrel-organ or performed by the finest orchestra," may help to account for some of his preferences. It is perplexing, for instance, that with

* Poets of the Younger Generation. By William Archer. With 33 full-page portraits from woodcuts by Robert Bryden. New York: John Lane. $6.00.

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the whole range of English literature to choose from he should pick out for a prodigal enthusiasm "Frater Ave atque Vale" and

> You meaner beauties of the night.

With Mr. Archer's general attitude toward poetry few will be disposed to quarrel. The hundred and one definitions demonstrate the impossibility of pinning on a card that elusive something which is of the essence of poetry; but it is clear that he accepts the orthodox creed. It is only when he comes to application that one sees how identity of standard by no means precludes diversity of judgment. In the main his estimates are appreciative, and at the same time frankly and soundly critical; but the mere fact that he has preferred to discuss each of his poets "as though he or she were the only poet of the younger generation" destroys that sense of proportion and comparative importance which otherwise would have much enhanced the value of his book. One is disposed to overvalue rather than to undervalue the "very remarkable body of poetry" which he has drawn together; and so far from deploring the poetic decadence of our time, to imagine that there has rarely been a period more distinguished for plenitude of inspiration and supreme technical accomplishment. A cool afterthought enables us to understand that specimens which loom large in the tanks suffer a marked sea-change when put back into blue water.

Mr. Archer leaves it to ourselves to decide upon the living writers whom he believes "will be reckoned by posterity among the major poets of our time." It would have been invidious to take any other course, but a glance at the length of his estimates furnishes some material for a fair guess. The poets whom he discusses with a significant fulness stand in the following order: Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. W. Wilson, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. Yeats and Mr. Newbolt. Except in the case of Mr. Yeats, this list seems judicious enough, when it has been noted that a great deal of the space given to Mr. Phillips is occupied with a protest against his metrical heresies. Mr. Archer's views on this subject are excellently put, and are among the truest and most useful criticisms in the volume. It needed some one to say that there are lines in Milton which are "frankly ugly and of evil precedent," and that the "inverted fifth stress" is even more inadmissible than the *co-arda* of Irish verse, with its quaint unaccented rhyme-syllable—

> And to-day the dust lies thick
> On learned lay and lyric.

Notwithstanding a general concurrence in Mr. Archer's judgments, one is forced to demur occasionally. "Surely a noble line!" he exclaims, quoting the cry of Eremus, in Mr. Phillips's first published poem:

> And hast thou power to bring me face to face
> With Truth, sad spirit, older even than God?

"Surely a nonsensical line!" one is provoked to retort. I pass over the hypercritical objection to the "dissyllabic epithets in y" in one of Mr. Davidson's stanzas (p. 152), and take the remark on the lines—

> And meet your splendid doom
> On heaven-scaling wings:

"The epithet 'heaven-scaling' seems to halt both in metre and thought; for scaling is essentially a pedestrian process, incompatible with the very idea of wings." A pedestrian process! So, too, is "ascending," which is radically the same word, though probably Mr. Archer would not recoil from "heaven-ascending wings." What about the music scale? And might not a poet conceive of each stroke of the wing as a rung in the aerial ladder?

These things, however, are trifles. Mr. Archer has produced a book of considerable interest, notwithstanding its obvious limitations, and in doing so he has done good service to poetry. And poetry, I can agree with him, is still "a great force" in the world, though I am far from agreeing that it "has the religion of the future in its hands." For, if I understand the word poetry in this context, the vital element of Christianity is by no means "simply the poetry of the life, character and utterances of its Founder."

William Canton.

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V.

Professor Saintsbury's "Earlier Renaissance."*

Though simply an "historical atlas," of no great size, this volume may be compared with Mr. Lilly's careful and accurate *Renaissance Types* travelling as it does over pretty much the same ground. From very different points of the compass both writers arrive at conclusions which are nearly always identical. We can never open a book by Professor Saintsbury without feeling astonished at his wide and yet minute reading, his liveliness and vigour, his robust judgment. He is often a little masterful, and contrives to let us know in a resonant aside what principles, persons and shibboleths find no favour with him. But he does set his readers wishing to follow up the quest of literature; he puts the clue into their hands; he kindles in them a passion to learn more of the great and beautiful things to be found in forgotten pages. For all that we must thank him. In the present sketch he has breasted a mounting wave—knowledge, prejudice, ignorance, false ideas lend to the Renaissance a momentum which only the daring will affront. And how has he succeeded? On the whole, admirably. That should be the critic's first word and his last.

But we must not look for the glancing or ruby lights which some others—Symonds, and above all Pater—have flung over this enchanted kingdom. A sketch-map is not a romance. Names of dazzling renown fill these chapters—Erasmus, More, Ariosto, Rabelais, Michael Angelo; others of a gloomier tinge—Luther, Calvin and their kind; with all the Latinists who deified Cicero and Virgil. We learn about them a thousand things worth knowing; the sentences are full-packed with information; excellent plain talk, one would call it, unaffected, downright, strong rather than delicate, curiously British in its solid weight and self-trust. On Rabelais the Professor is always at home; he writes of Pantagruel with enthusiasm. Ariosto, he suspects, is not much cultivated in a busy world; therefore he gives to the Orlando Furioso a long disquisition from which idle people may quote as if they knew all about Astolfo and the Hippogriff—as it is only too certain they do not. He is very kind to Erasmus, whom he sets over against Voltaire to heighten a contrast rather than a resemblance. Machiavelli might have received more attention; he is very little known except by name in this country. And perhaps the Latin versifiers might have been dismissed in fewer paragraphs; while admitting all that Professor Saintsbury throws out in a suggestive manner as to their uses and seasonableness, it remains true that Vida, and even Fracastoro, have gone down irrevocably to Hades. The Professor, who loves his Latin Vulgate, who is subdued or lifted up by the music of the mediæval hymns, sequences and Mass-prayers, cannot, indeed, be charged, like Bembo and his school, with Paganism in the wrong place. He holds the scales evenly poised. From the concuding page we rise with a conviction, which still is not so popular as it ought to be, that the Renaissance in literature, was a movement of imitation, not of originality; that its critical faculties were imperfect, and its best work preparation; that it resisted authority, yet was in love with despotism; that the highest poets, preachers, historians, philosophers, belong to an earlier or a later time. Schoolmaster, pedant, voluptuary, rebel and unfrocked friar, it is well summed in Erasmus, Politian, Ariosto, Luther and Rabelais. With all these we seem now to have done, for only Erasmus is left.

William Barry.

* The Earlier Renaissance. By George Saintsbury. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

VI.

Augustine Birrell's "Addresses and Essays."*

Mr. Birrell is one of the few writers on the Liberal side whose thought and temper alike appear to have been improved by the chastening experiences of these two or three years. He writes with more gravity than of old, but with no less wit; with more point, because he economises his "points." He has still enough of the mundane, "common-sense" eighteenth-century spirit—perhaps the best of all

*Addresses and Essays. By Augustine Birrell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

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qualifications for essay-writing, that politest of arts. His notion of Socrates, for instance (if I may hazard a guess), would be far liker Xenophon's than Plato's; he could write of Cowper or Crabbe with far more insight than of Blake or Shelley. He loves "men of business" in whatever path of life he encounters them. He may poke gentle fun at the House of Commons, but as a theme it suits him perfectly. As he wrote sympathetically of Johnson and Burke ("It was Burke's peculiarity and his glory to apply the imagination of a poet of the first order to the facts and business of life. . . . He knew how the whole world lived"), so in this volume we find him attracted by Wesley, Bagehot, Browning, Sir Robert Peel—men of vastly different gifts and aspirations, but all "men of business" in their lines; men who laid and kept their ears against the multitudinous pulse of the world. "No man lived nearer the centre than Wesley;" "If you want to get into the last century, to feel its pulses throb beneath your finger," you must take Wesley's journals, and ride up and down the country with him. Of Bagehot we hear that "the hum of affairs sounds through all his writings." Browning is "all aglow with the colour of life, its many-hued interests." "The finest philosophical poem of last century is Robert Browning's 'Bishop Blougram.'" When a man says this, he is obviously restricting the meaning of the word "philosophical;" restricting it to moral philosophy, restricting it (as I should argue) to such "common-sense" moral philosophy as Hume's, certainly restricting it to limits not within a thousand miles of Plato's Cave. These limits granted (and the corollary that only the more mundane side of such men as Milton or Wesley can be treated within them), we can rank Mr. Birrell's essays among the best of their class. Only for our own sakes we must bear in mind that the very greatest men have listened and caught, not the pulse of this world only, but of the stars, and even (or so they have persuaded us) of Heaven beyond. Some may find disappointment in this volume, contrasting it with *Obiter Dicta*. To me it seems a wiser book, as well as a mellower and more genial. Mr. Birrell still practises the art of which he is most pertinacious in accusing other men. He still makes long quotations from authors, less for the sake of illustrating their gifts than for the sake of annexing their thoughts by the simple process of adding, "I say so, too." We are all, for example, indebted to Bagehot; but few of us have laid hands on his wealth quite so coolly; and when Mr. Birrell makes Bagehot his stalking-horse for his old foe, Southey, we must smile to remember that, after all, poor Southey anticipated him in culling from the wide enclosure of the Journals the very anecdote which he quotes as eminently characteristic of the man.

But Mr. Birrell's passing allusions to men who, if under stronger compulsion, write with much the same motives as he, grow more genial as they grow less frequent. They are far too infrequent to spoil any man's enjoyment of this wise and witty volume.

I think if he prosecuted his researches into the Wesley family history, he would modify his opinion of the saintly qualities of John Wesley's father, the Rev. Samuel. *Pace* Tyerman, no more cross-grained old gentleman ever "worrited" a parish or a household.

A. T. Quiller-Couch.

VII.

Harry Furniss's "Confessions."*

In two fine, portly volumes, with about four hundred clever drawings and sketches, and half as many anecdotes and jokes, Mr. Harry Furniss tells the story of his life—as far as it has gone; for he explicitly promises us more volumes as his adventures proceed. He has started, therefore, a sort of bicentennial publication, and we can only await the future numbers with relish and impatience. Mr. Furniss is a journalist, artist, caricaturist, humourist, lecturer, observer, raconteur and born fighter; always sprightly, energetic, resourceful, amusing; hitting out merrily or otherwise, as circumstances seem to require; the friend of most, the enemy of a few; hot as a politician, warm as a friend, and on occasion cool as a cucumber. He has been a "special," a car-

*The Confessions of a Caricaturist. By Harry Furniss. Illustrated. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. $10.00 net.

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toonist, an editor, a *Punch* man, a critic, an illustrator, a gallery-man, a newspaper proprietor and editor, a sportsman, a defendant. He knows most people, and has treasured up anecdotes about all the rest, stories which he gives with astonishing verve and colloquial freedom. He calls his reminiscences "confessions," and pours into our ears a stream of recollections which are usually funny, sometimes serious, occasionally important, and always entertaining. He is often piquant, too, when—quite unconsciously, of course—he treads (never so lightly) upon corns of various nationalities, and challenges opinions with all the emphasis of a man who feels strongly. What are we to say about such a book, in order to give some idea of its contents, without sampling them freely or simply setting forth a detailed list? *Punch,* it may be said, occupies a long chapter, with the true history of Mr. Furniss's connection with and resignation from that journal; another, "Parliamentary Confessions," with, among other things, the *fracas* with Mr. Swift McNeill; another tells us the story of the equally silly but equally talked-of action of "Sala *versus* Furniss," and another of the "Police *versus* the Dashing Equestrian;" and yet another on the rise and success of *Lika Joka* and the disastrous downfall of the *New Budget.* There is the ring of truth in them all; and if they *are* a bit egotistical, what else should an autobiography be? George Augustus Sala told the present writer that a correspondent once wrote that he had just read in the *Illustrated London News* the usual column of "Echoes of the Week," "with its confounded 'I, I, I, I, I, I, I.' Please understand, sir, that we are all sick of You, You, You, You, You, *You!*" It is impossible, however, to be sick of Mr. Furniss and his bright and clever personality, his lively temper and his warm heart, his brilliant pencil and his fluent, sometimes caustic, and often dramatic pen—with all the scenes, in and out of Parliament, which he describes, all the jokes and comic pictures. He has interviewed himself as no man was ever interviewed before, so that his "Confessions" are not only "of a Caricaturist," but of a very wide-awake artist and of a popular man of the world.

M. H. Spielman.

VIII.

Hugh Black's "Culture and Self-Restraint."*

Culture and self-restraint, far from being antithetical, are, in a measure, mutually dependent. Self-development is only possible through a certain amount of self-denial. The spirit of asceticism, in turn, is almost always the result of culture, either conscious or unconscious.

This paradox is, of course, as old as the hills. One might almost say that it was discovered in the very shadows of the Tree of Knowledge. For was it not through a lamentable lack of both culture and self-restraint that our unhappy first parents originally came to fall from grace? Surely, the great lesson which that misfortune taught them and still continues to teach their equally tempted progeny is that every great desire, however noble its object, restricts, confines and narrows the personality; that to ask little is to attain much; and that the greater the aspiration, the deeper the disillusion that ensues and the more thorough the lesson learned as to the relativity of values. Yes; the thought—although not, in some ways, a wholly palatable one—is as old as the birth of the race. Yet it is only this paradox that the latest writer on the problem, Mr. Hugh Black, seeks to impress upon us.

Culture and self-restraint, says Mr. Black, in brief, is the question of Hebraism *versus* Hellenism, of Zion against Greece. For the first of these national ideals stood for the beauty of holiness, and the second for the divinity of beauty. Now, in history, so long as the Jew and the Greek were held apart, the antithesis between their creeds seemed absolute. But it only needed a few words to explain this apparent contradiction and to teach the world that if one will only take the pains to conceive the highest beauty as the greatest good, and moral purity as the fairest of created things, the seeming opposites will be reconciled and beauty and goodness will become synonymous. These words, this explanation, came from the lips of Christ, whose definition of God contained, so to speak, a blending of the

*Culture and Self-Restraint. By Hugh Black. New York: F. H. Revell Company.

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more spiritual qualities of the stern Jehovah and the complacent Zeus. The solution of the "Culture or Self-Restraint problem" is, thus, the one that Christianity offers. To afford this solution, however—Mr. Black hastens to add—Christianity must be "properly understood." In other words, those who seek a reverent and yet rational explanation of the mystery, "must not go to the first chapter of Genesis for their cosmology nor to the *Lives of the Saints* for their theories of life." They must "bend their necks to the yoke of obligation," while yet seizing, on the other hand, upon the opportunity which Christianity affords all our gifts of "a higher platform from which to work, elevating them and inspiring them with a newer and larger ideal."

Such is Mr. Black's reconciliation of the antithesis; and a very pretty one, too. Unhappily, it is more pretty than profound. As a matter of fact, Mr. Black bears a rather quaint resemblance to the small boy who looks up the answer to his sum before he has gone through the requisite multiplication. Mr. Black is quite right in insisting on the near relation between the ideals of culture and self-restraint. But in holding that this relation has been established solely through the mediation of Christianity, he is evidently making blind choice of a plausible means whereby to explain one of life's own well-known but inexplicable truths. We have lately fallen into the way of fathering so many incomprehensibilities upon this long suffering faith, that Mr. Black's present utilisation of it for that purpose is not surprising. One is, indeed, often tempted to look upon Christianity as a delicate musical instrument whose *timbre* has been made pitifully flat from the persistent over-keying to which generations of clumsy fiddlers have subjected it. Where the Greek tragedians in every extremity introduced a mechanical Athene or Heracles, we ring in a quotation from Scripture. As a matter of fact, however, Christianity, although containing many a seeming echo of the doctrines of Plato in homely guise, has next to nothing in common with Hellenism. It is the olden Hebraism—broadened and spiritualised by the sweetening touch of the race's later sorrows. But Pericles and Alcibiades, typically Greek as Plato certainly was not, refuse, when blended with the prophets of the Old Testament, to merge into the spirit of the Nazarene world-teacher or those of his all-giving, nothing-asking disciples. The words and person of Christ are quite as much at variance with the essential egoism of Hellenism and the "Culture-ideal" as was Hebraism itself.

"Christianity," remarks Mr. Black, in his concluding chapter, "rises above any seeming contradiction between elements, such as the contradiction between reason and faith or between culture and self-restraint, as opposing ideals." Not at all. It is merely because these ideals are only "opposing" in appearance that Christianity "reconciles" them. Nor, indeed, did the opposition really exist, should Christianity be called upon to do so. It is only her overofficious followers who have the temerity to impose such wholly gratuitous tasks upon her; and to their efforts to play upon the rather unhappy elasticity of her dogmas alone is due the epithet "emasculated," which Mr. Leslie Stephen and others are continually applying to her present state.

The paradox of Culture and Self-Restraint finds its explanation not in the Christian creed, but in the eternal contradiction underlying life itself. Self-Development would be as impossible without self-denial as reason would be without faith, or virtue without vice.

Ranulph Kingsley.

IX.

Maurice Hewlett's "The New Canterbury Tales."

There is a suggestion of audacity in such a title as *The New Canterbury Tales;* but it is not difficult to pardon the audacities of a writer of Mr. Hewlett's stamp, since his results always justify him so admirably. It is true that he has a fondness for treading paths already well trodden by his predecessors, but he does so quite without ostentation or rivalry, and not so much for the sake of doing the thing better as for the satisfaction of doing it differently. This is why he seldom challenges comparison; few people think of seriously comparing his *Richard-Yea-and-Nay* with *Ivanhoe* or *The Talisman,* for beyond a name or two they have little or nothing in com-

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mon. The Waverley novels remain what they have always been, brave romances bravely told, which left the world the richer for the telling; Mr. Hewlett's *Richard* is a thing apart, a masterly piece of psychic vivisection. One cares very little whether the historic Richard was such a man as he has painted him or not, whether in fact such a man ever did or ever could live. He has lived once for all in Mr. Hewlett's pages, and fortunately cannot be taken away from us.

There is one thing which Mr. Hewlett's readers must feel, both in his *Richard Yea-and-Nay* and in his lighter but none the less artistic short stories, that there is nothing of the *tour de force* element about them, no suggestion of clever trick work, of manual dexterity, so to speak, which one is apt to feel in a writer who successfully pictures distant scenes and vanished epochs. In the case of Mr. Hewlett, one simply feels that he belongs to the period he is depicting, that spiritually he is part and parcel of these bygone generations. There is probably no living writer to-day so saturated with the mediæval atmosphere—that curious blending of chivalry and monasticism, bigotry and valour, *Golden Legends* and *Romances of the Rose*—that goes to make up the distinctive spirit of the Middle Ages. The half dozen tales which he has whimsically bound together after the fashion of Chaucer show the finished art of the teller of short stories—an art in which later generations have, after all, not greatly improved upon that earliest of modern fictionists, Boccaccio. These *The New Canterbury Tales* remind one of nothing so much as pieces of rare old tapestry, rich and sombre, with interwoven threads of golden fancies, and full of shadows, too, that the veil of centuries has deepened to obscurity. In spirit they are Chaucerian, yet not wholly so, being on the whole too subtle to have fallen from the lips of any member of that jovial party that once sallied forth from the Talbard Inn. But they have much of Chaucer's humour, and his rugged virility too; and they lack, as Chaucer lacked, that element of quaintness which some writers seem to think belongs by right to all that was said or done or written by earlier generations. As for the separate stories, they should be left to speak for themselves. One could no more do them justice in a clumsy retelling than one could a tale from the *Decameron*. The great majority of those who care for the finer things in literature need no urging to read Mr. Hewlett. To those who have not read him in the past, it will suffice to say, in all seriousness, that in missing one of his volumes they are missing one of the very few books of to-day which contain the elements of enduring worth.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

X.—XI.

Anthony Hope's "The Dolly Dialogues."* W. W. Jacobs's "Light Freights."

Reading *The Dolly Dialogues* again, I recapture the full sensation of wonder with which I read them first. It is a sensation I appear to have all to myself. This claim to originality may be unfounded; any claim to originality is shown up sooner or later. But, so far as I remember, nobody has done justice to the audacity of these *Dialogues*. When they came out, we all said they were witty, sparkling, admirably finished, and so forth; but did anybody say that they presented to the charming married ladies of England a pocket-mirror, in which they might see some ambiguous reflections? Lady Mickleham flirts through all the moods and tenses (chiefly the subjunctive mood, I admit) with Mr. Samuel Carter. She was within an ace of marrying Mr. Carter when Lord Mickleham appeared on the scene at Monte Carlo. They gibed together at his shabby clothes while he was still a perfect stranger. When he was found to be an Earl, that was another pair of shoes, and an entirely different set of garments. She jilted Mr. Carter, a mere commoner with a trumpery estate in Hampshire, but accepted from him as a wedding present a brooch which symbolised his fractured heart, and she spent most of her time afterward in mending that organ, or making believe to mend it. This surgery was practised under the nose of her husband, who did not observe it, as he was absorbed in amateur carpentry, or in making locks, like the blameless Louis

* The Dolly Dialogues. By Anthony Hope. New York: R. H. Russell. $2.50.

Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

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XVI. Love laughs at locksmiths, and Mr. Carter treated Lord Mickleham with very little ceremony. He even had the effrontery to chronicle a dream in which Lady Dolly obtains admission to the Elysian Fields by kissing Rhadamanthus. (I commend this to the sarcastic French writer who says that English kissing is a process of wiping your lips and beginning again elsewhere.) When Mr. Carter is also admitted, the lady remarks, "Come along and help me to find Archie."

You may say that Mrs. Hilary Musgrave is not a flirt, and that she does her best to find Mr. Carter a wife who will correct the glaring faults of his character. Her choice of a reformer is not happy (see what happens to Mr. Carter when he meets Miss Milton), and I take leave to suspect the sincerity of her efforts. She is devoted to Hilary, no doubt; but she likes to have Mr. Carter as a frequent witness of this devotion. And pray note her astounding behaviour when she learns that another gentleman, smuggled out of the country to escape prosecution for embezzlement, confessed that he took the money in order that he might cut a figure in her society! She is overcome with emotion, and gives Mr. Carter a banknote to be transmitted to the culprit. "Supposing it had been another woman!" says Mr. Carter to himself. You will not find a more cynical reflection upon woman even in Thackeray. I thought we were definitely rid of that "microbe," as somebody described him not long ago in one literary journal. I read in another lately that what Thackeray mistook for "snobbery" is the self-respecting spirit of emulation. When you see a man toadying wealth or a title, you should know that his soul is struggling upward. A third scribe informs us that Thackeray's teaching was "entirely harmful." That ought to be final; and yet here is Mr. Carter, without any reproach that I have ever seen, insinuating that a perfectly virtuous woman's impulse of generosity toward a fugitive criminal (she had raged at him five minutes earlier) is due to gratified vanity! I have no doubt that Thackeray, in the Elysian Fields (when not helping Lady Dolly to look for Archie, after introducing her to Becky), will rebuke Mr. Carter for out-Heroding Herod.

Mr. Anthony Hope has done much better work than this, though I daresay he is familiar with the admirers (bless their innocent hearts!) who ask why he does not write another book like *The Dolly Dialogues,* instead of perplexing them with problems of conduct, as in *Quisante* and *Tristram of Blent.* It is lucky for humourists that conduct does not strike us all in the same light. A moralist might take Mr. W. W. Jacobs to task, if the medium in which he works were not the unbounded simplicity of seafaring men. Are all sailors as simple as Mr. Jacobs makes them appear? I roamed the billowy main as a child, too young, however, to note anything about the sailor except the impressive gravity with which he narrated yarns of sea-monsters. But Mr. Jacobs makes me believe that a life afloat generates artlessness even in the worst natures. If Iago had been a sailor, he could never have deceived a landsman. This raises the interesting question whether a philanthropic State ought not to insist upon a maritime training for the whole male population up to the age of twenty. Meanwhile, you may see in *Light Freights* how a town-bred urchin is the master in sheer cunning of a ship's crew, skipper and all. As a piece of pure humour, the story called "Sam's Boy" is one of the most delicious things I have ever read. The boy is homeless, and having watched a mongrel dog force itself upon an unwilling stranger, he tries his luck at the same game with the simple sailor. When this infant schemer makes up his mind that somebody on board the *Nancy Bell* shall be his "father," the whole company are as babes in his hands. I will not spoil the story by trying to tell it. It is one of the happiest inspirations of a writer who has done so much to divert us from our complicated society of landlubbers. When Mr. Jacobs is minded to write a serious treatise, I hope he will urge upon the State the expediency of sending us to sea in our youth.

L. F. Austin.

XII.

The Benefactress.*

As a matter of course there have been two opinions about all the current books.

*The Benefactress. By the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden.* New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

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People have quarrelled concerning the worth of the historical novels. There are those who say frankly that Mary Wilkins bores them; there are even to be found iconoclasts who proclaim boldly that they do not care what Maisie knew; but over the books of the German Garden Elizabeth there arose only a buzz of flattering talk and clapping of hands, so loud that the grumble of a few ill-natured persons, who did not care for crocuses and April babies, was inaudible. In fact, "Elizabeth" (as one must call this writer for want of her name), is one of those unfortunate authors who have nothing but friends—and, as is not unusual, her friends have proved her worst enemies. While she has received more than her share of praise, she has had very little appreciation. On the one hand she has profited by vociferous word-of-mouth advertising; on the other, her work has been cheapened by every adjective from "sweetly pretty" downward, and "Elizabeth's" books suffer from the blight caused by indiscriminate adulation—a disease that would take the bloom off far greater books than hers.

It is a paradox that these unpretentious accounts of a woman working in her garden, whose very authorship are unknown, should have attained the matinée heroine species of success which they did.

The traits that charmed the readers of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* and *The Solitary Summer* will be found in the author's new book, *The Benefactress*. In fact it is these traits that make the story worth the reading. The book is cast in the form of a novel, and this new phase of "Elizabeth's" work is not so successful as the old. Considered merely as a story, the book is rather badly put together. It is too long, and the theme—that of a young girl who strives after an independent life and a life-work only to discover marriage is her real vocation after all—is an old one. As a rambling study of life in a North German village the book is delightful. It is a book that is singularly independent of the plot-interest. The various characters interest one quite apart from what they happen to be doing. The thread of the story carries one along, to be sure, but one feels that any other phase of Anna's life would be quite as absorbing, as long as the author continued to give such a pleasant atmosphere of the country, and such amusing accounts of the people who lived there. "Elizabeth" loves to describe people for the sake of describing them. It makes no difference to her if they happen to be essential to the working out of the story or not, so serenely ignoring any sense of proportion, she devotes long pages to the drawing of various minor characters, who afterward vanish to appear no more. But each silhouette is well done, and the whole book, while it does not hold together as a story, gives a vivid impression of real life, and the heroine's preposterous scheme and the carrying of it out reads like a personal experience. As in the other books by the same author, the nature-note is a strong one. While it is kept in the background, the reader carries away a vivid picture of the look of things in the country around Stralsund.

After all, it is the personal note that gives interest to books, and *The Benefactress* shares this with the other work by the same author.

M. H. Vorse.

WIND MESSAGE

The wind swept downward from the hill,
And loitered through the sedgy grass;
It bent the green leaves to its will,
It flicked the lake of glass.

It rustled through the woodland ways,
And spied out how to mock at them:
The wild rose blushed at its fierce gaze
And trembled on its stem.

One strayed within the wood who had
So still a look in her grave eyes,
It seemed she must be glad or sad
With love's most sweet surprise.

The wind laughed out at sight of her,
Laid on her hair a boisterous hand:
It seemed her still form made no stir,
Her thought dwelt in love-land.

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The wind bent to her lips, and swept
The ripe, red kisses from her mouth;
Her eyelids trembled and she wept:
Could she have feared love-drouth?

The wind blew in her ear pearl-white,—
Good sooth, none knew what the wind said!
It seemed the wood-walk swam; her sight
Grew less, as she were dead.

Loud laughed the wind, and girt her round
With breezy arms; he bare her far
Within the woodland ways, where sound
And love-light never are.

She had small knowledge of wind speech,
Of the wind's heart was unaware;
And still she felt, yet could not reach
The wonder in the air.

The wind swept onward through the wood
And left her lonely as a ghost;
She shivered where she sadly stood,
Nor knew what she had lost.

Mary Olcott.

BOSTON IN FICTION

Described and Pictured by Frances Weston Carruth

Part III—The Back Bay District

I. A Link Between the Old Town and the New.

Of that section of the old colonial town which centred around the Liberty Tree used by the semi-historical novelists, nothing to-day actually remains; but strolling in this locality, imagination sweeps away the modern business blocks and whirr of traffic, to conjure up a picture of those stirring days when the Sons of Liberty flitted about this neighbourhood, then almost pastoral.

At that time there stood in Newbury Street (named Washington after the visit of the great general in 1789) the White Horse Tavern, of which Miss Child writes in *The Rebels*. "Willing," she says, "to ascertain more fully the state of public feeling, Captain Somerville entered the White Horse Tavern, and carelessly glancing over the *London Chronicle*, kept a watchful eye on those who entered and departed." There he heard his uncle, Governor Hutchinson, unfavourably commented on amid general mutterings of discontent by a group, in the centre of which was Samuel Adams, exhorting them to remember that nothing was to be gained by violence; everything by calm and dignified firmness. Poor young Benjamin Woodbridge, over whose grave the Autocrat and the Schoolmistress mourned, is said to have been a frequenter of this tavern, to which he came for his sword before that duel with Phillips on the Common which caused his death. The site of the tavern was about opposite the present Hayward Place. South of the White Horse Tavern, at what is now the corner of Washington and Essex Streets, stood the Liberty Tree, in connection with which we learn (*The Rebels*) that there was shot into Governor Hutchinson's rooms one evening an arrow to which was fastened a slip of paper bearing these words: "Lieutenant-Governor, Member of the Council, Commander of the Castle, Judge of Probate, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court! You are hereby commanded to appear under the Liberty Tree within one hour, to plight your faith that you will use no more influence against an injured and exasperated people." Discussing this, the governor explained to Somerville that the Liberty Tree was a large elm opposite Frog Lane, where the mob dared

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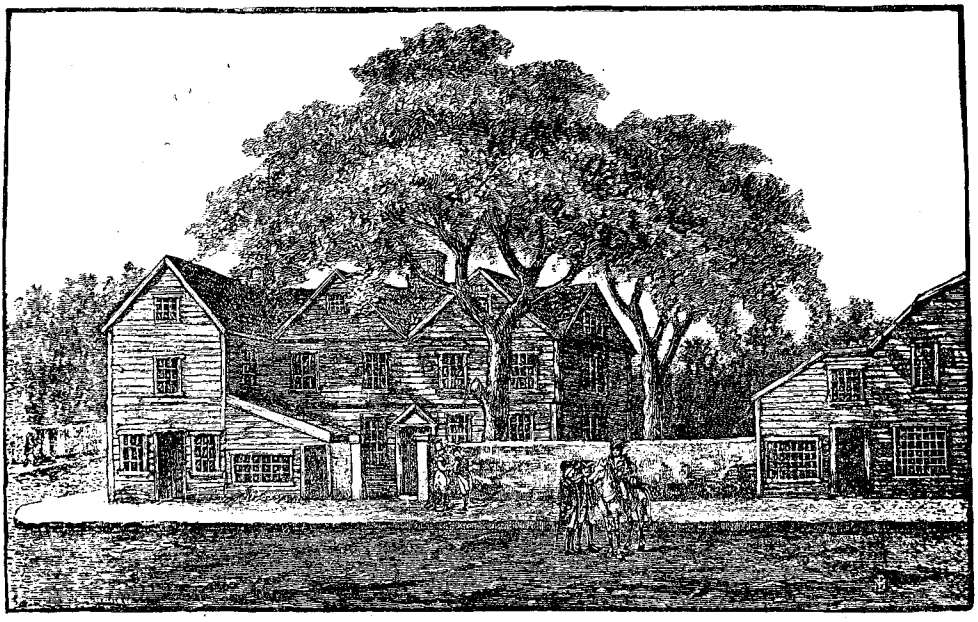
to suspend their insulting effigies. This historic tree stood beside a smaller one in the yard of a dwelling, where it remained until the British cut it down in August, 1775. And if the rambler wishes to find the exact spot where transpired some of the scenes of *The Rebels,* he has only to pause in Washington Street, a few steps below Essex, and gaze up at the wall of a building, at the southeast corner in which has been placed a memorial bas-relief of the Liberty Tree. It is of these scenes so graphically depicted by Miss Child that Emerson wrote:



"You are hereby commanded to appear under the Liberty Tree within one hour, to plight your faith that you will use no more influence against an injured and exasperated people."—*Lydia M. Child's "The Rebels."*

"The world should never forget the spot where once stood Liberty Tree, so famous in your annals."—*Lafayette.*

The townsmen braved the English king,
Found friendship in the French,
And Honour joined the patriot ring
Low on their wooden bench.

The Liberty Tree landmark is but a stone's throw from the Common, which forms the connecting link between the old town and the new; but before wandering down to the new or made land, there remains west of the Common a locality closely identified with the fiction of Henry James, Howells, Arlo Bates and lesser literary lights.

II. The Charles Street Neighbourhood.

Charles Street, at the period of which Henry James writes in *The Bostonians,* was a semi-fashionable residential street, and he presents it to us as the home of Olive Chancellor. To-day, like the adjacent streets, it is largely given over to boarding or lodging-houses, and in more recent novels we find many masculine characters lodging there. To enter the street from the Common, we come at once, a few doors from Beacon Street, upon the identical little Italian fruit shop where Graham first saw Mary Brooks (Eliza Orne White's *Miss Brooks*). "Suddenly the poor little shop was transformed, and Graham thought of Una, whose face 'made a sunshine in the shady place.'" Farther along, at the corner of Mount Vernon Street—one of those charming thoroughfares of which Emerson wrote—

Each street leads downward to the sea,

is the African Methodist Church to which

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AFRICAN METHODIST CHURCH, 68 CHARLES STREET.

"She wished densely to surround herself with the blackness from which she had sprung." — *Howells's "Imperative Duty."*

THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT AND CLERGY HOUSE, BRIMMER STREET.

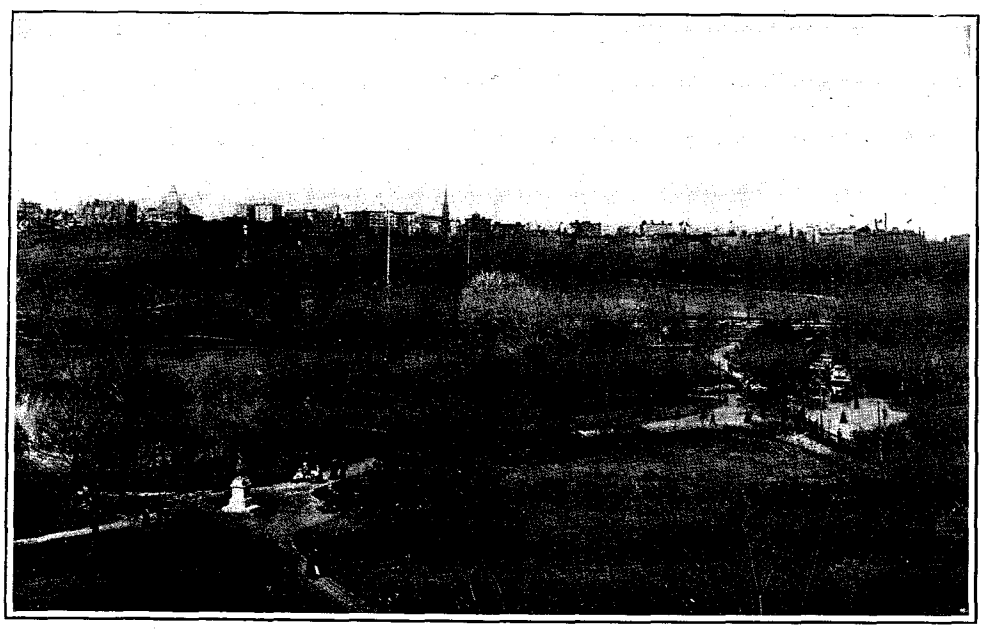
"The church was appointed with a richness beautiful to see."—*Arlo Bates's "Puritans."*

CHARLES STREET.

"—he heard the door open within the deep embrasure in which, in Charles Street, the main portals are set."—*James's "The Bostonians."*

Rhoda (Howells's *Imperative Duty*), sick with the sudden knowledge that she was of negro blood, was led to a meeting by an old coloured woman. "She had no motive in being where she was except to confront herself as fully and closely with the trouble in her soul as she could . . . she wished densely to surround herself with the blackness from which she had sprung, and to reconcile herself to it by realising and owning it with every sense."

West of this church, clustering at the water's edge, is the exclusive Brimmer Street quarter, which tiny section, a recent writer has said, covers more of the real wit, wisdom and worldliness than any one other part of Boston. Here, in one of the whimsical little streets, amid some strictly Sabbatarian and conventional families and the quality of the artistic life, lived the Lesters, an evening at whose house was among Margaret Allston's *Boston Experiences*. Here, too, we



"Mrs. Daintry always traversed the Garden in going from her home on the 'new land' to Miss Daintry's on 'the hill.' "—*James's "New England Winter."*

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find the Church of the Advent, with its Clergy House, which, under the thin disguise of the Nativity, plays a conspicuous part in Arlo Bates's *Puritans*. Every one will recall the dramatic description of the midnight service at the Nativity. "The music on this occasion was the most elaborate, the very French millinery of sacred music. . . . The church, moreover, was appointed with a richness beautiful to see. The vestments might have moved the envy of high Roman prelates, and the altar plate shone in gold and precious stones." The Father Superior of the Clergy House, in which lived Maurice Wynne and Philip Ashe, was Father Frontford, whom Mr. Bates stoutly denies having drawn from the actual incumbent. Mr. Bates says he has never drawn but one character from life, and that was Dr. Ashton (*The Pagans*), whose identity was unsuspected save by the prototype and his fiancée. But such genius has Mr. Bates for depicting the Bostonese as he really is that there is no one of his fictitious characters who has not been fitted by the public to some prominent person. This has been both amusing and annoying to the author, whose tribulations in this line were undoubtedly in his mind when he wrote *Love in a Cloud,* in which he takes occasion to remark that "If the scene of a novel be laid in a provincial city, its characters must all be identified. That is the first intellectual duty of the readers of fiction. To look at a novel from a critical point of view is no longer in the least a thing about which any reader need concern himself; but it would be an omission unpardonably stupid were he to remain unacquainted with some original under the disguise of every character."

Near the Church of the Advent, in Brimmer Street, stands the bachelor apartment where Bellingham lived (*The Minister's Charge*), the delightful interior of which Mr. Howells pictures for us most charmingly on the morning Barker breakfasted there.

To turn from here into Charles Street, again we come upon the block of houses in one of which lived Olive Chancellor (*The Bostonians*). After Verena came to live with Olive, this was the only spot in Charles Street that had any significance for Ransom, the Mississippian, whom we first meet in Olive's drawing-room *tête-à-tête* with her sister, Mrs. Luna, who flippantly explains to him that Olive is "a female Jacobin—a nihilist, consorting with witches and wizards, mediums and spirit wrappers and roaring radicals." Olive had the good fortune to dwell on that side of Charles Street toward which, in the rear, "the afternoon sun slants redly . . . over a brackish expanse of anomolous character, which is too big for a river and too small for a bay." This was also the view to be seen from Graham's chambers (*Miss Brooks*), which were high in a house across the way and farther down, at Number 127. These lodgings, as described by Miss Eliza Orne White, were the actual rooms of her friend, Miss Lucretia Hale, a sister of Edward Everett Hale, who loved her view out over the water, but commonly found, as did Graham, that her friends objected to the coal sheds in the foreground. Graham, not a Bostonian, but one of the most delightful men in Boston fiction, is a composite drawing from two Western relatives of the author—one middle-aged and the other a young man from whose combined characteristics she modelled her hero. Before he married and became a United States Senator, John Harrington (Crawford's *An American Politician*) had rooms in Charles Street, and though Miss Eugenia Brooks Frothingham is vague as to locality, it is safe to surmise—since it is the usual abiding place of Boston bachelors in fiction—that Dan and Garrison (*The Turn of the Road*) had their apartment there.

On the water side, at 164 Charles Street, once lived the Autocrat, and nearby, at 148, we find an interesting literary centre in the home of Mrs. James T. Fields, who lingers on in the old house so full of associations. Not the least of the charms of this house is the deep garden at the rear, with its benches and trees and shrubs and flowers, and always at its edge that bit of the sea known to the Bostonese as "the river" or "the bay."

Beautiful gardens were not uncommon at the West End when Mr. Howells first knew Boston, and not far from Mrs. Fields, in lower Pinckney Street, which he calls Rumford, he pictures in *A Modern Instance* a charming one. "Mrs. Halleck liked better than mountain or sea the high walled garden that stretched back of their house to the next street. . . . They

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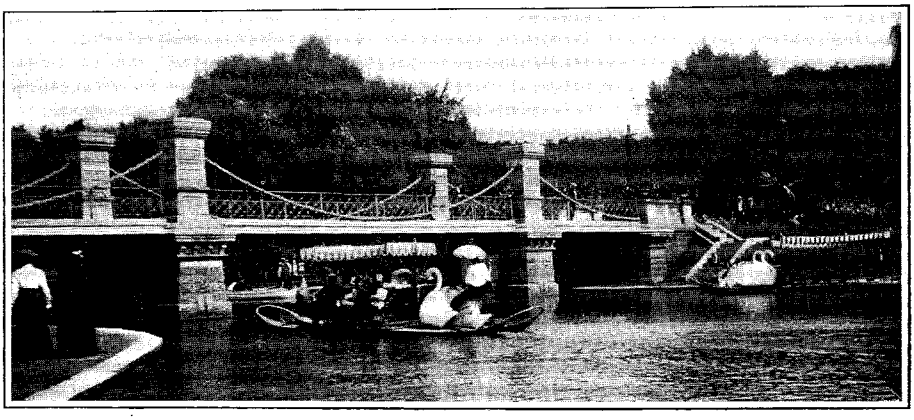
laid it out in box-bordered beds, and there were clumps of hollyhocks, sunflowers, lilies and phlox in different corners; grapes covered the trellised walls; there were some pear-trees that bore blossoms, and sometimes ripened their fruit beside the walk." It was Halleck, it will be remembered, who said: "I don't think there is any place quite so well worth being born in as Boston. It's more authentic and individual, more municipal, after the old pattern, than any other modern city. Even Boston provinciality is a precious testimony to the authoritative personality of the city."

At the end of Charles Street, stretching northward across the water, is the bridge where Dan (*The Turn of the Road*) walked alone to fight the horror of his approaching blindness. In *Martin Merrivale* Mr. Trowbridge relates how his hero, accompanied by Cheesy and the others in their tramp to Boston, crossed this bridge just at dusk. Cheesy, a typical country boy, gives his first impressions of the city in a characteristic comment: "I had no ide' 'twas settled so clust here."

III. In and About the Public Garden.

In the childhood of a Bostonian born in 1840, what is now the Public Garden was in process of evolution from a public dump and desolate ash-heap into something resembling its present condition, though many years were to elapse before it became the thing of beauty it is to-day. It already rejoiced in the name of Garden, but its floral inhabitants were few, and it was a favourite camping ground for the circus and the menagerie, together with such side-shows as followed in the wake of the clown and the elephant. About this time it received its sea-wall of granite, which made its western boundary; and all beyond what is now the eastern edge of Arlington Street was the Back Bay, where boats sailed and where, in the cold winter, men and boys cut holes in the ice, and erecting a canvas screen just large enough to shelter them from the sweep of the wind, stood spearing eels with which the Bay abounded.

The beautiful Public Garden as it is to-day has been made use of by practically every writer of Boston fiction—"my garden," as the Autocrat loved to call it with that sense of proprietorship so strong in him where his beloved city was concerned. To enter it from Charles Street is to come at once upon the Beacon Street path which Alice and Dan (Howells's *April Hopes*) paced so slowly when, instead of taking his Cambridge car, Dan lingered in rapturous enjoyment of her society. Alice, Mr. Howells tells us, felt out of the social frame in strolling there, for this garden path is only a "shade better than the Beacon Street Mall of the Common." Most of the characters in Boston fiction traverse the Garden on their way across the city, but few, and they are rarely genuine Bostonians, so far



"Down on the little pond the swan-shaped boats are paddling about with their cargoes of merry children and calico nursery maids."—*Crawford's "An American Politician."*
"—the swan-boats, with gay awnings, made their leisurely circuits."—*Pier's "The Sentimentalists."*

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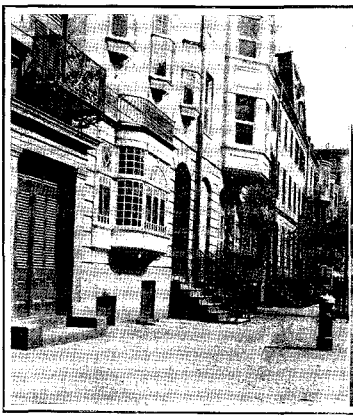
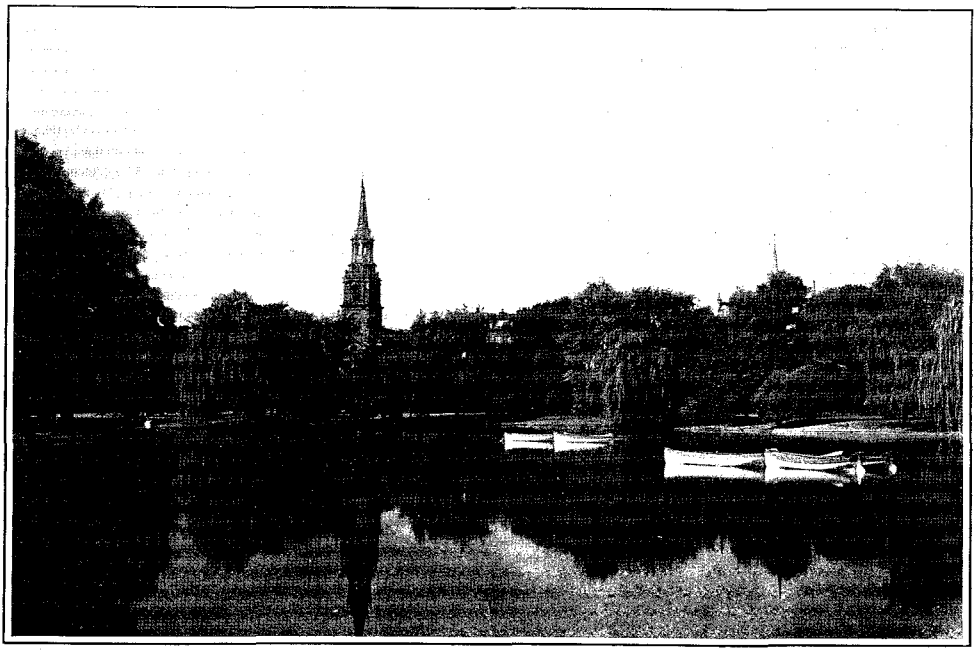


"Mrs. Adams lived in that sunniest part of Beacon Street which fashionable residents are abandoning to fashionable dressmakers."—*"Truth Dexter."*

"Bartley, who was already beginning to get up a taste for art, boldly stopped and praised the Venus."—*Howells's "A Modern Instance."*

"Near the Commonwealth Avenue. . . . Washington bestrode his fretful and apparently harness-hampered steed on one side of her."—*Pier's "The Sentimentalists."*

diverge from the social code as to sit there. Mrs. Daintry (James's *New England Winter*) always crossed the Garden in going from her home on the "new land" to Miss Daintry's on "the hill," and Craighead (*Truth Dexter*), on his way to Mrs. Adams's, in Beacon Street, strolled through there when "the flower-beds were brilliant with crocuses, tulips and hyacinths. The smell of the upturned earth was pungent with life. In a single night Spring's bridal tunic had by fairy looms been woven." These bright patches of flowers are what Dr. Holmes called



"Ford sat under the Kilmarnock willow and gazed over the pond . . . in a long reverie, from which he was roused by the clock of the Arlington Street Church striking eight." —*Howells's "Undiscovered Country."*

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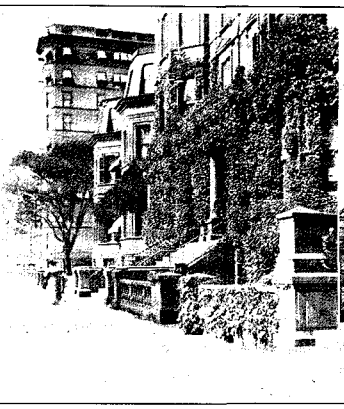
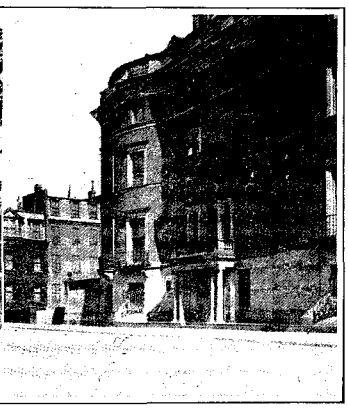
"Mrs. Daintry was very fond of the south side of this beautiful prospect."—*James's "New England Winter."*



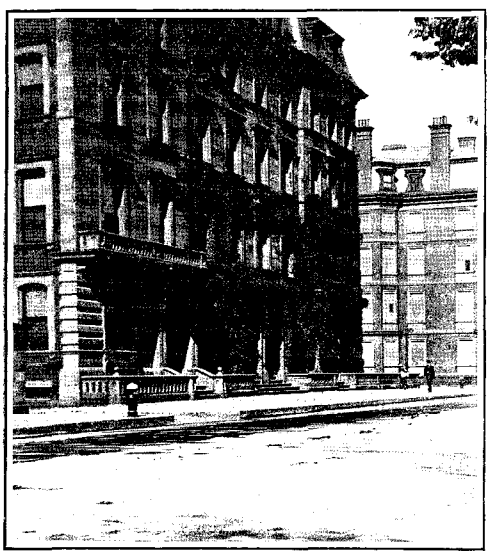
The home of the Maxwells on the "sunny side" of Commonwealth Avenue.—*Eliza Orne White's "Miss Brooks."*



The home of the Chauncey Wilsons—at the corner of Commonwealth Avenue and Hereford Street.—*Arlo Bates's "Puritans."*

"the pretty-behaved flower-beds, which he did not admire so much as nature in a more riotous mood.

Marion Crawford writes of the carpet of bright flowers in the Garden, where, "down on the little pond, the swan-shaped boats are paddling about with their cargoes of merry children and calico nursery maids" (*An American Politician*), and the reveries of Virginia Kent (Pier's *The Sentimentalists*), a Westerner, be it understood, who took great pleasure in sitting in the Garden, were frequently broken into by the tapping of a gong as the swan-boats, with gay awnings, made their leisurely circuits. We find Virginia sitting near the Commonwealth Avenue gate, where Washington "bestrode his fretful and apparently harness-hampered steed on one side of her; in the centre of a fountain, on the other side, stood a small, all but nude woman, with the extreme expression of bashfulness that a mere fragment of clothing



The home of Mrs. Mesh in Arlington Street.—*James's "New England Winter."*

". . . They stood in the sun, with their backs against an apothecary's window."—*James's "The Bostonians."*

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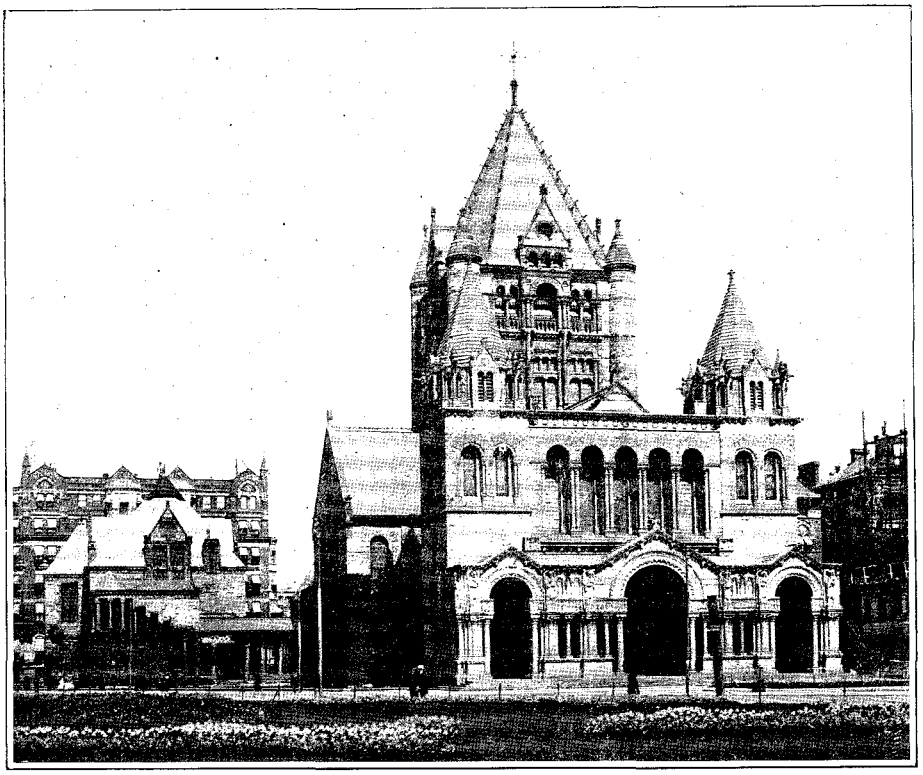
permits one to assume." These two statues are many times alluded to by Mr. Howells, notably in *The Minister's Charge,* where we learn that Barker, for the first time in the Garden, observed the image of Washington on horseback and a naked woman in a granite basin, which he thought ought not to be allowed there. Later in his career, while sitting near this fountain, where "the Venus had shocked his inexperience the first time he saw her," he encountered Miss Carver, with whom he took a memorable walk. The unsophisticated Bartley Hubbards (*A Modern Instance*), during their first months in Boston, resorted to the Garden, where they "admired the bridge, and the rock-work, and the statues." Bartley, who was already beginning to get up a taste for art, boldly stopped and praised the Venus. Ford (*The Undiscovered Country*), who came here when the whole precinct rested in patrician insensibility to the plebeian hour of seven, surprised the marble Venus without her shower on, but he never sat by the statue, preferring a bench under the Kilmarnock willows by the pond. Margaret Allston (*Her Boston Experiences*) and some of her friends were sometimes venturesome enough to sit in the Garden, but they were not Bostonians, and she expressly says when she discovers Hartwell there: "I had no idea a Bostonian with connections would do anything so plebeian as to sit in the Public Garden on a bench."



TRINITY CHURCH.

"—whose great domed interior, harmonious tones and peaceful sanctity called to mind the character of the man . . . who had unconsciously built the glory of this edifice."—*Margaret Allston's "Boston Experiences."*

Charles Street bounds the Garden on the east, and returning to it we get into step with Graham (*Miss Brooks*), who, walking there with Janet unexpectedly proposes to her. This is one of the few events in Boston fiction which occurs out-of-doors, city life, naturally, not lending itself to much action in the open beyond

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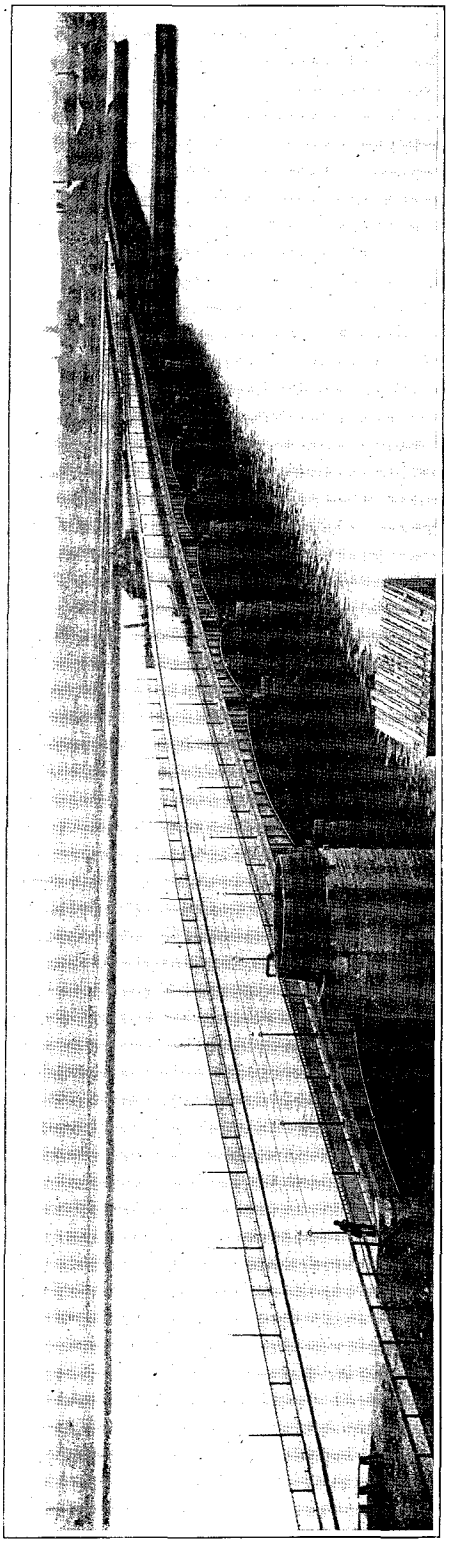
the casual meeting of characters as they traverse the streets. At the corner of Charles and Boylston Streets is the apothecary's window before which dear old Miss Birdseye (*The Bostonians*), who was always round the streets, stood with Basil Ransom waiting for her South End car. This corner and the Providence station nearby are identified with the delightful, fond-of-entertainments Susan and her original escort (*Susan's Escort*), whom the humour of Dr. Hale has made for us. At the corner of Boylston and Arlington Streets, facing the Garden, is the Arlington Street Church (*Undiscovered Country*). Beyond this, farther down the street, we find the residence of Mrs. Mesh (James's *New England Winter*). Just around the corner, eastward, is the home of Mrs. Adams (*Truth Dexter*), "in that sunniest part of Beacon Street which fashionable residents are abandoning to fashionable dressmakers."

IV. The Back Bay.

The new land, commonly known as the Back Bay, was made in the early fifties, when the process of filling in the bay began, and plans were drawn on which were laid out the streets with names which seem to have been borrowed from the British peerage. Thirty years more or less were consumed in filling in the bay, with the result that it became the Court End of the city, fulfilling the prophecy of its projectors.

This made land forms a scenic background in fiction for a dominant phase of modern Boston—neither literary, nor æsthetical, nor of a distinctive atmosphere, but fashionable and up-to-date on a Metropolitan model. Regarding with high disfavour this section of the town, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney years ago wrote of it (*Hitherto*): "The Back Bay has been filled up, and a section of Paris dumped down into it." Here we find the "water side of Beacon Street," and the "sunny side of Commonwealth Avenue," which, as Mr. Howells says, mean so much more than the words say. Curiously enough, while the less desirable side of Beacon Street is fashionable, the same cannot be said of the avenue, where only the "sunny side," fashionably speaking, is "possible," and no novelist intent upon



THE HARVARD BRIDGE OVER THE CHARLES RIVER.

"A brackish expanse of anomalous character, which is too big for a river and too small for a bay."—*James's "The Bostonians."*
"Herman wandered on . . . until he found himself leaning against a railing and looking over the waters of the Charles River."—*Arlo Bates's "The Philistines."*

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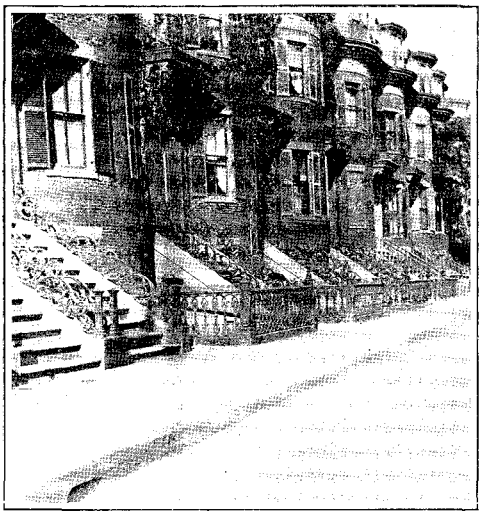
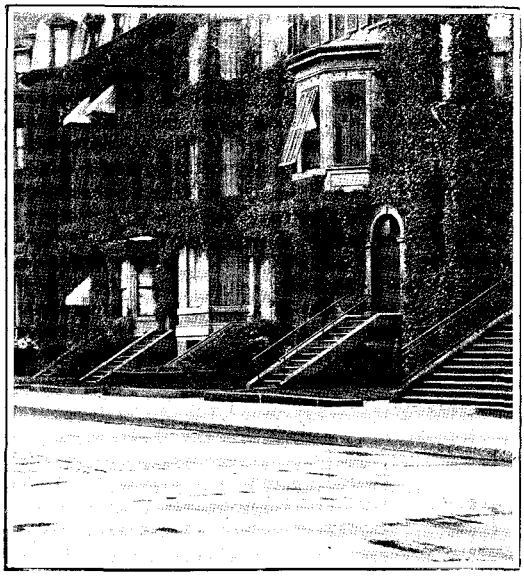


CONCORD SQUARE.

"He had not built, but had bought very cheap of a terrified gentleman of good extraction, who discovered too late that the South End was not the thing."—*Howells's "Silas Lapham."*

"The bit of Virginia creeper planted under the window hung shrivelled upon its trellis."—*"Their Wedding Journey."*



296 BEACON STREET (THE OVAL DOORWAY), THE HOME OF "THE AUTOCRAT."

"When you come to the Back Bay, give me the water side of Beacon Street."—*Howells's "Silas Lapham."*

picturing smart society in the Hub fails to be cognisant of these distinctions.

Of these two residential streets, Beacon, though less beautiful, is more aristocratic. Frivolous, worldly Beacon Street, Mrs. Farrinder (*The Bostonians*) called it, to the annoyance of Olive, who hated to hear it talked about as if it were such a remarkable place, and to live there were a proof of worldly glory. It is natural to find Mrs. Sam Wyndham's home (Crawford's *An American Politician*) there. Beacon Street receives Monday afternoons, and all Boston came to Mrs. Wyndham's receptions "excepting all the other ladies who live in Beacon Street, and that is a very considerable portion of Boston, as every schoolboy knows." We are told at once the age of Mrs. Sam Wyndham, for "it is as easy for a Bostonian to conceal a question of age as for a crowned head. In a place where one-half of society calls the other half cousin, and went to school with it, every one knows and accurately remembers just how old everybody else is." This matter of cousinship in the Hub is also commented on in Arlo Bates's *Love in a Cloud:* "May, as it is the moral duty of every self-respecting Bostonian to be, was related to everybody who was socially anybody."

It has been repeatedly said that Marion Crawford drew Mrs. Sam Wyndham from a certain world-renowned social leader, whose beautiful home is on "the water side," not far from Arlington Street, but he is not the only novelist thus accused, for this same brilliant woman is at once proclaimed the prototype of any feminine character of marked individuality and social prominence who appears in the pages of Boston fiction. Of course, knowingly says the public, she is the original of Mrs. Sam Wyndham and of Mrs. Chauncey Wilson (Bates's *Puritans*), and did not Margaret Allston exactly picture her as Mrs. Bobby Short (*Her Boston Experiences*), who always sailed in late to receptions with a string of men in tow, "like a graceful ship in full sail with several tugs steaming in her wake." This determination on the part of the public to see in purely fictitious women an actual one is a little hard on the supposed "model" and those novelists whose characters are the creatures of their brain.

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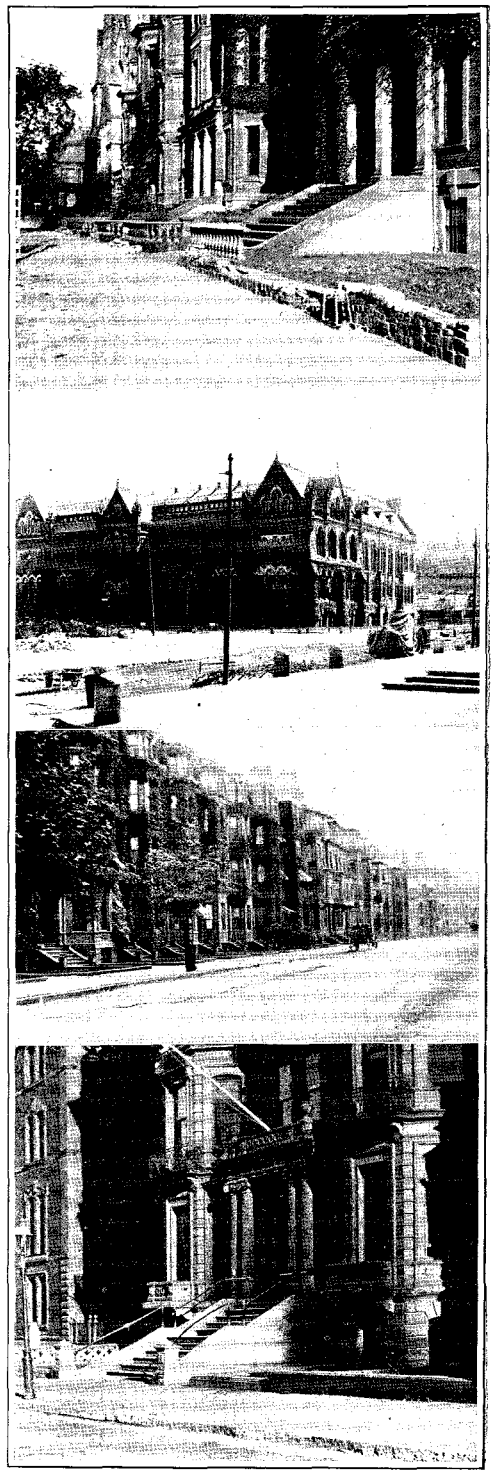
To return to the house of Mrs. Sam Wyndham, Crawford makes a most amusing comment relative to its number. "It is a peculiarity of Boston to put the number of the houses on the back instead of the front, so that the only certain course to follow in searching for a friend, is to reach the rear of his house by a circuitous route through side streets and back alleys, and then, having fixed the exact position of his residence by astronomical observation, to return to the front and inquire for him. It is true that even then one is frequently mistaken, but there is nothing else to be done."

In this neighbourhood lived Bayard's uncle, Mr. Worcester (Miss Phelps's *Singular Life*), and farther down, still on the water side, we find at 296, the home of the Autocrat, and now of his son, Judge Holmes, while 302 was at one time the residence of Mr. Howells. This was the block Mr. Howells had in mind in describing the home of Miss Kingsbury (*A Woman's Reason*), and also the site of the ill-fated mansion of Silas Lapham. "When you come to the Back Bay," said Lapham to young Corey, "give me the water side of Beacon Street." The library windows of the Autocrat and of Mr. Howells commanded the same general view of the Charles, "rippling out into the Cambridge marshes and the sunsets. . . . Nowhere else in the world has the day a lovelier close."

Parallel to and one block south of Beacon Street is Marlborough, "a straight, long street, with houses just alike on both sides and bits of grass before them," called by Mr. Howells Bolingbrook in describing it as the street in which lived the Rev. Mr. Sewell (*Silas Lapham* and *The Minister's Charge*). Half a block away lived Miss Vane, and in the same street was the home of Mrs. Rangeley (Bates's *Puritans*), where so much that was eventful happened to Maurice Wynne. At Number 459 Marlborough Street is the town house of Mr. J. F. Stimson, the novelist of whose charming *Pirate Gold* much has been written in an earlier paper.

Commonwealth Avenue, or, in the vernacular, "the Avenue," with its beautiful



1. "—they neared Mrs. Rangeley's house on Marlborough Street."—*Arlo Bates's "Puritans."*
2. "How strange that we should meet at the Museum!"—*Howells's "April Hopes."*
3. "A straight, long street, with houses just alike."—*Howells's "The Minister's Charge."*
4. The St. Botolph Club, No. 2 Newbury Street."—*Crawford's "An American Politician."*

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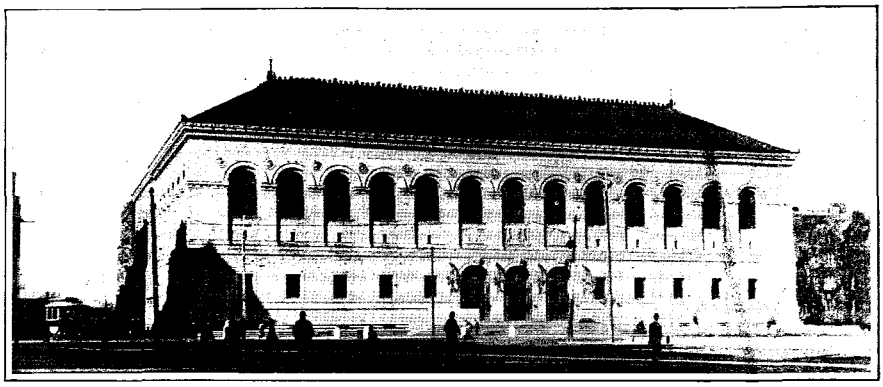

"Those in search of pure lines find content in the classic form of the library . . . the crowning possession of Boston."—*Margaret Allston's "Boston Experiences."*

park through the centre, is next in importance to Beacon Street in the pages of Boston fiction. We know that the Maxwells (*Miss Brooks*) lived there, as did the Rowans and Dr. McDowell (*The Sentimentalists*); so, too, did the Chauncey Wilsons (*Puritans*), and the inconsequent Grangers were quite content with it when they might have lived in Beacon Street! (*Her Boston Experiences*). All these persons, being fashionables, lived on "the sunny side"—the Maxwells between Arlington and Berkeley Streets, in a beautiful vine-covered house, while below them is the grey stone dwelling of the Rowans—the girl, but not her brother, one of the most pronounced of *The Sentimentalists*. Indeed, her temperament is responsible for the fact that the title of Mr. Pier's novel is plural rather than singular. It was originally his intention to build this novel mainly around his hero, Vernon Kent, but Frances developed such an excess of sentimentality and Mrs. Kent became so insistent that a change of title was necessary. In Mrs. Kent we have a case of a character dominating her creator. She was intended to play a clever second to her son, instead of which she showed a decided preference for the centre of the stage, which she kept with such persistence that Mr. Pier was forced to let her take things into her own hands, as a result of which she is one of the most interesting women to-day in modern fiction.

At the corner of the Avenue and Hereford Street stands the Chauncey Wilson house (*Puritans*), "on the proper side of the Avenue, with a regal front of marble and with balconies of wrought iron before the wide windows above, one of especially elaborate workmanship having once adorned the front of the palace of the Tuileries. Pillars of verd antique stood on either side of the doorway, as if it were the portal of a temple."

Near Arlington, in Newbury Street, which is parallel to the Avenue, is the St. Botolph Club, where Watson and Willis (Aldrich's *Goliath*) used to play billiards, and members of which were Craighead and Norton (*Truth Dexter*). But it becomes better known to us through the pages of Mr. Bates's fiction, notably *The Pagans*—who were all members—and *The Philistines*, in both of which novels it figures under the disguise of the St. Filipe Club. Not far off in the same street lived Mrs. Daintry, and around the corner from her, in Clarendon Street, her daughter Joanna and her six children (James's *New England Winter*); but Clarendon Street is of greater fictional interest than this, for at the corner of Newbury we find the home of the Rev. Mr. Strathmore (*Puritans*), a house known throughout the country as the home of the great Bishop Brooks. If it was not Mr. Bates's intention to draw Mr. Strathmore from the celebrated bishop, he has, nevertheless, unconsciously done so with so sympathetic a touch that it is impossible not to recall him in every line. "Strathmore was of commanding presence . . . a man who appealed strongly to the common heart, both by his sympathy and by flexibility of character and temperament, which made it impossible for him to be repellently

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stern or austere. He preached high ideals . . . he demanded high purpose and high life, noble aims and unfailing charity; . . . he was looked up to by the general public as a great spiritual leader, and loved with an affection exceedingly rare in this unpriestly age."

To stroll southward through Clarendon Street a block is to come out upon Copley Square, which with its beautiful Trinity Church, Art Museum, Public Library and New Old South Church, "combine to form the most interesting square architecturally in America." In Trinity Church took place the consecration of Mr. Strathmore (*Puritans*), when the edifice was crowded to overflowing; here Dan and Alice (*April Hopes*) were married; and Miss Theodora's Ernest attended Trinity on Sunday afternoons, content to stand for an hour in the crowded aisle to hear the uplifting words of the great preacher.

On the south side of Copley Square the Museum of Fine Arts is of fictional interest as being the place where Dan and Alice (*April Hopes*) had that chance encounter which proved so significant, and it is also identified with the Bartley Hubbards (*A Modern Instance*), who sometimes going there in their early Boston days, "found a pleasure in the worst things which the best never afterward gave them." The conventional Edith Caldwell is persuaded by her fiancé, Fenton, that Pagan of *The Pagans*, to sit awhile in the picture gallery of the Art Museum while he assures her they are in no danger of being seen doing anything so unconventional, for the Art Museum "is the most solitary place in the city."

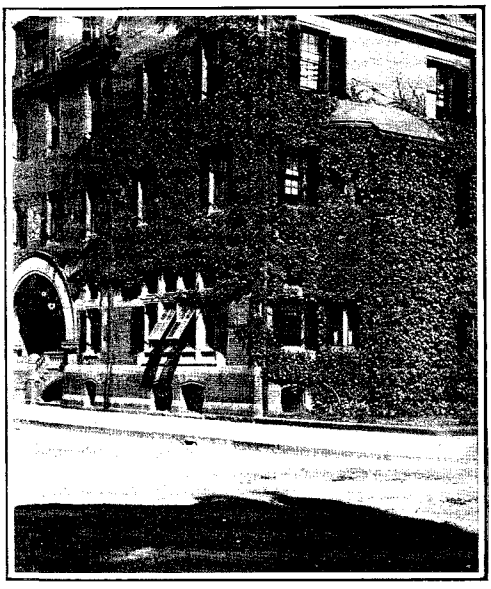
The new Public Library, "the crowning possession of Boston," plays a conspicuous part in *Her Boston Experiences*, for there in Bates Hall occurred the incident on which the romance of the story is built. Mr. Jenks (Sawyer's *Local Habitation*) generally put in his Sundays at the Library, which he could only do today *sub rosa*, for the novel of which he forms a part has been debarred from its shelves.

V. The South End.

With the exception of Mr. Howells, and more recently Walter Leon Sawyer, few novelists have found inspiration in that—from the Back Bay point of view—"impossible" section of the town known as the South End. Mr. Bates felt the outskirts of it to be a suitable abiding

28 RUTLAND SQUARE—THE HOME OF MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

"London was in the air at this house."—*Margaret Allston's "Boston Experiences."*



233 CLARENDON STREET—THE HOME OF THE LATE BISHOP BROOKS.

"The two clergymen left the house and went down the street together."—*Arlo Bates's "Puritans."*

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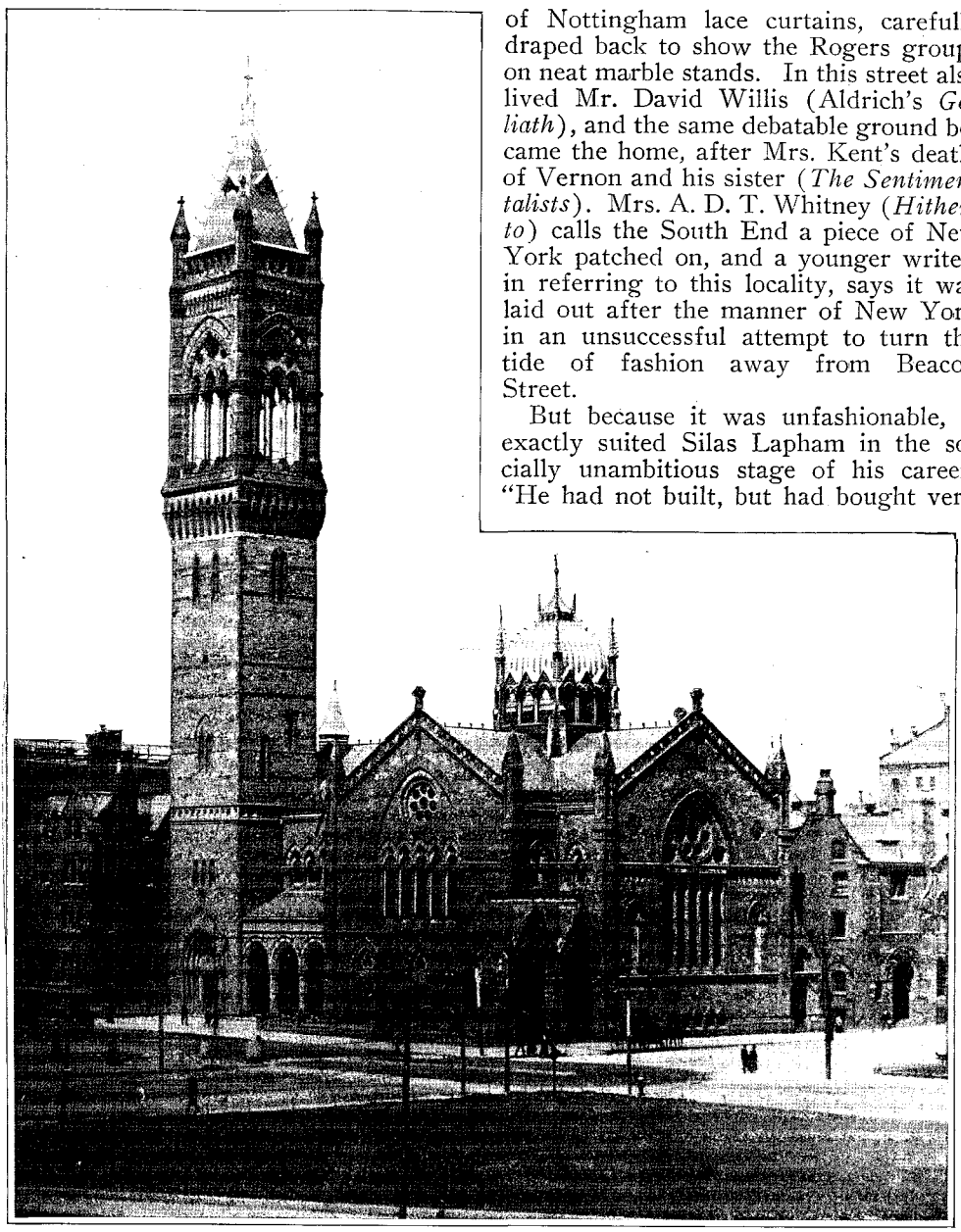
of Nottingham lace curtains, carefully draped back to show the Rogers groups on neat marble stands. In this street also lived Mr. David Willis (Aldrich's *Goliath*), and the same debatable ground became the home, after Mrs. Kent's death, of Vernon and his sister (*The Sentimentalists*). Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney (*Hitherto*) calls the South End a piece of New York patched on, and a younger writer, in referring to this locality, says it was laid out after the manner of New York in an unsuccessful attempt to turn the tide of fashion away from Beacon Street.

But because it was unfashionable, it exactly suited Silas Lapham in the socially unambitious stage of his career. "He had not built, but had bought very



"—the latter-day edition of the historic Old South Church."—*Margaret Allston's "Boston Experiences."*

place for the equally "impossible" Mrs. Amanda Welsh Sampson (*The Philistines*), who lived "at the top of one of those apartment hotels which stand upon the debatable ground between the select region of the Back Bay and the scorned precincts of the South End." This, we suspect, is Huntington Avenue, a street cheap of a terrified gentleman of good extraction, who discovered too late that the South End was not the thing." This locality in the novel Mr. Howells calls Nankeen Square, but the actual place he had in mind is Concord Square, where the trees in the pretty oval make as charming an autumnal display as in the

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days when Penelope Lapham admired them. Here also was the home of the Marches (*Their Wedding Journey*).

Harrison Avenue, "a queer, melancholy street, . . . which, without having yet accomplished its destiny as a business thoroughfare is no longer the home of decorous ease," was where the Pythoness lived with her father, Dr. Boynton (*An Undiscovered Country*). This avenue also appears as Pleasant in *The Minister's Charge,* and Mr. James had it in mind in describing the home of Miss Birdseye—"a mansion which had a salient front, an enormous and very high number—756—painted in gilt on the glass light above the door" (*The Bostonians*). Here Basil was taken by Olive to that extraordinary meeting, made memorable to him by the presence of Verena Tarrent. And Miss Birdseye—"the whole moral history of Boston was reflected in her displaced spectacles"—was herself a revelation to the man plunged so unexpectedly into Olive's "set." In Harrison Avenue, Carter (*A Local Habitation*) proposed one evening to Miss Daw.

Near Harrison Avenue is Upper Washington Street, where "A Local Habitation" was. In this novel Mr. Sawyer has given us a sympathetic study of a South End lodging-house. "I can conceive," says one of the lodgers, "that a novelist might study the hearts and the lives of these South-Enders and then display them to the shame of more fortunate folk. He could tell of the faithful toil, the unremitting self-denial, by which so many families are held together in homes that are really homes, though they stand midway the pawnshop and the poorhouse."

Mrs. Keats Bradford once stopped at a quiet hotel in the South End, where she was as much by herself as if she were in a foreign town. This was, perhaps, the Commonwealth Hotel, at the west end of Worcester Square—a square in which we linger because it became the home of dear old Jamie McMurtagh (*Pirate Gold*) when, at the time of the marriage of Mercedes to St. Clair, he sold the house in Salem Street. The St. Clairs lived with him in this pleasant place, where there was a little park with trees in front, and Mr. Stimson tells us that it delighted the unselfish old Jamie to let St. Clair away early from the bank; and to sit alone over the ledgers, imagining St. Clair hurrying home, and the greeting kiss, and the walk they got along the shells of the beach before supper, with the setting sun slanting to them over the wide bay from the Brookline hills.

Columbus Avenue, one of the most prominent of the South End streets, is the scene of an unpleasant incident in *Her Boston Experiences.* Margaret Allston tells us that running off of this avenue are the most interesting domestic squares in Boston, and in one of them, at Number 28 Rutland Square, we find the home of that charming poet and author, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, "who never makes calls, but receives in salon fashion once a week. London was in the air at this house," where Margaret Allston (*Her Boston Experiences*) spent her most interesting half-hour, socially, in Boston.

NOCTURNE

Speak softly, sweet, and bid the lutes play low;
Let the low laughter live but in your eyes;
Dusk be the air and dim where, spirit-wise,
Move we in noiseless passage to and fro.
One lies asleep beside the fountain's flow,
Lulled by the murmurous water's fall and rise;
Him may we not awake to other guise
Than this still shape that doth not hear or know,
Fair on the borders of a dream he lies,
Loath to let slip the ways by which he came,
Stilling each sense that seeks the world of men.
Hush, sweet!—no whisper—nay, no speech of eyes—
Lest, roused at last by mention of his name,
Love shall awake that will not sleep again.

Jeannette Bliss Gillespy.

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HERE AND THERE

I.

A Letter of Criticism.

In the November number of this magazine we published an estimate of President McKinley's political career, in writing which we endeavoured to eliminate all emotional influences and to look upon the late President's life and character from the standpoint of the future historian. We have now received from a physician in Milwaukee the following letter, which we publish for reasons that shall be set forth presently:

It would be difficult to write anything of President McKinley more unjust, more untrue, more offensive to the great majority of intelligent Americans, than that "estimate" of him written by you and published in THE BOOKMAN for November. The man whose greatness was recognised by statesmen the world over, whom emperors and kings delighted to honour, whose wisdom and patriotism were a source of inspiration to millions of his country's greatest citizens, is seen by you, as autocrat of almost everything, to be opportunist, "with his ear to the ground" to catch the voice of the rabble that he might trim his sails accordingly.

You begin your "estimate" with a misstatement (not to put it less euphemistically). There was no "premature and quite unjustifiable optimism of the President's physicians." You should go to original sources, to the official bulletins issued by the President's physicians, and you will find a different sort of medical opinion from that which you have gleaned from the scavenger journals.

From this statement to the last one in your article there is not one which will bear analysis. How unjust is that which accuses Mr. McKinley of following the mob after the battle of Manila. "If the whole of Asia had been offered us," you say, "we would have taken it. Away with all old traditions! Bother the Constitution! Let us expand!" shouted the mob: and Mr. McKinley, "the last man, by nature, in the world to break with all our past and to pitch us headlong into complications the end of which no man could foretell," kept his "ear to the ground" and promptly echoed the unthinking shouts of the rabble, made temporarily insane by their sudden lust for world-power. Could anything be more ridiculous? Could anything be more libellous on this careful, cautious, wise, deliberate statesman, who never took an important step without first seeking the advice of his wisest countrymen without regard to their party affiliations? Where have you been all these years that you do not know what the most humble citizen knows, that the taking of the Philippines was the least of four evils, the other three being to leave them to the Spaniards, to give them to some European nation, or to leave them to the natives? Surely your memory is not so short that you have forgotten all that our statesmen have said on the subject; forgotten that we took the Philippines because any other method of disposing of them would have led to endless complications, probably prolonged war and the shedding of much blood. Instead of being made mad with conquest, Mr. McKinley and his advisers reluctantly took the Philippines as the easiest way out of the tangle imposed by their capture.

But I have written enough—more than you will publish. Indeed, I do not expect that you will publish any of it; but as a plain citizen who admired the statesmanship, the transcendent ability and patriotism of William McKinley, I cannot see him made the mediocre, shifty politician, the inferior opportunist which your "estimate" makes of him; and I believe that a good many thousand plain citizens like myself are stirred to proper indignation by its publication.

We have printed this letter not because it is a masterpiece of criticism nor because it requires any particular answer, but because it is so completely typical of a certain sort of mind. We suppose that there are millions of good citizens who are precisely like the writer of this letter in their way of looking at pretty nearly everything of a public nature that comes up for discussion. With them a public man is either a great and glorious and illustrious statesman, and absolutely free from even the slightest trace of error and inconsistency, or else (if he happens to be on the other side) he is a vile demagogue, every one of whose motives is base and whose whole career is black with infamy. Yet in their personal relations with their fellow-men they do not judge them in this absurdly sweeping way. In speaking of a neighbour or a friend they will recognise his admirable qualities, but they will also admit that he has at times made

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some mistakes or has fallen short of absolute consistency. When they admit this they do not feel that they are saying anything malignant or unkind; and, in fact, they are not. They are simply exercising their common sense and heeding to what they have learned from their experience of human nature. But when they come to public men they forget that these also are just human beings like themselves. Therefore, they view them and think of them on an heroic scale—a hundred times larger than life—and either transcendently glorified or else made preternaturally horrific. In writing for such persons one must have nothing but high lights and black shadows. There must be no half tints, no shadings, no qualifications and no reservations. You must shout an extravagant eulogy, or you must yell a frantic imprecation. How utterly preposterous all this is! There is nothing in the world which is all one thing or all the other. If it were so, life would be much simpler than it is; for among honest men there would then never be any difference of opinion. Yet we really think it strange that an educated man could read our estimate of President McKinley and not perceive that it was inspired by genuine liking and respect.

As to the questions of fact which the letter raises, we find it necessary to note merely the writer's objection to our mention of the "unjustifiable optimism of the President's physicians." We think that there can be no doubt that this optimism existed and that it was unjustifiable. Had it not existed, Vice-President Roosevelt would not have been allowed to leave Buffalo and go to an almost inaccessible part of the Adirondacks, hundreds of miles away from Mr. McKinley's bedside, nor would the members of the Cabinet have been encouraged to return to the places whence they had been so hastily summoned. That the optimism was unjustifiable was made plain by the result.

II.

On Suppressing Anarchism.

President Roosevelt's little dissertation on Anarchism in his first message to Congress has given a fillip to public interest in a subject which has been very much in the thoughts of Americans ever since Mr. McKinley was assassinated. Legislation looking to the punishment and suppression of Anarchists has been loudly demanded of the national legislature in advance of its meeting, and now we shall see whether anything effective can be done. Of course it cannot. That is to say, Anarchism as such cannot be suppressed or even checked by law. Senator Hoar's notion of an island to be set apart for the habitation of Anarchists, who are to stew there in their own juice, is one of the wildest proposals that we ever heard of.

What we want is a general stiffening up of the statutes that deal with the particular offences which the militant Anarchists are eager to commit—incitement to violence against officers of the government, attempts to murder, and successful assassinations. But these statutes should have no especial relation to Anarchism. If a person leads an orderly, harmless life and observes the law, he should not be molested, even though he may be theoretically an Anarchist. If, on the other hand, a person in any way encourages and instigates a crime, the heavy hand of punitive justice should descend upon him whether he be an Anarchist or not. That is all there is to it.

Senator Gallinger's bill providing especially severe punishments for crimes against Federal officers is a very proper one. It recognises the President and the other officers whom it names as being, during the tenure of their office, something more than private persons; and it rightly regards a crime committed or attempted against them, as a crime against the sovereignty of the nation. No such law, however, will render these persons less liable to attack. No form of penalty, even were it the rack or boiling in oil, would accomplish that result. Every one in Russia, for example, knows that each would-be assassin of the Czar is, when caught alive, subjected to the most awful of tortures before being put to death; yet a knowledge of this fact has never made a self-appointed executioner shrink from his bloody task. These murderers of kings and presidents are, indeed, while sane within the legal definition of that

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word, never really in a normal state of mind; and to their frantic brains the very horror of their doom adds only one more stimulus to action The rulers of men, indeed, are always in the position of soldiers on the firing line. As Humbert of Italy once said with a shrug, after an assassin's bullet had gone hissing past his head: "This is part of the trade of kings."

III.

Exit Hackett.

We note without comment, yet not without emotion, that Hackett of New Hampshire has given in his resignation as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and has retired to Portsmouth and to private life.

H. T. P.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Among American actors who are not luminaries of a time that is passing away, like Joseph Jefferson and Ada Rehan, but still active forces, the man and the woman who occupy the most distinguished positions are Mr. Mansfield and Mrs. Fiske. Other players make more money, but no other is taken with the same seriousness by the class which establishes permanent reputations. This leadership grows from the fact that these two players have, more than any of their rivals, the abilities to represent the higher thoughts and passions, combined with the will to choose for themselves parts which shall give varied and difficult problems to their talents. They may die with little money, but they will have enjoyed the kind of fame which their companions desire, even when they lack the spirit which alone makes it possible. In another country it might seem perverse or even sordid for a critic to talk so insistently about the earning power of a play, as if it were a factory or a department store, but there is no principle of more far-reaching influence on the American stage. Here it is a disgrace to have small audiences or short runs, and one hears about success mainly in the form of gross receipts, broken records, and capacity business. Our newspapers have thoroughly learned what was wanted, and I cut the following criticisms from the advertisements in a single issue of the New York *Times:* "'Mr. Drew scores a hit.'—*Herald.* 'Will rank among the biggest of the Empire successes.'—*Evening Sun.* 'Great success.'—*Evening World.* 'Great success.'—*Herald.* 'Success assured.'—*Sun.* 'An easy victory.'—*Evening Sun.* 'Faversham was the biggest thing in a Broadway playhouse for many a year.'—*World.*" The following from the same issue seemed to me full of interesting national psychology:

> Charles Frohman presents for the first time in this city E. E. Rose's dramatisation of Irving Bacheller's great novel, *Eben Holden.* Mr. Charles Frohman expresses his sincere gratification in being able to give the favourite New York actor, E. M. Holland, the opportunity to appear as Eben Holden.

The importance of such an evolution in advertising methods does not lie in the fact that the public is deceived about the amount of success reached by Mr. Faversham, who really had a very bad season in New York, and was an innocent victim of his manager's desire to injure James K. Hackett by rushing another Don Cæsar play into the market ahead of him —a futile effort, since Mr. Hackett came out on top. The importance lies rather in the tendency of trumpet boasting to take attention from other considerations. Actors and managers who have once become Barnumised do not dare to give a good play for a moderate time, for fear that the number of weeks will not mean a "success." Managers try to solve the difficulty by announcing plays which they have no intention of giving. When Mr. Frohman announced *Hamlet* for William Gillette, Mr. Gillette said that he had not heard of it. *As You Like it* and *L'Aiglon* were announced for this fall in New York for Miss Adams, and her Rosalind and Peg Woffington have been in the newspapers for years, but never on the stage. The reduction of theatrical enterprise to the art of advertising may lead to a success equal to that of the New York *Journal,* Ayer's Pills or St. Jacob's Oil, but it can never give the kind of standing which is won by worthy accomplishment. That position belongs to the woman who

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has been through *Magda, Becky Sharp, A Doll's House, La Femme de Claude, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Little Italy, Love Finds the Way,* and many another searching test, and to the man who has appeared in *Henry V., The Merchant of Venice, Richard III., Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Arms and the Man, the Devil's Disciple, Beau Brummel* and so many other plays. In the same way no amount of bragging about the circulation of the yellow journals or the sensational novel can destroy the distinction between the fame won by literature and the cheap notoriety purchased by publishers' statistics and an appeal to those popular weaknesses which in a larger field are so profusely showered upon the hero of the hour, whether he be Lieutenant Hobson or an English Duke on a matrimonial visit to a Vanderbilt.

The latest production at the Manhattan is *The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch,* by Mrs. Burton Harrison. That Mrs. Fiske is compelled to discover nearly every drama and playwright she uses is doubtless a good thing for the American dramatist, but it makes her new pieces largely a series of experiments, often turning out to be original and excellent, but bound to be mixed with matter of poorer quality. *The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch* has for its principal merit the opportunity it furnishes Mrs. Fiske to do things which she has never done before, and to do them with the same individuality and power which she has shown in other parts. The finest bits of work accomplished by her in this play are at the end of the first act, when she rocks in a chair and in broken exclamations shows the intense emotional concentration with which she looks forward to a meeting with her child; in the climax of the third act, where, in straight and strong situations more akin in nature to what she has done before, she listens superbly to a series of insults, delivers her replies with splendid force, and makes a beautifully studied exit to save her daughter's feelings; and in the fourth act, where there is something of the charming despair of the end of *Becky Sharp,* although it is necessarily not so satisfactory, since there is no material here to compare with what Mr. Mitchell got from *Vanity Fair.* Mrs. Harrison, using situations which are familiar in melodrama, and endeavouring to write them over for quiet methods, has been decidedly successful in the introductory act, and she has handled rather well the dramatic third act, although without giving it as much sustained strength as it might have. The other two acts are weak. I always estimate an evening in the theatre partly by what remains in my memory, and Mrs. Fiske, in the mother's emotion before the first curtain, and in the sharply outlined and brilliantly planned execution of the third act, has added to the number of pictures which will be permanent.

Mr. Mansfield returns in *Beaucaire* to a field in which in America he reigns alone, and in which he surpasses any other actor that I have seen in any country. It is in acting, somewhat the same world that is occupied by George Bernard Shaw in literature, with less buffoonery, however, and more bitterness. It is Mephistophelian in one interpretation of that many-sided word, and it would be entertaining to see Mr. Mansfield undertake to elucidate the devil. In heralding him as one of the most living and valuable influences on the American stage, I have no wish to attribute to him any moral ideals, but only the expanding ambition of a born artist. In *Beaucaire* he has produced a pleasant comedy, not in the same class of excellence with the fascinatingly written story, but good enough to make me hope that Mr. Tarkington may give some of his rare literary skill to the stage. The play looks as if Mr. Mansfield had furnished useful theatrical ideas to the young author, and had at the same time induced a lower tone, both in parts of the dialogue and in the outcome, which contradicts the bold and convincing solution of the book and substitutes an ordinary piece of theatrical sentimentality. For Mr. Tarkington to compromise with his better taste is no fault in his case, for he needs to learn a new trade, and his is too fine a nature, as his books show, not to express itself worthily in the drama if he continues to work in that form.

Mr. Mansfield surrounded himself with one of the worst companies his soul could desire, and he allowed the players whom he did employ to do nothing. In defence of such proceedings as this Miss Julia Marlowe has recently published in the *Theatre* a most unjustifiable

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and misleading argument: "A disheartening result of my observation of the present state of the art of acting has been my realisation that there are so few players who can give and take in acting—making it necessary, therefore, for the chief person in the scene of the play to carry the spirit of the author's intention and the thread of the various scenes quite unaided. In order to preserve his own poise he is compelled to concentrate mentally upon himself, making most performances very one-sided, sometimes almost a monologue. The central personage of the play cannot permit himself to think what may be the feelings passing through the minds of the characters represented by the supporting players, because he secretly realises that the feelings of the characters are not passing through the minds of the supporting players at all. In a word, they are not 'giving and taking,' they are not projecting themselves into the spirit of the play, they are not sounding the great note of reciprocity, which is one of the first essentials of true and spirited art." It is only fair to the hundreds of good actors in America to reply that if Miss Marlowe feels compelled to do all the work herself, the compulsion comes from her and not from them. She might go to the Lyceum Theatre and see whether along with Annie Russell there is not room enough for good work and strong hits by Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Rankin, Madame Cottrelly, and John Glendinning. Did she ever see one of Mr. Herne's productions in which the whole cast did not have opportunities and accept them? Did she see Mrs. LeMoyne's company last year, or most of Liebler and Company's productions? Mrs. Campbell will furnish one more example, although no more is needed, of a strong and original actress who is surrounded by able actors to whom she not only grants opportunities, but whom she encourages to do their best. We have had many stars in this country who have chosen to shine alone, but none before to my knowledge has gone into print in defence of the system. Suppose Mr. Hawtrey put a bad actor into his company as the tramp in *A Message from Mars,* or refused to have the part done as fully and admirably as it is now. When *Secret Service* was produced, at least five decided successes were made besides Mr. Gillette's. In *The Climbers* last year there were about the same number.

The list, fortunately for American acting, might be made very long, but it is time to go on to the Lyceum Theatre, which now contains Clyde Fitch's best original play admirably acted. *The Girl and the Judge* has a real plot, so full of story that it carries the play naturally through four acts with no padding or astonishing episodes of the kind with which Mr. Fitch has distended too many of his pieces. There is some character-drawing too, which, although it is caricature of types rather than individualisation, is good of its kind and is the source of comedy which fits into the action and thus becomes part of the whole conception. It is certainly the best exhibition of sustained workmanship that Mr. Fitch has given, and it has a solidity and sincerity that may possibly revive our hopes in him. The ease with which the situation is mapped out in the first act, the broad strokes with which the drama is carried on in the next two, and the surety with which the solution is not only held for the end but made then with some elevation, are all marked improvements. The kleptomania of the heroine's mother is the motive power of the play, and the way in which the difficulties in the path of the lovers are removed at the end is worthy of praise, since it is a spiritual and not a mechanical solution. It is supposed that when the mother's crime or weakness is discovered, the engagement between the daughter and the young judge will be broken. He, however, thinks that the unhappy woman deserves only pity, and his mother agrees with him. The practical aspect alone remains, therefore, the girl being unwilling to injure her lover's chances of political advancement in his little Western town. The girl's father, who has been driven to drunkenness and separation by the mother's shame, now persuades her to rejoin him and go off to some far place to live in wretchedness for the sake of taking the cloud from the young woman's life.

Not only has Mr. Fitch reached his highest point in dramatic construction, but he has also given a brilliant example of his power to create acting parts. Several actors who stand out in the play have been mentioned in this article, and Miss

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Russell herself does the greatest amount of beautiful acting which she has done in one piece in my four years of professional theatre-going. Several situations are given to her, calling for warm distributed feeling; she fills them with tenderness, kindness, sensibility, gentle humour, hurt pride, filial love, unselfishness, hoping and timorous affection for the young judge, and in the third act, where doubt, relief and despair follow in the clear-cut work of the playwright, she has not only the truth and exquisiteness which she shows whenever she is allowed to, but a larger volume of feeling than she has shown in at least four years.

Why should not Mr. Augustus Thomas take heart from Mr. Fitch's improvement, and instead of falling below his own standard, as he does in the mechanical melodrama, *Colorado,* raise it? Mr. E. E. Rose is a different case, and perhaps criticism ought not to waste words on him, even where, as in *Alice of Old Vincennes,* he has done better than usual in hacking out plays for Mr. Frohman, and gives Miss Virginia Harned a part in which she acts with liveliness and ability. A man is judged by the standard of the best that he does, and Mr. Fitch deserves the most severe things that can be said about him for the feeble and disreputable manner in which he has changed Augier's fine play, *Le Mariage d'Olympe,* into a riot of silly coarseness called *The Marriage Game,* the leading part being played by Sadie Martinot in a manner to make all other acting seem by contrast excellent.

Norman Hapgood.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE WESSEX OF THOMAS HARDY. By Bertram Windle. Illustrated by Edmund New. John Lane.

The student of Mr. Hardy's topography has now at command the means of completing his studies. But, of course, the book now before us is not the first contribution toward the particular science with which it deals—which, if I remember rightly, was formally inaugurated, several years ago, in a contribution to the present periodical. Next, in 1894, Miss Macdonell's little book on Thomas Hardy presented us with an excellent sketch map—a fairly complete key, in fact, to the Hardeian localities. Each volume of the collected edition of the novels supplied, further, a map of the "Wessex of the Novels;" while an additional contribution to our knowledge of that country was furnished by an exhibition of paintings illustrating it, which was held in a Bond Street gallery a few summers ago. Still, in the matter of more minute identification, there remained much to be done; and this, in the handsome volume which has just issued from the Bodley Head, Messrs. Bertram Windle and Edmund New have set themselves to accomplish. Let me acknowledge at once that their book is final—no further work on the subject is conceivable. By its help, those who wish to do so may not merely identify tracts of country, roads and dwelling-places, but actually touch with their fingers the identical stone coffin in which Angel Clare, during his somnambulistic trance, deposited his loved and tortured Tess. Furthermore, wherever it is possible, a picture of the place referred to in the text is supplied; while, finally, the author has had the immense advantage of assistance from the "Onlie begetter of this Wessex" (as he styles him) in person.

Whether every genuine lover of Mr. Hardy's works will be prepared to welcome this book as an unqualified boon is, however, another and doubtless a less important matter. Hitherto the hunting up of the Hardeian localities has been the occupation of a small sect of enthusiasts, whose enthusiasm—tempered, as it was, by knowledge—might be held to justify them. Of these Mr. Windle was obviously one; perhaps the chief. Yet to him, I fear, it has fallen to throw open the door of Hardeian

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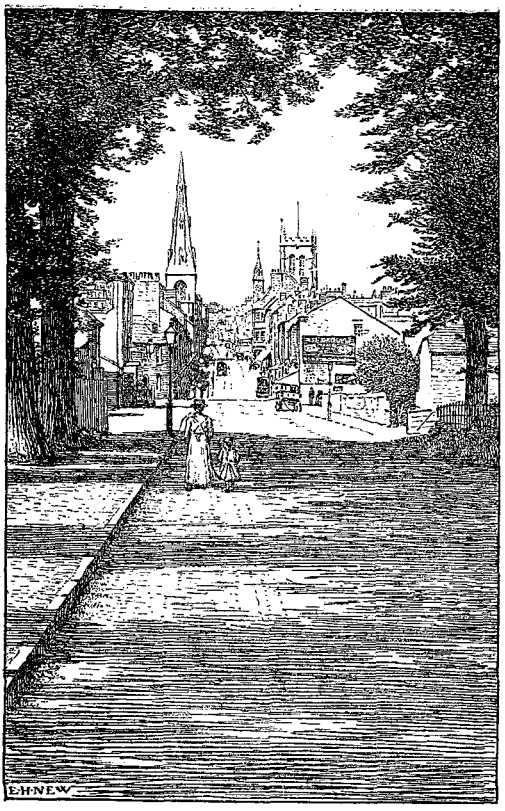
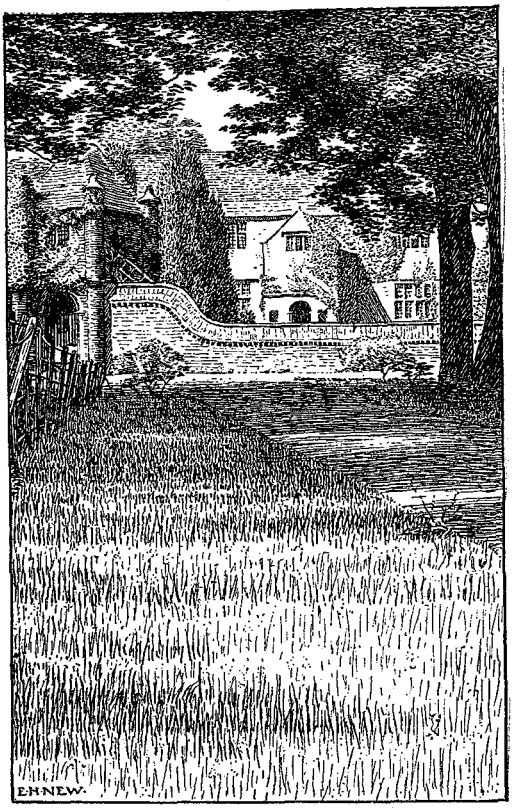


CASTERBRIDGE FROM THE LONDON ROAD.



OXWELL MANOR.

Wessex to the undiscriminating sightseer. What would we have? It is a democratic age in literature as elsewhere, and we had best move with the times. Let us, then, hasten to make amends for the mere semblance of cavilling by recommending every hotel-keeper in Wessex to provide his establishment with a copy of Mr. Windle's book. He will find it a good investment for his guinea.

The method of Mr. Windle—whose literary style, be it said in passing, is admirably clear and flowing—is first to escort us through Wessex, carefully pointing out every spot referred to in the novels as he goes; then to escort us through the novels categorically, with terse comment on the scenery of each. And, wherever it is possible, he makes Mr. Hardy describe his own scene. The novels, he tells us, which are especially rich in matter for the identifier of scenery are *The Mayor of Casterbridge, Tess* and *Jude the Obscure*. The novel which, from this particular point of view, is the least satisfactory is *A Laodicean*. We have followed him carefully through Casterbridge, and gladly acknowledge the laborious care and pains which he has taken in establishing the identity of places and even of things named in the most locally minute of all the novels. But we should have wished to find, in addition to several things that are new to us, a reference to the old Shire Hall—in which a judicial and a pastoral element were occasionally so quaintly mingled; as well as to the house occupied by the Mayor, which, we may add, has been pointed out to ourselves by the novelist in person. Also, in a work which, by its minuteness, seems to challenge microscopic criticism, we may direct attention to the error, "Marston" for Manston, on pages 43 and 80; to "home—along" for "home-along," p. 71, a printer's error; and to "Troublefield" being spoken of as a "corruption" of Turberville, whereas in reality it is merely one of those translations so familiar to readers of old charters. The suggestion (p. 15) that the painting of texts upon stiles is peculiar to the West Country is amazing. Wherever revivalism and a paint-pot come together, there these texts will be found. But the very fact that we are driven to mention these minutiæ speaks of itself to the general accuracy of the book. As for the pictures, for our own par-

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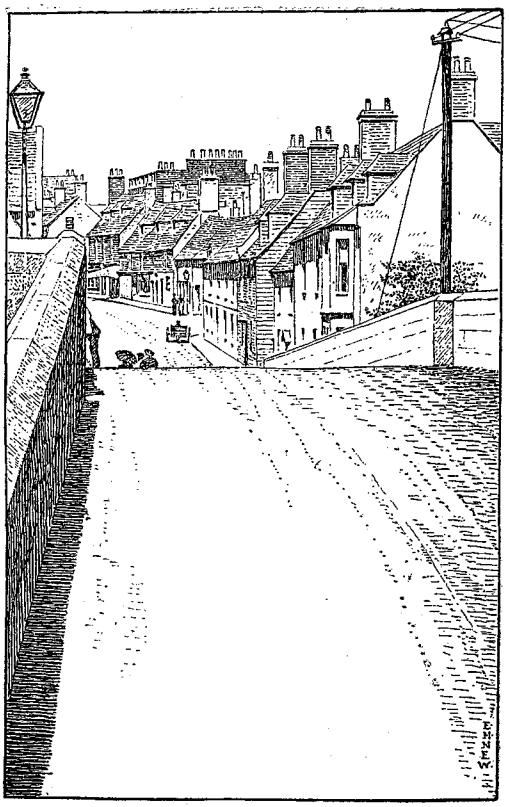
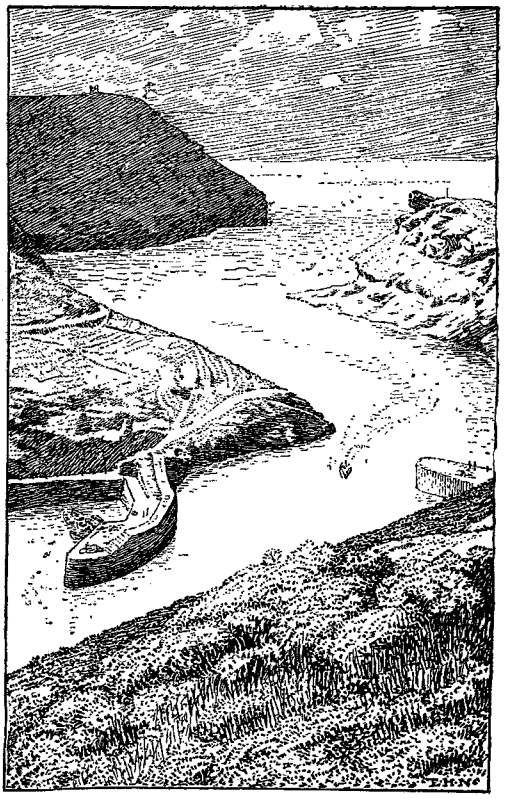


ANGLEBURY.



CASTLE BOTEREL.

ticular taste, we admit that they are too realistic. Places over which poetry had hitherto cast its glow are now seen in the crude light of prose, unsoftened by the treatment of atmosphere, often without even the advantage of an artistic point of view. Sometimes, too, a picture entirely lacks in anything that is distinctive—as, for instance, that of the "Stile near Mellstock," which might be any stile in England. The town-scenes and pictures of houses are the best. And now, having taken exception to some points in the book, let us hasten to swell the sum of human inconsistencies by avowing that we hope to go into Wessex next week, and to take the book as our companion.

George Douglas.

THE VOYAGE OF ITHOBAL. By Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. New York: Geo. Dillingham. $1.50.

To the imagination of our race the Sea-saga makes irresistible appeal. Who has read of the wanderings of St. Brandan or the voyage of the Maeldune—to go no further afield—without being conscious of the freshness and the wonder of the world's adventurous youth? Othere, holding out to King Alfred the walrus-tooth in his brown hand as a proof of the truth of his strange story, is as unforgettable as Sir Humphrey Gilbert reading his book among the driving icebergs, or Salvation Yeo with the romance of the New World etched on his white buffalo horn. It is not surprising, therefore, that Sir Edwin Arnold should have perceived epical possibilities in the brief and much-discussed passage in which Herodotus tells how Neco, King of Egypt, "sent certain Phœnicians in ships" to sail round the unknown shores of Africa and to return home by the Pillars of Hercules.

The subject catches the attention; and the poet sets out, gallantly enough, to tell how Ithobal, allured by the silver dove of Ishtar, entered the slave-market of Tyre just in time to purchase Nesta, the wondrous Libyan maiden, with his one pearl,

> Fished on a moonlit night by the Isle of Birds,
> A moon itself,

and so set his feet in the ways to which the high gods had destined him. For Nesta had been born under alien stars, far beyond the springs of Nile, and for her the unexplored seas beyond Punt were no mysterious wastes of terror and death, but honest brine

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washing lands fairer even than Syria and Egypt. When, therefore, Pharaoh Neco sent to Tyre for stout mariners to take his ships through

> the dark seas
> Nether of nethermost, and past the bounds
> Where boldest oar hath dipped,

Ithobal was eager to take service, and Nesta went with him.

With such romantic chances to the poet's hand, *The Voyage of Ithobal,* one feels ought to have been a notable, if not a great work; but it must be acknowledged, however regretfully, that the achievement falls far below the opportunity. Of this expedition of Neco, supposing it to be historical, no record survives beyond the few lines in Herodotus, but it would not have been difficult, had the poet willed, to reproduce the spirit and temper of the age from the legends and travellers' tales that have come down to us. It was an age that believed in dog-faced mortals, in tribes that warred with the south wind, in colossal ants whose hills were heaped with gold-dust, in

> Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

The Africa which Ithobal discovers, however, is the Africa of the absolutely up-to-date geographer. The narrative from this point of view is one long anachronism, crowded with uncouth place-names, and notes on natural history written in the light of modern science. In the Periplus of Hanno, with its naïve horror of the leagues of mysterious fire at night and its wonder at the wild men and women (some of whose skins were carried back to Carthage), we catch a glimpse of the real adventurers of the ancient time. In this *Voyage of Ithobal* the "wild men" become mere "gorillas"; and in a passage (p. 74), which suggests a page of Henry Drummond, Nesta makes it clear that the protective mimicry of insects is quite familiar to her.

A more serious fault than anachronism is the lack of human interest. There is no passionate intention, no growing and culminating design. Mere incidents, of course, are not wanting, but they do not impart the pleasure of novelty; and while they help to fix attention on Nesta, they sadly disparage Ithobal. For "a master of the sea," an eminent sea-dog who was equally familiar with Tarifa and Bab-el-Mandel, Ithobal is a curiously inept and resourceless seafarer. Nesta cures him of snake-bite, saves him from a pit-trap, oils the breakers for him, discovers a febrifuge, detects poisoned drink, finds water and "estridge"-eggs, and enlightens him on the subject of the mirage. For his part Ithobal tells the story when all's done. One startling surprise the poet has contrived for his readers. Sitting by the camp-fire of their zareba at the mouth of the Congo, the explorers hear the wild voices of the Libyan night, and, louder than all, the roar of the lions, rolling round the hills. "Know'st thou, master," asks Nesta, arousing herself from what seemed a dream,

> "Know'st thou, my Master! what the lions say?
> They have been kings: they are the kings to-night;
> All this is theirs; the river and its reeds,
> The hills, the thickets, and the roaming game,
> The village people and their lives—all's theirs,
> And this dark world must listen when they speak,
> Will listen many an age. Yet it is spite
> Makes them roar so bitter; centuries pass
> Like moons at last, and after centuries
> The lions know that down this stream will come
> A white man bringing to the darkness dawn
> As doth the morning star. . . . .
> The lions know and roar their hate of it.
> Hark! *Ist-a-la-ni! Ist-a-la-ni!* cries
> The Marsh Hen; knowing who will come at last;
> And wolves snarl—dreaming of 'the Stone-Breaker.'" *

The passage just quoted is a fair specimen of the poetic quality of the book. Nowhere, in spite of many landings and sailings, many dawns and many a twilight, shall you find such lines as these:

> The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
> Moans round with many voices;

or so rememberable a cadence as this, which Tennyson, touching for a moment on a similar theme, wrote and afterward rejected:

> The Northwind fall'n, in the newstarrèd night,
> Zidonian Hanno, voyaging beyond
> The hoary promontory of Soloë
> Past Thymiaterion, in calmèd bays.

William Canton.

OLD DUTCH TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF THE ZUIDER ZEE. By W. J. Tuyn. Illustrations by W. D. J. Nieuwenkamp and J. G. Veldheer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

This is a work which attracted a considerable amount of attention in Holland when it was published there, three or four years ago if we remember rightly. And deservedly so. It consists mainly of illustrations: those of the towns, Monnikendam, Edam, Hoorn, Enkhuizen, Medemblik, reproductions by zinco-

* Native name of Sir H. M. Stanley.

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graph of drawings made on the same scale by Mr. Nieuwenkamp, and those of Broek, Vollendam, Marken, and the other villages from wood-cuts designed and executed by Mr. Veldheer. There are in all thirty of these extremely interesting illustrations. Mr. Nieuwenkamp's drawings are direct, refined, full of air (wonderfully so, considering the method), and particularly successful in conveying a sense of suffused sunlight, as in the "Bell Tower and Weigh House: Monnikendam," and in several of the Enkhuizen series. Mr. Veldheer is seen at his best in "The Village: Marken," a beautiful and delicate drawing which does not suffer from violent rendering of cloud effect, as do some of his other cuts, notably one of Vollendam. The letterpress by Mr. W. J. Tuyn, is stated on the cover, by a ludicrous error, to be by Van W. Tuyn. The notes on the towns confine themselves for the most part severely to the subjects of the accompanying drawings, and are mainly of antiquarian interest. A somewhat wider range is taken in the notes on the villages, the accounts of which, especially of Marken and Vollendam, are curious and valuable. We observe the suggestion, which some portraits in the Rijks Museum confirm, that the singular costume of the Marken women and children is that worn by the old farmers' wives in Waterland. For the benefit of English readers who may wish a more popular account of these towns and villages an Introduction is supplied, presumably by the translator. A well-informed chapter on recent autographic art in Holland would have been useful and appropriate.

D. S. Meldrum.

THE NOVELS OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON. In Twenty Volumes. With an Introduction by Ethel M. M. McKenna. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Between thirty and forty years ago a clever man of letters made an abstract of "Clarissa Harlowe," in despair of the book being ever read in its entirety. The failure of the experiment had the effect of demonstrating that Richardson must be read as a whole, or not at all. Now the reverse experiment is to be tried. We are presented, not with only one work of Richardson's unabridged, but with all of them, occupying twenty volumes, small indeed, but full of matter, owing to the compression of type, and adorned with facsimiles of the original title-pages and reproductions of plates from the early editions. It will not be the fault of editor or publisher if success is denied to this spirited undertaking. The decision rests entirely with the public; will they tolerate the admitted prolixity of Richardson's works in consideration of their truth to universal human nature and the manners of their own particular age? The latter feature, even more than their genius, may recommend them to a public curious respecting the past. They may be compared to those medals which in losing their original sharpness of outline have acquired a patina even more valued by the connoisseur. Richardson no longer paints manners for us as he did for his contemporaries, but he paints his contemporaries for posterity.

Miss McKenna's preface is a perfect piece of work. We hope to meet her again in other fields.

Richard Garnett.

GEORGE ELIOT. By Clara Thomson. Westminster Biographies. Small, Maynard & Company. 75 cents.

This is a sensible, moderate, and kindly appreciation of a great woman, whose fame has not shone with much brightness of late years. It may be she was a trifle overestimated in her day, and that reaction is natural. But the coldness of the present age to her is mainly due to the very different attitude to life that she held, and the difference is to her credit. She was over-solemn at times in her idealism; and the present day light-hearted materialistic readers cannot away with that. But just because the light of her fame is low for the moment, we could have endured a rather heavier essay on her than the present, which seems bent on making only the most moderate claims for her, lest attack should be provoked.

NOVEL NOTES

THE REAL WORLD. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The Real World is an extremely interesting novel. Mr. Herrick's work is always marked by an earnestness which attracts more than the passing fancy of his readers. The present book is on a higher plane than *The Web of Life*. It is not so drenched with sex. It may safely be said, however, that while Mr. Herrick's books have never created any particular stir, they are always additions to the American fiction of to-day. *The Real World* is the story

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of a young man, "Jock O'Dreams," whose early life is spent in trying to distinguish the real from the unreal. Jack Pemberton's childhood is unhappy. His world is hedged in by genteel poverty, a scolding mother, and a broken-down father, whose teaching of music has not given him sufficient to maintain his family as the mother would wish. It is early in life that Jack learns of caste, "the first and most insidious poison that drops into a child's heart." The father dies and Jack leaves suburban Boston to go with an aunt and uncle to a village on the coast of Maine. There he acts as waiter in the summer when the boarders flock to the little hotel. He sees the prettily-dressed girls and the handsome young men who make up the other world. He meets one of them—Elsie Mason—who influences his life forever. She is a type of American familiar to many. Later on in life Jack saw in a flash "her unfolding from the society of Zenobia, Ohio, the boarding-school, the European vagabondage, the New York apartment house, the summer seaside cottage. . . . And she had unfolded from the loud, slangy, 'breezy' American girl, quick-witted and uneducated, to the woman who knew rather more than the name of things, who was sure of herself and her world, who had picked what she wanted from the vulgar profusion of riches, and fitted to herself an environment like a glove!" When he first meets her, however, she is not all these things; she is merely the first real person he has ever met. She sails with him and drives with him and talks to him of her ambitions and her world to be, until she fires him with a desire to be something and to do something. He works and saves and goes to Harvard, there to become one of many in the great middle-class of nobodies. As a young lawyer he drifts to New York, where he manages to eke out a bare living. Elsie is now a gay married woman. Her house is the rendezvous for men rather than for women. Her entertainments are decidedly startling. But she is still Jack's ideal. A ball is given by her at her summer home, where champagne flows until the dawn breaks, and where Jack has his awakening. Later on there is a final scene between Elsie and Jack which is reminiscent of many similar scenes in other novels.

The book is full of vivid pictures; the summer hotel in Maine, with its servants' picnics and the little affairs so like and yet so unlike the doings at the big house; the New York law office; the Madison Avenue home of Elsie; the Harlem flat of Stella; and the little village of Mound City, Iowa, where Jack at last finds his real world. With plenty of good material and the trick of writing well, Mr. Herrick has turned out a good novel.

F. M. Mandeville.

LOVE IDYLLS. By R. D. Crockett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

This dainty little volume seems to me to "prove nothing" except that Mr. Crockett's hand as a pure lyrist has lost its cunning, though ever so slightly, and that he should devote a year or at least six months to the production of a successor—which need not, however, to be a sequel—to *Cleg Kelly*. The best story in this collection is also the slightest and least idyllic—"The Love Story of Captain Ebenezer Grubb, S.A." Grub has nothing of the masterful shrewdness of Cleg Kelly, and Eva Coles is a silly, selfish thing who likes a sweetheart and a ring, but does not "know what love is." Yet the slender and matter-of-fact pathos of their story is genuine. It shows, too, Mr. Crockett at his best as a phrase-maker and realistic producer of the pettinesses of average conversation. "Placards whose religious outspokenness struck the uninitiated with a thrill of pain" is true in art, and, as an exhibition of envious contempt, "'Tis a fine thing to be able to traipse about pompommin' in the mid of the day when other folk be a-workin'," is true to life. Although the muse of the byre is not seen to such advantage in these idylls as in *Lad's Love*, there is true Scottish, Gallovidan, and terribly earnest coquetry in "Love among the Beech Leaves." Isobel McLurg, too, with her excellent mother-wit, saves the most ambitious story, "The Fitting of the Peats," from being irredeemably commonplace, although, as a Presbyterian Puritan, her father Ninian is as much of a caricature as are the elders in "The Little Minister," although Adrian Home does not even make a good walking gentleman, and although the *deus ex machina* Henry Pelham is the reverse of a historical personage. There is an abundance of Mr. Crockett's vigour as a battle-painter in "The Count and Little Gertrud"—the story of the convict gang somehow recalls *Midshipman Easy*—but the idyllic element is mere Lord-of-Burleighism, and rather poor at that. The tragedy of "Vernon the Traitor" presents a fresh aspect of the old "hill-folk" life, but the self-sacrifice at the close is too reminiscent of Sydney Carton. As for "Billiam" and "That Popish Parson Fellow," and the like, they have nothing specially to recommend them except their realisation of that modern muscular Christianity, which is

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equally ready with its fists and its tears, and which beyond all doubt Mr. Crockett sometimes makes provokingly attractive.

William Wallace.

THE MARROW OF TRADITION. By Charles W. Chesnutt. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $1.50.

Whatever faults Mr. Chesnutt may have, insincerity is not one of them. He is intensely in earnest in everything that he writes. Four novels are now to his credit, in each one of which he pours out his feelings on the subject of racial conditions in one form or another. The question of what to do with the negro is the dominating theme with Mr. Chesnutt. He loves the race which is in part his own, and he idealises it whenever he can. There is much to criticise in *The Marrow of Tradition,* but somehow the pathos of it all makes one a little blind to its faults. There is an immense amount of dramatic material in the book, but Mr. Chesnutt has not moulded it as effectively as he might have done. Take, for instance, one portion of the story. A negro servant, Sam, is a devoted servant in the family of one Mr. Delamere. There is a son, Tom, a wild, vicious young man, who is the idol of his father. He is deeply in debt and he is about to be dropped by his club and otherwise dishonoured. Sam shields him from detection, and loans him all the money which he had saved. Tom, disguised in Sam's clothes, steals out of the house one night, and the next morning it is found that his aunt has been murdered and robbed. Sam is arrested, and the cry goes forth, "Burn the nigger!" But rather than betray his master's son, Sam will burn at the stake. There is a touching scene between him and Mr. Delamere when the latter says he believes in his innocence as he would in that of his own son, and begs him to tell all he knows. But Sam remains dumb. A search of Tom's rooms reveals to the father evidences of the son's guilt. Sam receives his freedom, and nothing further is done with the case. Instead of a dramatic scene, which the reader expected, Mr. Chesnutt ends this episode of the story in the following way:

As we have seen, the charge against Campbell had been made against the whole coloured race. All over the United States the Associated Press has flashed the report of another dastardly outrage by a burly black brute—all black brutes, it seems, are burly—and of the impending lynching with its prospective horrors. This news, being highly sensational in its character, had been displayed in large black type on the front pages of the daily papers. The despatch that followed, to the effect that the accused had been found innocent and the lynching frustrated, received slight attention, if any, in a fine-print paragraph on an inside page. The facts of the case never came out at all. The family honour of the Delameres was preserved, and the prestige of the white race in Wellington was not seriously impaired.

Almost all the white personages of the book have very black souls. They destroy wills, thereby depriving the blacks of their rights. They hamper them in their progress. They do not give them any chance at all. The book is undoubtedly an exaggeration, as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was an exaggeration. But in spite of this, and deep down beneath style and construction and climax, one recognises the underlying strength of a man who thinks. It is the cry of one human soul against the great injustice which he feels is being done his race.

F. M. H.

THE BALLET DANCER. By Matilde Serao. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

The work of Madame Serao has attained to a high rank in European fiction. In her own country there are few writers of fiction to be named before her—only Verga and D'Annunzio, perhaps. To outsiders, at least, she is more readable, as she is infinitely more of an artist, than Foggazaro and De Amicis. Not that she is always artist. The last book of hers we reviewed in these pages, *The Land of Cockayne,* was a powerful dramatic tract, and her burning human sympathies have frequently forced her to drive all immediate thought of art aside that she might make appeal to the world to right a wrong, or, at least, to open its eyes and see where wrong is flourishing amid indifference. But here the artist has full sway. The effects in these two stories are carefully arranged. No words are wasted. Scene and circumstance and atmosphere and narrative are contrived in an admirable harmony in each of them. Yet we hardly pause to admire, for in all Matilde Serao's work, whether it be a bit of special pleading, or whether, as here, it be something to delight our sense of art, the strongest flavour is always that of human sympathy, and we are borne on its quick wave to the end. In the two tales before us the sentiment is delicate, sincere and robust. There has not been wanting in modern fiction abundant "gush" over the heroines of the stage and the ballet. It has been left to this writer to conceive this idyllic tragedy of a *coryphée* who was not beautiful or very gifted, but whose frugal, sordid, shabby life was illumined by

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the light of hero-worship. By her love of beauty, altogether faithful and disinterested, she rose out of her narrow circumstance almost to genius.

In the second story the interest is very varied, and the pathos distractingly divided between the prisoner on lonely Nisida, the parricide who yet treads worshipfully in the footsteps of a child, the woman whose whole nature is outraged because her little son lives and dies in a convict atmosphere, and her husband, the ardent patriot, old fighter in the war of Italian liberty, condemned to watch benevolently over his convicts while yet his country is not all free. In one memorable scene is described his assembling of every soul on the convict island to tell the news that Victor Emmanuel has entered Venice. Madame Serao has worked successfully on larger canvases; but we are inclined to think the translator has shown us in these two stories the finest flowers of her art.

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN SHUTTERS. By George Douglas. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company. $1.50.

Without actual adventure, without any love interest—if we except the one case of the mother's love for her son—with scarcely a woman in the book, Mr. Douglas has written a strong and impressive piece of fiction. It is very quietly done; not till the story nears its close does the tragedy move quickly. When it does move, however, it moves to some purpose; we realise the force which has been accumulating from the outset; and the end is gruesome. The book is not gloomy; indeed, it is the reverse; there is humour in plenty. There are also clever, incisive writing, good phrasing, fine characterisation and true insight. Surely only a Scot would dare to draw such a picture of a Scottish village; it is entertaining, and it is apt in its witticisms, but it is remorselessly cruel—there is scarcely one kind heart in it. Barbie is the village, and John Gourlay, of the House with the Green Shutters, is the big man of it; a harsh, purse-proud, cheating, unintelligent bully, who wins the detestation (and the fear) of every one; a man whose downfall any one with a human weakness for retribution would be glad to see accomplished. And yet—when it is accomplished, when the downfall comes and overwhelms him, one is not glad. The man is great in his way, and the other man who sets to work to accomplish the ruin is so shrewd, so unscrupulous, so mean, that the reader veers; the bully is preferable to the sneak. John Gourlay is the main theme of the book, but he is by no means the only one. John Gourlay's son, with his fine perceptions, his sensitiveness, his brag, his cowardice; Mrs. Gourlay, with her slatternly ways, her sufferings, her apathy and her piteous love for her boy; even Janet, Gourlay's daughter, so unattractive and so sickly, drawn with so few touches; all are almost terrible in their reality. And terrible is the meeting between father and son, when young John, soaked with drink, comes home, frightened and desperate, expelled from Edinburgh University; when the strong nature plays with the weak with excess of cruelty, till the weak, becoming maddened, ends the scene with catastrophe. Mr. Douglas shows that he can handle strong situations, and his book proves that he is able to write with power and originality.

THE HOUSE OF DE MAILLY. By Margaret Horton Potter. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

The historical romance is very much with us of late; and, if it were always as good as *The House of de Mailly*, we should be glad to have even more of it. The action of this story passes chiefly in the dissolute court of Louis XV. of France, and it is the fate of Claude de Mailly that Louis is successively enamoured of the two women he loves. First, it is his cousin, Marie Anne, Countess de Châteauroux, who, being heartless and ambitious, rejects the passionate love of Claude and becomes the mistress of the king; and, as Claude will not quietly accept his lot, he is exiled until such time as he can return with a wife. He goes to America, and there meets with Deborah Travis, who works in her aunt's still room, and is learned in the use of herbs and medicinal poisons. She turns her knowledge to good account by saving Claude's life when he is dying of a fever, and her innocence and girlish sweetness win his heart. He returns home with her as his wife; and, her beauty fascinating the king, he finds himself in conflict with Louis, as before. His love is deeper and truer now than it was then; and, to get rid of his rivalry, the king banishes him again, and seeks to dazzle Deborah with promises of unlimited wealth and honour if she will remain with him instead of sharing her husband's exile. The closing scenes are intensely dramatic. Some judicious excisions, a little condensation, and this would have been a really notable book; as it is, even with too long waits between the acts, it is a powerfully written and absorbing romance.

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THE ETERNAL QUEST. By John A. Steuart. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

This is a book in praise of love and war. But the drum-taps in it are more continuous than the notes of the lute. Soldiers, a fighting Scotch minister and a fledgling minister, who is saved from going utterly to the bad by rushing to the war, are its heroes; while its heroines, if they stay at home, are valiant-hearted, tremendously patriotic and quite willing to reward the brave effusively on their return from fields of glory. The real hero of the story is the Highland Brigade; and its exploits at Magersfontein and elsewhere in the present war are spiritedly described.

A WOMAN ALONE. Three Stories. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

We have to go back to Mrs. Clifford's *Aunt Anne* to find anything so good from her pen as the first of these three stories, at least. *A Woman Alone* may be morbid, and a very painful example of feminine abjectness, but it is true, nevertheless, and we do not feel the abundant pity we shed over Blanche is wasted. She is a very comprehensive being, though she comes under the reproach of being un-English. Her needs were too many for her to be satisfied. She needed an atmosphere of enthusiasm for ideas; she needed to feel the people round her were doing or thinking or imagining something; she needed a great deal of contact with human beings; and she needed domestic love. Her husband was a brute with a monomania for being left alone. If it were suggested to him he should think something or do something, his mind and body refused to budge. He hated crowds. Domesticity galled him. He despised his wife's friends, and was jealous of her influence over them. He went away, kept complete silence for years, and she nearly died of it. We believe everything, save Mrs. Clifford's suggestion that he loved her all the time. Bowden is a terrible specimen of the modern monster; and, alas! that we should say it, we think him even probable. *Marie Zellinger,* the tale of the young poetic beauty with the unpaid bills, is a slighter affair. But *Miss Williamson* is in Mrs. Clifford's best half-grim, wholly pathetic manner.

THE MILLION. By Dorothea Gerard. New York Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

We feel that here we have not so much a novel as the vivid illustration of a thesis. Madame de Longgarde, looking on the growing materialism of the world, writes a warning. She holds with many others, rightly or wrongly, that an education which has no regard to the unseen things, tends to dam up the natural channels of emotion; but that Nature will have its way, and its way in such circumstances is by dangerous flood that may work havoc in human lives. It is not fair to tell all the story here. We only suggest it in saying that we see the last of the beautiful daughter of the materialistic lawyer, who has slaved to make a great place in the world for her, within the walls of a convent, where she is absorbed in what she had been taught all her youth to despise. There is no special pleading in the book; but in writing a strong warning, Madame de Longgarde has not failed also to tell a touching story.

THE HERB OF GRACE. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25.

"'Nature intended me for an artist or a poet,' Malcolm would say, for he was given at times to a hard, merciless introspection. . . 'but circumstances have called me to the bar.'" So the hero strikes awe and pity into us at once. We have our wavering moments when the writer indiscreetly flashes a light on his artistic tastes; but are overcome once more when we hear him defying the trammels of wigs and codes and courts in an outburst like this, "'I am going to write a book. . . I mean to take the world by storm—to say my say—for once. It will not be a novel. . . . It will be autobiographical, expansive, and deep as human nature itself, and I shall call it *The Record of an Impotent Genius.*'" You foresee a tragedy, of course, but it doesn't come off. Malcolm's career is as smug as you could desire. When we leave him his name is quite used to appearing in columns of the *Times* and the *Morning Post.* Don't let any one run away with the idea that *The Herb of Grace* is a novel of Bohemian life. It is chock full of domesticity. The naughtiest moment of its hero's career is alluded to when his bath is mentioned and his biographer confesses—"his tub he called it mentally."

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THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, December 1, 1901.

Again the month's issue of new books is remarkable both in size and character, and while not equalling that of October, still shows an unusual activity in publishing. Of the additions to the popular fiction of the day at once commanding a sale were *The Man from Glengarry,* by Ralph Connor; *The Portion of Labour,* by Mary E. Wilkins; *Count Hannibal,* by Stanley J. Weyman, and *The Pines of Lory,* by A. Mitchell, while *Mr. Munchausen: An Account of Some of his Recent Adventures,* by John Kendrick Bangs; *A House Party,* edited by Paul Leicester Ford, and new illustrated editions of *Bob, Son of Battle* and *The Salt-Box House* were other attractive titles.

New juveniles continue to come out in surprising numbers, and it seems hardly possible that the demand will equal the supply. The new illustrated edition of Mrs. Alcott's *Little Men* bids fair to increase the sale of this child's classic, and Andrew Lang's *The Violet Fairy-Book* is an acceptable continuation of his ever popular series.

In the list of new miscellaneous works is noticeable a large number of biographies, from which may be noted as likely to be the most salable *James Russell Lowell: A Biography,* by Horace E. Scudder. *Thoughts for Every-Day Living:* From the spoken and written words of Maltbie D. Babcock, from the religious literature of the month, is already in good demand. *The Making of an American,* by Jacob A. Riis; *Old-Time Gardens,* by Alice Morse Earle; *Rugs, Oriental and Occidental,* by Rosa Bell Holt, are only a selection from a large list of attractive titles.

The demand for the popular fiction of the day increases, stimulated by the most phenomenal advertising ever known in the trade. Not only is this noticeable in a few instances, but a considerable list of novels is flourishing under this treatment. As is usual at this season, the department stores have taken advantage of the advertising value of books to literally slaughter them at such prices as to seem to make it imperative for the publishers to take steps for the regulating of the sale of fiction as they have of the miscellaneous books.

While it is possible to arrange the list of best selling books of the month in their order of popularity as below, it may be said that all there noted are in unusual demand, and might be followed by many others having much more than an average sale.

The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Crisis. Winston Churchill. $1.50.
D'ri and I. Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Cavalier. George W. Cable. $1.50.
The Ruling Passion. Henry Van Dyke. $1.50.
Lives of the Hunted. Ernest Seton-Thompson. Net. $1.75.
Kim. Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.
Lazarre. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. $1.50.
Sylvia: The Story of an American Countess. Evelyn Emerson. $1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. $1.50.
Blennerhassett. Charles F. Pidgin. $1.50.
Graustark. George B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
The Eternal City. Hall Caine. $1.50.
Marietta: A Maid of Venice. F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.
The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Lucas Malet. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, December 1, 1901.

The condition of business, speaking generally, remains at the high level which has been so marked a feature of the present year. At this time, too, the eve of the holiday season, the prospect for the remainder of the year is bright, and there is every reason to suppose that Christmas trade will attain record-breaking proportions. Library business, always a good measure of the general prosperity of the country, is and has been right through the year exceedingly good. Country trade also was unusually brisk last month, and did not evince any of the slackness which sometimes characterises November.

The new books received last month (perhaps the largest publishing month of the year) make an extensive list, and important books were plentiful in all classes. The most popular of the new novels of the month was *The Man from Glengarry.* Others which attained the front rank, from a selling point of view, were *The Portion of Labour* and *Marietta, a Maid of Venice.*

Moderate-priced illustrated books prepared especially for the holidays, such as the illustrated edition of *A Cathedral Courtship, Amos Judd, Riley Farm Rhymes, The Dolly Dialogues, The Making of a Marchioness,* Dunbar's *Candle Lightin' Time,* Mabie's *Child of Nature* and *A Japanese Nightingale* are selling well, and promise to be popular as Christmas gifts.

Popular fiction continues to be the all-absorbing topic when book sales are discussed, and the leading novels will, as usual, play the most prominent part in Christmas business. At present *The Crisis* continues to lead the demand, and, taking popularity as a test, this work must be considered the book of the year. *D'ri and I, The Right of Way, The Eternal City, Lazarre, The Man from Glengarry, The Cavalier, Graustark* and *The Tempting of Father Anthony* are all going well and bid fair to have very large sales this month.

The Making of an American, by Jacob Riis, although only published a few weeks, is being well taken up. Scudder's *Biography of Lowell* is also going well, and so is *Up from Slavery,* by Booker T. Washington, and *Robert Louis Stevenson's Life.* In fact, what may be called the solid reading of the year is, considered as a whole, enjoying quite a satisfactory demand, all the more satisfactory because the sale is unostentatious. The land s not altogether given over to the fashionable novel;

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other books are being read and appreciated just as much as they ever were.

During November the best selling books were:

The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. $1.50.
D'ri and I. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.
The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.
The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. $1.50.
Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. $1.50.
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
The Cavalier. By G. W. Cable. $1.50.
Blennerhassett. By C. F. Pidgin. $1.50.
The Lives of the Hunted. By E. Seton-Thompson. $1.75 net.
The Tempting of Father Anthony. By G. Horton. $1.25.
Graustark. By G. B. McCutcheon. $1.50.
Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. $1.50.
Eben Holden. By Irving Bacheller. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, Oct. 19 to Nov. 20, 1901.

A very promising commencement of the season has been made during the past month, and a steady and well-sustained demand has been experienced for most classes of literature, the sales in several lines having been considerable. Toward the end a slight tendency to slacken has been noticeable, but that is a regularly recurring feature at this time, and provides a breathing space before the rush of the Christmas trade. The supply of 6s. novels has lessened during the past few weeks, and no work of pre-eminent importance has appeared. The sales transacted have, however, in several instances been extensive and the orders numerous. It is rarely that so many works by authors of repute are issued in one season, and the task of discrimination is thus necessarily difficult, but the most general favourites appear to be *Kim, The Eternal City, Marietta, The Herb of Grace, History of Sir Richard Calmady* and *In Spite of All. A Modern Anataeus,* by the author of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters,* and *The Shoes of Fortune,* by Neil Munro, have also sold freely. At 5s., *Captain Bluitt,* by Max Adeler, has been very popular; and at 3s. 6d., *Light Freights,* by W. W. Jacobs, continues to be the leading line.

There appears to have been a renewed interest in South African war literature, and the two most prominent works of the month have been the new edition of Conan Doyle's *History of the Great Boer War* and *Behind the Scenes in the Transvaal,* by D. M. Wilson. Biography has looked up considerably during the month, several works of great interest having appeared and been in steady request, notably *R. L. Stevenson's Life,* by Graham Balfour, Mrs. Bagot's *Links with the Past,* Dean Hole's *Then and Now* and *Lady Sarah Lennox: Life and Letters. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the Queen's Comrade,* has sold well. One of the successes of the month has been *What's What,* a volume of a cyclopædic nature by Harry Quilter. With the elevation of Canon Gore to the Bishopric of Worcester came an increased demand for that already extensively circulated work, *The Body of Christ.*

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month:

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Marietta. By F. M. Crawford. 6s. (Macmillan.)
History of Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
In spite of All. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Herb of Grace. By Rosa N. Carey. 6s. (Macmillan.)
A Modern Anataeus. By the author of An Englishwoman's Love Letters. 6s. (J. Murray.)
The Shoes of Fortune. By Neil Munro. 6s. (Isbister.)
The New Canterbury Tales. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Constable.)
Count Hannibal. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Captain Bluitt. By Max Adeler. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)
Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NOVEMBER 10 TO DECEMBER 10

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

The Shrine of Silence. Henry Frank.
Democracy and The Trusts. Edwin B. Jennings.
Doctor Josephine. Willis Barnes.
Ballads of Brotherhood. A. A. Hopkins.
People and Property. Edwin B. Jennings.
A Classified List of Minerals, Precious and Other Stones. F. J. Troughton.
From Death to Life. Harry Marschner.
Jewels of Paste. Sue Edwards.
The Quest for the Empress. Albert J. Klinck.
Who are the Criminals? Henry George, Jr.
A Gumbo Lily. Stella Gilman.
Mata, the Magician. Isabella Ingalese.

American Book Company:

Une Semaine À Paris. Edwin F. Bacon.
The Conquest of the Old Northwest. James Baldwin.
New Practical Arithmetic. Eugene L. Dubbs.
Practical Exercises on the Latin Verb. Katherine Campbell Reiley.
The Art of Teaching. Emerson E. White.
Elementary Treatise on Navigation and Nautical Astronomy. E. L. Richards.
Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon. E. Labiche et M. E. Martin.
Graded Work in Arithmetic. S. W. Baird.

Appleton and Company:

The Man Who Knew Better. T. Gallon.
Under the Skylights. Henry B. Fuller.

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Armstrong and Son:
The Early Church. James Orr.
Ruling Ideas of Our Lord. Charles F. D'Arcy.

Baker and Taylor Company:
The Times and Young Men. Josiah Strong.
The Salt-Box House. By Jane DeForest Shelton.
The Beacon Biographies:
Alexander Hamilton. By James Schouler.
Henry W. Longfellow. By George Rice Carpenter.

Baker, Voorhis and Company:
The Care of Estates. F. T. Hill.

Brentano's:
The Margate Mystery. Burford Delannoy.
Bitter Fruit. Mrs. Lovett Cameron.

Caldwell Company:
Tobacco in Song and Story. John Bain, Jr.
Bath Robes and Bachelors. Arthur Gray.
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. Thomas Gray.
Sweetness and Light. Matthew Arnold.
Guess. L. J. Bridgman.

Crowell and Company:
Economy. Orison S. Marden.
Flowers from Persian Poets. Edited by Nathan H. Dole and Belle M. Walker. Vols. I. and II.
Colonial Prose and Poetry. Edited by W. P. Trent and B. W. Wells.
Anna Karenina. Tolstoi. Vols. I., II. and III.
Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days. Geraldine Brooks. Vols. I. and II.

Dodd, Mead and Company:
The Velvet Glove. By Henry Seton Merriman.
Hypolympia, or, The Gods in the Island. By Edmund Gosse.
Wanderings in Three Continents. By Sir Richard Burton.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Latin Quarter. By Henry Murger. Translated by Ellen Marriage.
The True History of Captain John Smith. Katharine Pearson Woods.
Photography as a Fine Art. By Charles H. Caffin.
The Furniture of Our Forefathers. Esther Singleton. Parts VI., VII. and VIII.

Eaton and Mains:
Nature and Character at Granite Bay. Daniel A. Goodsell.
Loiterings in Old Fields. James B. Kenyon.

Eckler:
An Age Hence, and Other Poems. George T. Welch.

Fenno and Company:
144 New Epigrams. William B. Gross.
Franks: Duellist. Ambrose Pratt.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:
The Real Latin Quarter. F. B. Smith.
The Princess Cynthia. Marguerite Bryant.

Harper and Brothers:
The Ballet Dancer and On Guard. Matilde Serao.
V. R. I. Queen Victoria, Her Life and Empire. The Marquis of Lorne.
In Great Waters. Thomas A. Janvier.
The Portion of Labour. Mary E. Wilkins.
Her First Appearance. By Richard Harding Davis.
Hawthorne and Lavender. By William Ernest Henley.
The Baby. His Care and Training. By Marianna Wheeler.
When Love is Young. By Roy Rolfe Gilson.
The Debatable Land. By Arthur Colton.
Poems of the Past and the Present. By Thomas Hardy.

Holt and Company:
Shoulder-Straps and Sun-Bonnets. Edith Elmer Wood.
American Political History. Viola A. Conklin.
A History of English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century. H. A. Beers.
Thyra. Robert Ames Bennet.
Die Braut von Meffina. By Schiller. Edited by A. H. Palmer.

Lane:
The Usurper. William J. Locke.
Love Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Including the Sonnets from the Portuguese.
Love Poems of Landor.
Love Poems of Burns.
The Natural History of Selborne. Gilbert White.
Walt Whitman's Poetry, A Study and A Selection. E. Holmes.

Lewis, Scribner and Company:
The Backslider. Grant Allen.
The Derelict. Cutliffe Hyne.

Longmans, Green and Company:
Flower Legends for Children. Hilda Murray.
The Women of the Salons and Other French Portraits. S. G. Tallentyre.
Andrea Mantegna. Paul Kristeller.
Wagner's Nibelungen Ring Done Into English Verse. By Reginald Ranken, R.A.
Count Hannibal. By Stanley J. Weyman.
Cynthia's Way. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.
The Gold-Stealers. A Story of Waddy. By Edward Dyson.
The Fiery Dawn. By M. E. Coleridge.
The Vicar and His Friends. By Cunningham Geikie.

Macmillan Company:
Ossian in Germany. Rudolf Tombo.
The Influence of Old Norse Literature on English Literature. G. H. Nordby.

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Mexico As I Saw It. Mrs. Alec Tweedie.
God Wills It. William S. Davis.
The World and the Individual. Josiah Royce.
The Real World. Robert Herrick.
The Sinner and the Problem. Eric Parker.
Chivalry. F. W. Cornish.
The Making of an American. Jacob A. Riis.
Dictionary of National Biography. Sidney Lee. Vol. III.
Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance. L. J. Freeman.
The Liars. Henry Arthur Jones.
The Crisis. Winston Churchill.
A History of the Orient and Greece. By George Willis Botsford, Ph. D.
Old-Time Gardens. By Alice Morse Earle.
Municipal Administration. By John A. Fairlie, Ph. D.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Sons of the Sword. Margaret L. Woods.
The Firebrand. S. R. Crockett.
Lincoln's Plan of Reconstruction. Charles H. McCarthy.
Animals of the Past. Frederic A. Lucas.
The Simple Life. Charles Wagner.
Songs of Nature. Edited by John Burroughs.

Oxford University Press:

A Tale of Two Cities. Charles Dickens.
The Gathas of Zarathushtra (Zoroaster). Lawrence D. Mills.

Putnam's Sons:

Other Famous Homes of Great Britain and Their Stories. Edited by A. H. Malan.
Israel Putnam. William F. Livingston.
Five Thousand Facts and Fancies. William Henry P. Phyfe.
Historic Towns of the Western States. Edited by Lyman Powell.
One of my Sons. Anna K. Green.
Dutch Life in Town and Country. P. M. Hough.
The God Seeker. Peter Rosegger.
Richard Wagner. His Life and His Dramas. W. J. Henderson.
The Mohawk Valley. W. Max Reid.
Romance of the Renaissance Châteaux. Elizabeth W. Champney.

Revell:

The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor.
Constantinople and Its Problems. Henry Otis Dwight.
Culture and Restraint. Hugh Black.
The Lore of Cathay. W. A. P. Martin.
Deborah. James M. Ludlow.
China in Convulsion. Smith. Vols. I. and II.

Rand, McNally and Company:

That Girl Montana. Marah E. Ryan.

Russell:

Four-Footed Folk. Raymond F. Ayres.

Scribner's sons:

More Animals. Oliver Herford.
Origen and Greek Patristic Theology. Rev. W. Fairweather.
Thoughts for Every-Day Living. Maltbie D. Babcock.
Orloff and His Wife. Maxim Gorky.
The Earlier Renaissance. George Saintsbury.
Masques of Cupid. Evangeline W. Blashfield.
A Child's History of England. Charles Dickens.
History of Florence. Professor Villari.
Christmas Stories. Charles Dickens.
Byron's Works.
Edwin Drood. Charles Dickens.
The Evolution of Sex. Professor Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Our First School Book. Carrie S. Ferris.
Schiller's Die Braut von Meffina. W. H. Carruth.
A Spanish Anthology. J. D. M. Ford.
Zaragueta. George Carter Howland.

Stokes and Company:

The Burgess Nonsense Book.

Taylor and Company:

The Great White Way. By Albert Bigelow Paine.
The Screen. By Paul Bourget.
The Billy Stories. By Eva Lovett.
The Ordeal of Elizabeth.
The Colburn Prize. Gabrielle E. Jackson.

Tuck and Sons:

Tales from Shakespeare. Mary and Charles Lamb. Vols. I. and II.

Wessels Company:

Christmas Carols. Joshua Sylvester.
Friendship. Two Essays on Friendship by Ralph Waldo Emerson and Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Zimmerman's:

Merry Jingles. Sarah L. Moore.
Through Hell with Hiprah Hunt. Arthur Young.

CHICAGO.

Advance Publishing Company:

Hymns Historically Famous. Colonel Nicholas Smith.

Donohue and Company:

Birthday Poems of the Century. Ernest G. Dodge.

Hiff and Company:

Minette. George F. Cram.

Laird and Lee:

The Life-Work of William McKinley. Edward T. Roe.

McClurg and Company:

Zanzibar Tales. George W. Bateman.
Stories of Enchantment. H. R. Richards.
Henrik Ibsen. A Critical Biography. Henrik Jaeger.
Nanna. Holger Drachmann.
Bernardo and Laurette. Marguerite Bouvert.

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Photo-Beacon Company:
What Are We Here For? F. Dundas Todd.

Stone and Company:
The Golfer's Rubaiyat. H. W. Boynton.
Ruskin's Principles of Art Criticism. Ida M. Street.
One Forty-Two. Henry M. Hyde.

BOSTON.

Heath and Company:
Seaside and Wayside. No. 3. Julia McNair Wright.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:
A Cathedral Courtship. Kate D. Wiggin.
Before the Dawn. Pimenoff-Noble.
Our National Parks. John Muir.
The Rights of Man. L. Abbott.
American Traits. Hugo Munsterberg.
Margaret Warrener. Alice Brown.
A Short History of the Mississippi Valley. James K. Hosmer.
School, College and Character. Le Baron Russell Briggs.
The Field of Ethics. George Herbert Palmer.
The Heart of the Road and Other Poems. Anna H. Branch.
Marlowe. Josephine P. Peabody.
Mater Coronata. Recited at the Bicentennial Celebration of Yale University, XXIII. October, MDCCCCI. By E. C. Stedman.
With Lead and Line Along Varying Shores. C. H. Webb.

Knight and Millet:
In College Days. Joseph Le Roy Harrison.

Lee and Shepard:
American Boys' Life of William McKinley. Edward Stratemeyer.

Little, Brown and Company:
Types of Naval Officers. A. T. Mahan.

Massachusetts New Church Union:
The Bread of Life. John Worcester.

Noyes, Platt and Company:
Mr. Munchausen. By John Kendrick Bangs.

Small, Maynard and Company:
A House Party. Stories by famous authors. The Story-tellers being introduced by Paul Leicester Ford.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Bowen-Merrill Company:
Rosalynde's Lovers. Maurice Thompson.
The Master Key. L. Frank Baum.
Riley Farm Rhymes. James Whitcomb Riley.
Dream Children. Elizabeth B. Brownell.
The Story of Live Dolls. Josephine S. Gates.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Remington Printing Company:
The Show Dog. H. W. Huntington.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Altemus Company:
Folly in Fairyland. Carolyn Wells.

General Council Publication Board:
The Choral Service Book. Harry G. Archer and Rev. L. B. Reed.

Jacobs and Company:
Stray Papers. William M. Thackeray.
Touring Alaska and the Yellowstone. Charles M. Taylor.
Sport Indeed. Thomas Martindale.
Miss Marjorie of Silvermead. Evelyn E. Green.
365 Breakfast Dishes. Selected from Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Lemcke, Table Talk, Boston Cooking School Magazine and others.
Pussy Meow. S. Louise Patteson.
Some Boys' Doings. John Habberton.
Pride of Race. B. L. Farjeon.
A Boy In Early Virginia. Edward Robins.
Rook's Nest. Izola L. Forrester.
Mistress May. Amy E. Blanchard.
When Mother Was a Little Girl. Frances S. Brewster.

Lippincott Company:
Millionaires and Kings of Enterprise. James Burnley.
Pamela. (Vols. I.-IV.) Samuel Richardson.
Clarissa Harlowe. (Vols. I.-IX.) Samuel Richardson.
Sir Charles Grandison. (Vols. I.-VII.) Samuel Richardson.
The Diamond Necklace. Frantz Funck-Brentano.
Barabbas. Marie Corelli.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Robertson:
The Golden Chimney. Elizabeth Gerberding.
Jingles from Japan. As Set Forth By The Ghinks.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Gallery and Company:
The Tiernan And Other Families. Charles B. Tiernan.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Phonographic Institute Company:
The Phonographic Dictionary. Benn Pittman and J. B. Howard.

Jennings and Pye:
Abraham Lincoln and The Men of His Time. R. H. Browne. Vols. I. and II.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:
Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the year ending June 30, 1900.

RICHMOND, VA.

Johnson Publishing Company:
Stories of Bird Life. T. Gilbert Pearson.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Elder and Morgan Shepard:
In the Realms of Gold. Lorenzo Sosso.

Whitaker and Ray Company:
Delphine and Other Poems. L. Adda Nichols.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Gospel Advocate Publishing Company:
The Key to Expression. Francis Joseph Brown and Miriam W. Brown.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Allen:
Hearts in Revolt. Henry Gilbert.

Bell and Sons:
Andrea Mantegna: Maud Cruttwell.
The Pavement Masters of Siena. R. H. Hobart.
Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Malcolm Bell.

Dent and Company:
Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd. Sir Arthur Helps.
Genesis. Edited by A. H. Sayce.
Peg Woffington. Charles Reade.

Downey and Company:
The Life of Charlotte Brontë. E. C. Gaskell.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Swedenborg Publishing Company:
Leaves from a Life-Book of To-day. Jane D. Mills.

AKRON, OHIO.

Saalfield Publishing Company:
Rescued by a Prince. Clement Eldridge.
Winged Arrow's Medicine. Harry Castlemon.

CAMBRIDGE.

University Press:
The Care of Books. John Willis Clark.

PARIS.

Société Française d'Imprimerie El de Librairie:
Science et Education. M. Berthelot.
Republic et Universite. X. Torau-Bayle.
Devant Le Rideau. N. M. Bernardin.
Le Tour du Monde en 63 Jours. Gaston Stiegler.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between November 1, 1901, and December 1, 1901.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
6. Last of the Knickerbockers. Vielé. (Stone.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50
3. Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Rosamond Tales. Reynolds. (Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Mother Goose. Denslow. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. A Lily of France. Mason. (Griffith & Rowland Press.) $1.10 net.
4. Sylvia. Emerson. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mistress Brent. Thurston. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Mills of God. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Portion of Labour. Wilkins. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Margaret Warrener. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. God Wills It. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan.) $2.00 net.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner). $1.75.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

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CHICAGO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Annie Deane. Slade. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The History of Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper.) $3.75.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Warwick of the Knobs. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Portion of Labour. Wilkins. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Marrow of Tradition. Chesnutt. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
2. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. A Lily of France. Mason. (Griffith-Rowland Press.) $1.10 net.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark.) $1.50.
6. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. My Lady Peggy Goes to Town. Mathews. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25 net.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Tempting of Father Anthony. Horton. (McClurg.) $1.25.
4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Fall of the Curtain. Begbie. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
6. The Red Chancellor. Magnay. (Brentano.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
6. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Benefactress. By author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Drone and a Dreamer. Lloyd. (Taylor.) $1.50.
5. The Tempting of Father Anthony. Horton. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Miss Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.)
2. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Warwick of the Knobs. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.

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3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. A Summer Hymnal. Trotwood Moon. (Coates.) $1.25.
5. Joscelyn Cheshire. Kennedy. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Making of a Marchioness. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.10.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Jaconetta. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 85 cents net.
2. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Light Freights. Jacobs. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
4. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
5. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
6. For Love or Crown. Marchmont. (Stokes.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Victors. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Warwick of the Knobs. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Captain Bluitt. Clark. (Coates.) $1.00.
2. The Higher Law. Twells. (Coates.) $1.00.
3. The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) 85 cents.
4. The Benefactress. (Macmillan.) 85 cents.
5. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) 85 cents.
6. Mrs. Gillespie's Reminiscences. (Lippincott.) $2.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $3.50 net.
5. Warwick of the Knobs. Lloyd. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Winsome Womanhood. Sangster. (Revell.) $2.50 net.

PORTLAND, MAINE.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Tory Lover. Jewett. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Lion's Whelp. Barr. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. First Across the Continent. Brooks. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
6. Circumstance. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Lily of France. Mason. (Rowland & Griffith Press.) $1,10 net.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
5. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
3. Guide to the Opera. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Jingles from Japan. Hyde. (Robertson.) 75 cents.
6. Into the Light. Taylor. (Elder & Shepard.) 75 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75 net.
3. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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4. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Sylvia. Emerson. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Graustark. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Eternal City. Caine. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
2. Mark Everard. Magee. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25 and 75 cents.
3. The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Westminster Co.) $1.50.
4. Kim. Kipling. (Morang & Co.) $1.50 and 75 cents.
5. Lazarre. Catherwood. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25 and 75 cents.
6. The Eternal City. Caine. (Morang & Co.) $1.50 and 75 cents.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop Pub. Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Benefactress. Author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Red Chancellor. Magnay. (Brentanos.) $1.50.
6. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Lives of the Hunted. Thompson. (Scribner.) $1.75.
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Kim. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Fireside Sphinx. Repplier. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $2.00.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list		receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50	254
2. Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	158
3. The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.	133
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	109
5. Lives of the Hunted. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.75	87
6. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50	82

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